THE SATURDAY EVE ST

Volume 202, Number 16

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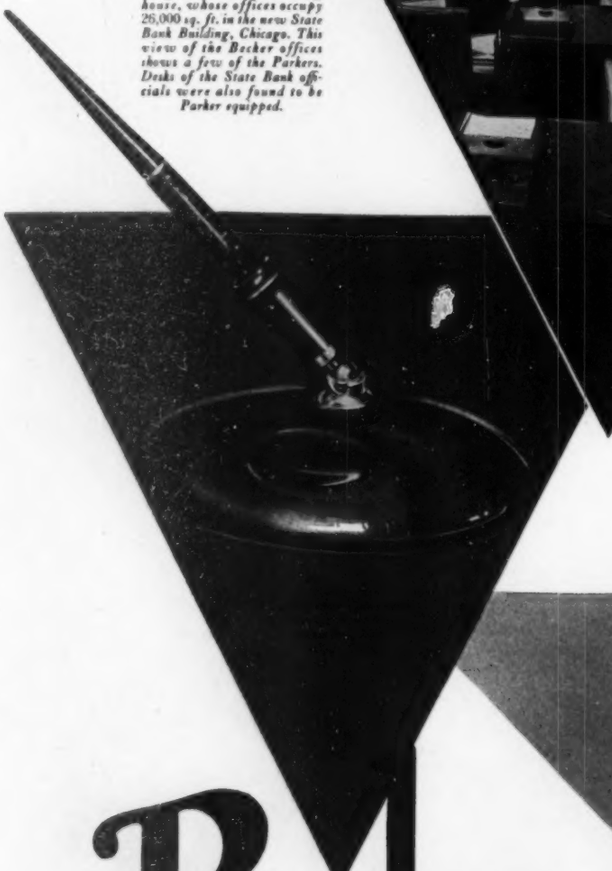

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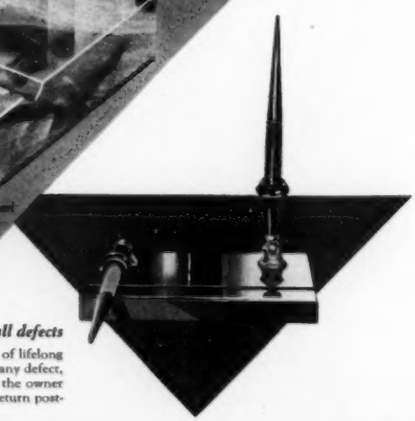

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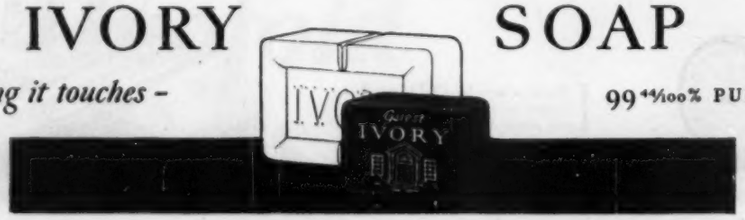

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YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

"You're Miserable, Aren't You?" "I Would Like a Hot Bath," Ann Admitted

By Katharine Brush

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

YOU have seen him, perhaps, where the bands are playing and the pennants flying and the people cheering. He is always there; diligent there. At a football game, while you leap up to howl and wave your arms, he sits quite still in the press box high behind you, squinting through smoke, saying quietly out of the side of his mouth to his telegrapher, "Adams made five yards off tackle. First down. Yale's ball." When you snake-dance off to the campus when the game is finally ended, he removes the cover from his portable typewriter, twists long-telegraph paper in, writes, "New Haven, Connecticut, November 24. By So-and-So"—and then writes. When you go home from the boxing match or the hockey game or the boat race, you leave him there with his coat off, in the dawn of his business day. But because he works while you play, pity him not; he plays while you work—and you work longer and harder, in dustier places.

Perhaps you think of a sports writer as an old man who knew Pop Anson and remembers when prize fights were won in the sixty-third round. You are mistaken. He is usually young—twenty-five, thirty-two. Usually, though not always, he has a pretty young wife who has been taught not to sit up for him; sometimes he has a baby who chews pencils. He is, as a type, rather well dressed; clean-shaven; and rather ex-collegiate in appearance.

He falls in love with ease, smokes endless cigarettes to their stubs, and never, even on pay day, has any money. He rides in taxis. He talks a picturesque lingo, with much original slang, and is always going to try his hand at fiction day after tomorrow. Or the day after that. Or next week, when the six-day bicycle race at the Garden is over. Or next month, after the Series is off his mind. He is, in short, Toby McLean, of the New York Star.

This is Toby's own story. It is also the story of little Ann Vaughn, who "did" the movies for the Chronicle-Press. It begins properly on the night they met—the night Tunney first beat Dempsey.

There was rain that night, if you will recall, beating in torrents on all Philadelphia, drenching the streets and the motor cars and the Sesqui Stadium, half drowning the people. It was the sort of fight night nobody enjoys save those who were unable to be present. They tell you afterward, smugly, "Well, we thought of you! There we were, all warm and cozy, hearing it perfectly on the radio."

"Well, for One Thing, Married People Ought to Go Out Sometimes With Other People"

A horrible night. And not the least of its horrors was the aftermath of the fight, when by every hook or crook imaginable to man, you tried to get conveyance back to town, and simply couldn't.

"Hell," said Toby McLean, after twenty minutes of this. "I may as well wade."

He set out. The street was full of soggy people setting out, all going one way; of cars with loaded running boards; of peril. Mindful of an injunction seen sometimes on country roads, Toby walked on the side of approaching traffic. There was no sidewalk. Tires through puddles splashed his legs, and near horns shattered his eardrums. He walked with his hands in his pockets, coat collar up and hat brim down. His face was a triangle of sunburn, glistening wet, with annoyed blue eyes. When he lifted it to headlights the people in that car perceived that he was young and very handsome.

Perhaps four hundred yards from the Stadium he overtook a trudging figure, round and hunched, with neck foreshortened, like a turtle on hind legs. This, when he came abreast of it, proved to be Blake of the Gothamite.

"Is that you, Toby?" Blake said feebly.

"In a diluted form, yes."

They walked on together.

"File your story already?"

Toby nodded. "Dictated the blow-by-blow. Bill's doing the lead. I left him soaking wet."

"Where's he working?"

"In the Sesqui tool shed."

"Yeah," said Blake. "I saw that shed. Fifty of 'em in there, and one lantern. What a life!"

"Yeah," Toby said. "You weekly boys're lucky. . . . What'd you think of the fight?"

They discussed the fight for some moments. They would discuss it, in print and privately, for weeks to come. The present exchange of "Well, I tell you's" was interrupted long before fever heat by a sudden extraneous exclamation of Blake's. "Say!" he cried. "There's —— Wait a second."

He hastened forward and seized by the elbow a girl in a red hat who was moving along alone in front of them. He and the girl stopped, and Toby caught up. "Isn't this terrible, Joe?" the girl was saying. Quite merrily.

She was a rather little girl, and very moist indeed, as if she had been pulled out of a river. The red hat, which must have been scarlet normally, was crimson to its tiny curled brim. The fur cuffs and collar of the slim, tailored coat appeared rinsed. Below the cuffs the girl's hands were bare and very white. One of them clutched wet weedy gloves and a purse. From the unresisting other, Joe Blake was removing a diminutive boxed typewriter.

"Where's what's-his-name?" he demanded. "Bentham? Wasn't he with you?"

"We got separated in the shuffle."

"You shouldn't be alone."

"Well, I'm not any longer."

"You know Toby McLean, don't you?" Blake said.

"No, I don't."

Her lashes, starry with rain, came up. Her eyes were dark, or they seemed so; in the unreal, fitful light, one could not be sure. They were beautiful eyes, wide and luminous, and they did a new thing to Toby. A queer quick thing, like a pluck at taut strings in his nerves.

"I've heard of him, though," said the girl. "A lot. Hello, Toby McLean."

"How are you?"

"I could die. How are you?"

"This is little Ann Vaughn," Blake announced in an exhibitor's voice. "If you read the Chronicle-Press ——"

"He doesn't," Ann said. "I can tell." She smiled at Toby casually. Her mouth was very red in a dewy white face. It fascinated him. "Indelible lipstick?" he wondered. Somewhere he had seen an advertisement.

"But I do," he demurred automatically.

Ann did not heed. "Look at me!" she was saying, looking down at herself. She extended one foot, wriggled its sad, small, high-heeled shoe in a headlight's beam, and laughed. "Pl-e-ease!"

Her beholders showed immediate concern. "Say!" exclaimed Blake. "This can't be! We'll have to get you into one of these cars."

As a gesture toward that end, he yelled "Hey!" at the car that happened to be going by at the moment. There were nine in the car and three on the running board. It did not stop.

"Laps have been offered," Ann observed. "But I declined them. I only ride in strange men's laps on third Mondays in May. I'm funny like that."

She smiled again at Toby. Sideways this time, for they had begun simultaneously to move along. It was not a night for lingering.

Toby smiled back. "Cute," he thought.

It was at once apparent that three could not walk abreast on the rim of road that was left to them by the passing mud guards. Toby caught Ann's arm and held it close. The ruse was successful. After a moment of nimble dodging, Blake gave up and fell in at the rear—whence he was to be heard shouting "Hey!" plaintively, at intervals.

"I know you," Toby said.

"Really, do you?"

"Um-m. You do a movie column. Am I right?" he queried, peering down at her, "or am I right?"

"You're both," said Ann.

Her profile in the alternating gloom and glow was loveliness first promised, then fulfilled. A straight short little nose. A model chin, pointed yet soft. Dark lashes that were probably the longest in the world, curling just the way her hat brim curled. Toby's gaze stayed riveted while six or eight cars swished by.

Presently he said, "What color's your hair?"

"It's brown."

Question and answer were as matter of fact as if Toby had asked the time. There was nothing coquettish about this newspaper girl.

"I couldn't make out," said Toby.

"It's cut awfully short, that's why."

They continued the conversation. "What's a movie columnist doing on the fight?" Toby wanted to know. "Dempsey's wife wasn't there, was she?"

Ann shook her head. "Several picture people were, though. I'm doing a sort of crowd story—if I ever get where I can. How much farther is it into town, do you know?"

"I'll find out," Toby said.

"No, don't. Let's just keep thinking it isn't far."

Toby looked down at the ground again, at the small bedraggled shoes that marched straight on, through water and pebbles and mud.

"Poor kid," he said. "You're miserable, aren't you?"

"I would like a hot bath," Ann admitted.

"And an open fire."

"And a steak!"

"And a highball this high!" finished Toby.

For the first time since he took her arm Ann glanced directly up at him. Her eyes were thoughtful. "Yes," she said. "That's one of the things I heard."

"Heard?"

"About you."

"What?" Toby demanded defensively. "That I like a little highball now and then?"

Ann smiled, shifting her eyes. "Well, no," she said. "Not exactly." After an instant she added, "It doesn't matter, anyway."

But it did matter. It mattered tremendously, all of a sudden. "Tell me," Toby urged, pressing Ann's arm and leaning down to her, "just what they said. Please tell me."

"I've forgotten."

"Said I drank too much? Was that it?" His voice was belligerent.

"We're not going to fight, are we?" Ann said. "I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"But what'd they say?"

"Oh, something about its being too bad ——"

"Listen!" Toby shouted.

He halted in his tracks, and Ann perforce halted also. She looked faintly surprised. Toby looked grim. That this small cool girl with the long-lashed eyes should think well of him was terrifically important; it was temporarily the most important thing in life. He sought the right words, but before he could find them, Blake was at hand.

"How now?" said Blake.

He had mud on his cheek, and glanced brightly from one to the other.

Toby glared at him. "Nothing," he said. "Not a thing. You keep on watching the cars." Even to his preoccupied

ears this sounded rude, so he added, "Ann's got to get to town. She's got a dead line."

He faced her around and they proceeded as before; Blake, with the typewriter, behind them.

"The point is," Toby said in a somewhat mollified tone, "you have me all wrong. I don't drink any more than anyone else. Honestly I don't."

"It doesn't matter," Ann said again.

There was a pause. Then Toby cried abruptly, vehemently, "I want it to matter! I want it to matter to you!"

"You're crazy!" said Ann.

But her laugh was a little uncertain.

They had come a long way in fifteen minutes in the rain.

Joe Blake finally corralled a car as it crept from a parking field, with two young men in the front and an empty tonneau. He and Ann and Toby rode gayly into town. Toby, who had been sending articles with Philadelphia date lines for three days past, had a hotel room, and it was agreed that Ann should use this now for the writing of her story and the drying of her clothes.

They parted in the lobby.

"How long will you be?" Toby asked.

"Not very long." She frowned up at the clock. "I'd better not be!"

"Can I do some of it for you?"

"No, thanks. I'll be all right."

Toby thought, "She's probably the dampest girl in Philly at this moment—still she's the prettiest."

He said, "About an hour, then?"

"Less than that, I hope."

"I'll ring the room in forty-five minutes. Then we'll have some supper."

"Yeah. Supper," said Blake.

Nobody was to forget him.

They watched Ann cross to the elevators and vanish into one of them. Her shoes left tiny muddy marks, toe and heel, like fat exclamation points on the parquet. Toby eyed these when she was gone.

"Well?" said Blake.

"Well?"

"Let's go up to Jim Andrews' room; see if he's there."

"Who's Jim Andrews?"

"Syndicate fellow. Come on," said Blake; "he's got good rye."

To avoid unnecessary exertion, they inquired at the desk for Andrews' key. It was there, so they took it and went up. The room was empty and in great confusion. Cigarette butts were crushed into the carpet. The bedspread was a map of wrinkles and hollows. On the desk was a cleared rectangle where a typewriter must have stood, and the floor below the desk was littered with sheets of yellow paper upon each of which one line was typewritten. Blake picked up a page: It read: "Philadelphia, Sept. 22. By James S. Andrews. Philadelphia is agog today."

All the other pages read the same.

"He had a tough time," Blake said sympathetically.

Toby was shedding his overcoat, coat and vest, draping them on a chair by the radiator. From a pocket he removed a battered silver flask, which he shook.

"Here's some. Enough to last till he comes."

"If he isn't too long."

They drank large potations from bathroom tumblers, with a little water.

"Maybe," Blake suggested, "we ought to send some round to the beautiful darlin'."

Toby looked up quickly. "She doesn't drink, does she?"

"Sure, some. She's a good egg. . . . Why," said Blake, "what made you think she didn't?"

"I don't know. I just did."

Blake crossed to the telephone. "We'll order seltzer and ice. . . . Room Service, please. . . . That's right, baby."

"Women," said Toby, "like ginger ale with Scotch."

"But this is a woman of intelligence."

The seltzer and ice were slow in coming. Toby and Blake set liquor aside in a special glass for Ann's highball, and split what remained. They talked little. Toby was thinking, "I must get rid of this guy."

He inquired, "Have you known her a long time?"

"Yeah," said Blake. "Three or four years. We used to work together on a paper up in Portland, Maine, where she comes from. She's a sweet kid," he added. "I like her. Everybody likes her."

"How long's she been in New York?"

"Two years. She came down to work for the old Press as a reporter. Then when the Chronicle combined, they kept her on and put her on movies. She does a column, you know—They Tell Me, by Ann Vaughn. Interviews, and all that. She's smart," said Blake. "That one's going somewhere. She can write like nobody's business."

"She's pretty," said Toby.

Blake nodded emphatically.

"Plenty!" he said. His eyes met Toby's. "And straight as they come, do you see? She's kept out of the muck—way out—I mean, a girl alone ——"

"Um-m," Toby agreed. "Right."

After a silence he said, "She's all alone? No people or what not?"

"Poppa in Portland," answered Blake. "He was all right, but he married again. And Ann and her stepmother hit it off like a couple of bee-stung bulldogs ——"

A commotion at the door interrupted him. Five damp and grouchy sports writers tramped in. They were followed

(Continued on Page 163)

One Night About Midnight He Opened Heavy Eyelids, to Find His Room Bright Lit and Full of People

TRANSATLANTIC FINANCE

Nothing is more dangerous than to attempt to force upon American finance some foreign financial practice without the most careful consideration and investigation of actual conditions in this country.

E. H. H. SIMMONS,
President, New York Stock Exchange.

PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

Reparations Experts in Paris. Mr. Lamont, M. Parmentier, M. Moreau and Mr. Morgan

By LOUIS T. McFADDEN

Chairman, Committee on Banking and Currency, U. S. House of Representatives

IN ANY discussion of the repeated attempts which have been made to involve the American Government and the American people in the financial entanglements of Europe, it may be well to recall a change of policy inaugurated by those in charge of our monetary system which resulted in one of the most unusual situations that has ever confronted this country financially.

During the summer of 1927—only two years ago—the three largest central banks in Europe dispatched representatives to the United States to confer quietly with members of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington and with officials of the Federal Reserve Bank at New York.

One of these representatives was Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the shrewd president of the Reichsbank, Germany's powerful financial institution, who more recently was the principal German spokesman during the prolonged discussions at Paris from which emerged finally the so-called Young Reparations Plan, with its remarkable proposal for the establishment of an international bank.

The other representatives were Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England, and Professor Rist, deputy governor of the Bank of France.

A year elapsed before Congress, and, in turn, the American people, were informed regarding the objective of the mission which brought these three distinguished European financiers across the Atlantic Ocean to visit not only executives of our financial system but high officials of our State and Treasury departments.

We then learned from no less an authority than Dr. Adolph C. Miller, a member of the Federal Reserve Board, that the conclusion he himself drew from the coming of these London, Paris and Berlin financiers was they were "pretty much concerned, for one reason or another, with the way in which the gold standard was working."

A Change in Policy

"THAT was not said by anybody, but that was my reading of the mind of each one of these gentlemen," Doctor Miller frankly informed the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives. "They were, therefore, desirous of seeing an easy-money market in New York, and low rates, which would deter gold from moving from Europe to this country and, possibly, stimulate a transfer of balances from New York to London, and, possibly, even lead to an outward movement of gold. That was very much in the interest of the international money situation which then existed."

Doctor Miller confirmed the belief that an understanding was reached between these representatives of the German Reichsbank, the Bank of England and the Bank of France, and certain officials of the Federal Reserve Board and the New York Federal Reserve Bank, which was far from being unprofitable to the most dominant European financial interests.

Although no minutes were kept of the conversations held between the Europeans and our officials, we have since been able to establish clearly that one result was a transfer of $345,000,000 in gold from this country abroad, principally to London, Paris and Berlin. This enormous movement of gold overseas followed an extraordinary change in the policy of our Federal Reserve System between the summer of 1927, when the three European financial experts were in our midst, and the fall of 1927, when they had returned home.

As one member of the House Banking and Currency Committee expressed it tersely: "They came, they talked and they got our gold."

It seemed apparent to me, as well as to others who looked into the motives underlying the visit of the European bankers, that they desired to have our discount rate so cut that they might more easily accumulate gold and capital in their own markets. Remember that no record meeting between them and our own officials was held either in Washington or New York. Instead, they sat down together in both cities at what were described as informal luncheons or dinners. The public was not taken into the confidence of those who attended these unusual functions. No member of Congress was honored with an invitation to attend. Although those charged with the grave responsibility of administering our Federal Reserve System were in attendance, with ears attuned sympathetically to the suggestions made by Doctor Schacht and his two associates, they evidently sought no publicity, or else considered it unnecessary.

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Doctor Schacht

Gold for England

THE apparent result of these extraordinary conversations, involving vitally, as they did, our whole financial system, was that not long after their conclusion a cut in our discount rate was initiated, first at our Eastern Reserve Banks and later at our interior Reserve Banks. Thus the Federal Reserve Board created that period of easy money throughout the country which accelerated materially the movement of funds into the stock market and furthered otherwise an inflationary condition all around, the marked effects of which are still observable in our monetary system.

We may well inquire at this point how far the Federal Reserve Board and Federal Reserve Banks may go, under the Federal Reserve Act, in coöperating with the central banks and banks of issue of Europe. In my judgment, this is one of the most important problems confronting our country today, especially in view of the recent efforts of certain officials of the Federal Reserve Board and the New York Federal Reserve Bank to involve us in the international bank planned by international bankers at the reparations conferences at Paris this year.

Some of us have not forgotten the enlightening testimony of George Seay, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, Virginia, before the House Banking and Currency Committee on March 16, 1926. Mr. Seay supplied at that time another interesting page of our financial history which must have prepared many observers for the remarkable course since pursued by the Federal Reserve Board and the New York Federal Reserve Bank in dealing with European banking experts.

We learned from Mr. Seay that there had developed a "verbal understanding, confirmed by correspondence," between the New York Federal Reserve Bank and the Richmond Federal Reserve Bank and several other Federal Reserve Banks, whereby Great Britain should be granted a loan or credit of $200,000,000 in gold. Mr. Seay explained that under this commitment his bank, by authority of its directors, was willing to help pay any advances that might be made to the Bank of England in the purchases of bills of exchange or advances against gold.

Mr. Seay claimed his bank possessed ample authority, under that section of the Federal Reserve Act which provides for the purchase of bills of exchange at home and abroad, to assist in diverting from our Federal Reserve System an amount of gold as large as $200,000,000 to a European country like Great Britain. The negotiations for the contemplated loan or credit were conducted between the New York Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of England as an aid to the latter, "in placing the banking

business of England upon a gold basis," we were further informed by Mr. Seay. The outstanding proposition was that the Bank of England thought, possibly, it would need $200,000,000 of our gold to maintain the gold standard it was resuming, and our Federal Reserve System, or some part of our Federal Reserve System, was to be used, if it became necessary, to let the Bank of England have that $200,000,000 in gold. Of course, gold cannot be paid for with gold, and the credit to be granted the British financial institution was to be met by investment of Federal Reserve funds in bills of exchange or foreign securities to the amount of $200,000,000 in gold.

At the time Mr. Seay was enlightening us regarding this transaction between our Federal Reserve officials and the Bank of England, officials of J. P. Morgan & Co. declined to comment on a statement made by Winston Churchill, then British Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the cost of the $100,000,000 credit which Great Britain obtained from the Morgan firm at the time of the return by the British to the gold standard was $1,125,000 to the end of the first year.

The Spirit of the Law

IT WAS stated that the Bank of England obtained the $200,000,000 credit from the Federal Reserve System at the same time the British Government arranged the Morgan credit. Both credits were obtained as a precaution against exchange pressure when Great Britain resumed gold payments. That naturally raised the question in my mind as to who negotiated the $200,000,000 loan—whether J. P. Morgan & Co., or whether it was arranged jointly with the New York Federal Reserve Bank; or if the New York Federal Reserve Bank arranged its part of it, why didn't it make as material a charge for the service as J. P. Morgan & Co. had done? Others who studied this transaction wondered openly concerning the desirability of participation of the Federal Reserve System in a loan of such a character, and whether the Federal Reserve System, as the reservoir for the maintenance of the liquid reserves of the banks of this country for use in an emergency, could be safely drawn upon for an investment in a foreign credit of this kind.

Regarding such questions, I suppose a wide difference of opinion must exist. We have the opinion of certain authorities identified with the Federal Reserve System that under the Federal Reserve Act there is nothing to prevent the commitment of our Federal Reserve banks to such a transaction. We have the word of Mr. Seay himself that "there might be some question about the propriety of doing this thing. Some people might hold one thing and some people might hold another. But upon the right and authority of the Federal Reserve banks to do this, according to our opinion and the opinion of the Federal Reserve Board, there is no question whatever about it, and, moreover, it was to extend the operations we are constantly conducting."

FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO.
Montague Norman

On the other hand, Oscar T. Crosby, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in the Woodrow Wilson Administration, who was considered one of the leading American financial advisers during the World War, expressed the opinion that "it remains for the American people to consider how far, and under what conditions, they desire that their public resources should be placed, for any period of time, at the disposal of foreign governments, without resort to the illuminating, though vexatious, processes of discussions as over a treaty." I am inclined to employ even more forceful language in dealing with a question involving so seriously our whole financial structure. I doubt that the Federal Reserve System possesses the authority to take $200,000,000 in gold from our Federal Reserve banks and place it at the disposal of Great Britain or any other foreign nation, however much merit may or may not underlie such a proposition. As one noted American financial authority has stated clearly, "If the arrangement should, by any possibility, fall strictly within legal technicalities, it would yet have to be held as being utterly out of accord with the spirit of the law. It is certainly alien to the intended purpose of the original Reserve Act. No one would have fancied at the time of the enactment of the Federal Reserve Law that it contained any power or authority on the part of anyone connected with the Federal Reserve System to use $200,000,000 of its gold holdings for the benefit of a foreign bank or a foreign government, no matter what advantages there might be in such a course."

Perhaps I seem to have dwelt at too much length upon the two remarkable chapters of our recent financial history outlined above, but I may, perhaps, be pardoned if I have succeeded in directing attention to certain dangers which, in my judgment, would lie before the American people if officials of our Federal Reserve System were permitted to chart their course too close to the stormy seas of international finance. Disclosures of the purposes of the proposed international bank have served to emphasize some of these perils.

I consider it extremely significant, for example, that only recently we should have been honored by another visit from Montague Norman, governor of the Bank of England, who, entering this country by way of Canada, chose the comparative seclusion of Bar Harbor, Maine, for a series of midsummer conferences with some of those who occupy places of great influence in the American financial world. There is every reason to believe that one of the subjects given careful consideration in their conversations was that of the world gold situation in connection with the proposed Bank of International Settlements. Ever since the bank was made an integral part of the Young Plan there has existed keen rivalry between Paris and London as to which of these European financial centers should be the home of the institution. It is only natural to suppose that Mr. Norman's mission here included consideration of the often-expressed desire of the Bank of England to have the International Bank as its next-door neighbor, if only to insure the continuance of London as the world's gold-money market. It is possible that Mr. Norman may have given voice to the suggestion repeatedly made in London that it would be highly desirable if an alliance of some sort could be formed between the Bank of England, our Federal Reserve System, and the Reserve Bank of South Africa, which has absolute control over the whole gold production in the Rand, the largest source of the world's present supply of that metal.

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Lord and Lady Melchett

Such an alliance would, of course, permit the United States and Great Britain virtually to

PHOTO. BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.
The Gateway to the Bank of France

corner most of the precious metal upon which the establishment and maintenance of the gold standard is dependent.

Though we do not know whether there is to be an immediate repetition of certain events in our recent financial history, it seems significant that soon after the return home of Mr. Norman, the Federal Reserve Board ordered a sweeping change in our discount rate. Since that time rumors have been current in financial circles of New York that during the so-called vacation of Mr. Norman at Bar Harbor some arrangements were made whereby the Bank of England would be assisted privately or through the Federal Reserve System in the extensive purchases of bills of exchange, so that the Bank of England would be relieved of at least part of the embarrassment from which it has been suffering as a result of the drain of gold which has been proceeding lately at a rapid pace. Scrutiny of operations of the Federal Reserve as this is written indicates large purchases of bills in London, which would tend to confirm the supposition of some understanding.

The Old Debt Story

SURELY we must realize by this time that behind all the political maneuvering and parliamentary debates involving German reparations and the so-called Allied debts in which the principal European capitals have indulged since the Young Plan was offered us, is the old, old story of European nations seeking to escape direct liquidation of their indebtedness to this country.

A high British financial authority may be said to have let the cat out of the bag in suggesting, in the course of a discussion of the purposes of the proposed international bank, that the organization committee, which is to draft the statutes under which it is planned to operate the bank, should first consult the finance committee of the League of Nations. The same British authority, in describing the United States as "not merely as one of seven reparations countries but ultimately the largest creditor," presumed, in lieu of officials of the Federal Reserve System, this country

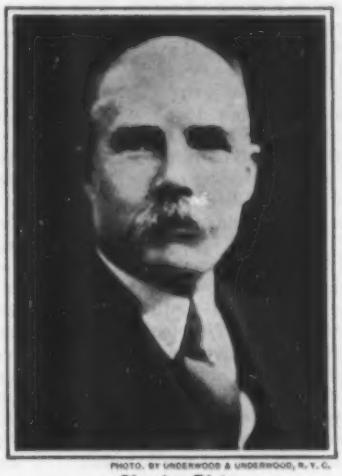


PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.
Charles Rist

(Continued on Page 192)

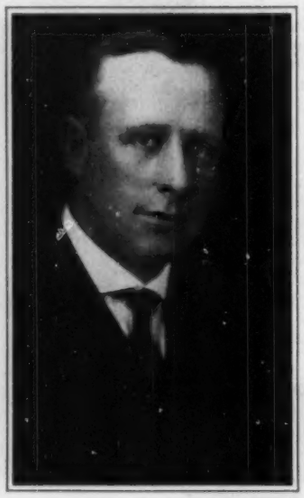
THE EYES OF THE SHIP

By W[illegible] Levington Comfort, Written With E. A. Lucas

THE taxi driver had to follow the steel rails of the Vancouver street-car line to find his way downtown, store fronts on either side being obscured in fog. There was a fuzz of lights in the long, sloping tunnel down to the gangway of the Seattle night boat; the rest was opaque as coffee with cream stirred in.

From the foredeck, looking across the black water, the fog stood like a cliff, twenty feet from the ship's side, white and quiet and huge. Swirling scarfs of it came aboard and filled the lungs with cold steam. From outside somewhere came the weary, anxious bawling of brass throats in the harbor; little craft shrill and short and querulous, and the lonely ruminating diapason of mighty ships, blindfolded out there.

Above the boat deck, at the end of the long bridge, a red, capable face under a gold-braided cap looked over and down, steadily, silently; then turned and disappeared along the bridge. The Old Man.



Captain Snoddy

Whistles went, fore and aft, the plank winch sputtered and grated, the headline splashed. The deck vibrated with the reverse churn of the propellers. The dock seemed to slide inshore and, fifty feet off, melted into yellow murk and then into the white. The three blasts of the ship's horn were diffused in the thick wet air—a bull bellowing from below, beyond, above and inside your ribs. Voices of sheeted figures on deck—someone asking an officer when they would be through the Narrows. The reply came that they were going through the Narrows. Now, from indefinitely far ahead, came the repeated tired groan of a great beast, "Bla-a-a-ump," familiar to all Vancouverites—the fog signal on Point Atkinson, six miles out of the harbor. At the starboard end of the bridge showed again that red, competent face, looking over the tarpaulin and out into the white wall ahead.

"Will that be all, sir?" the steward asked, depositing the bag in the stateroom.

"Yes; good night," said the passenger. And that was all, except the persistent, shattering "broomph" of the ship's horn. Was all this roaring through the night necessary—to the very moment of the tie-up in Seattle? Across the saloon at breakfast, alone at his table, poised over his grapefruit—the red, capable face, a bit lined and jaded in the strong white light.

By Dead Reckoning and Magic

A FEW days later, in bright sunshine, the same passenger went over the route again—except that Victoria was picked up—from Vancouver to Seattle, the daylight run. It occurred to him, going through the Narrows, that one had to look where he was going, steering a big ship. The tide stream boiled with overfalls and eddies, sweeping in to fill the twenty-mile inner harbor. When the ship's bow struck the edge of the tidal stream there was a roaring pile of water under her bows, and she paused perceptibly. Out past the high cliff of Prospect Point showed a white finger at the foot of a mountain—Point Atkinson Light, where the "Bla-a-a-ump" came from the other night. At this point the passenger found himself standing by a middle-aged West Coast Canadian, who unfeelingly cupped from the wind a sparking pipe in his hand and was disposed to converse.

"I sailed every nook and corner of these waters as a kid, in a bit of a yawl," he said. "Didn't know what a great time I was having until years afterward—until now, in fact. . . . That's Point Gray. We're rounding the Spanish Banks, where Captain Vancouver and Admiral Cuadra lay in their little ships a hundred and fifty years ago and dined and wined each other as they settled the details of turning over the northwest quarter of the world from the King of Spain to the King of England. . . . Those miles of muddy flats are the fifteen-mile-wide mouth of the Fraser River. The little red lightship marks the edge of the sand heads. Tide currents here change four times a day, varied by the wind, driven sideways by the flow of high or low water in the big river. Chancy place to be navigating ——"

"In a fog," said the passenger.

The ship seemed to be mak'ng straight for a lighthouse on the wooded shores of an island; then a sharp turn to the northward, when well inshore. The Canadian supplied names—Active Pass, Galiano and Mayne islands—and technically described turns, eddies and whirlpools.

"Must be some trick about cutting these corners just so in the middle of a foggy night," observed the passenger.

The Canadian looked him over in slow appraisal, as if, having so much to say, it was difficult to begin. A bleak battleship of a rock showed ahead.

"That's Trial Island," he said. "Looks very harmless, but it crunched and battered a ship to pieces in a very few minutes one night—incoming tide and a southeasterly gale."

"What ship?"

"The Clallam. Hundreds of lives. We hate to talk about it yet, like a girl in the family gone wrong."

"I went down to Seattle a few nights ago, and there was a thick fog," the passenger said. "Coming down through all these islands today, I have been wondering how they do it—how the captain finds his way."

"You might well wonder—and keep on wondering," the other remarked, with a glance up toward the bridge. "Every voyage, year after year, they log their speeds and distances made at such-and-such a number of propeller revolutions as against such-and-such a flow of tide, with the wind, compass deviations, and so on, all taken into account. So they have a formula of every condition of tide and weather to use when they have to do it with their eyes shut, so to speak. You have seen today, from Vancouver Narrows, past the Fraser River sand heads, through Active Pass, the dozen changes of tidal current, the fine-cut turns through passages crooked as a dog's hind leg. That little sand spit ahead with a lighthouse on it is called Point No Point. It's like that. On a foggy night it has a way of shifting round in front of you."

"But how do they do it?"

"Dead reckoning plus a large element of magic."

That didn't say anything. The Canadian chuckled, presently adding: "The Coast Pilot—a book which the Government puts out—says that there are days and nights in Puget Sound when navigation is practically suspended on account of fog and the smoke from forest fires, but you don't recollect any morning when the gulf ferries haven't tied up as usual in their alternate piers at Vancouver and Seattle, do you?"

"I'm not familiar ——"

"Well, they come through every night—spooky as a dagger through a curtain, night after night. In November, for instance, through all this labyrinth we're passing through, without once seeing fifty feet past the bows of their own ship."

"But how?"

"There's one fine line in the Coast Pilot—I mean a racy line for a technical publication. It says, speaking of the equipment necessary for Puget Sound and Gulf of Georgia pilots, that they have 'knowledge impossible to impart.'"

"Do these steamers carry pilots?"

"No, these masters going back and forth every day are their own pilots."

"'Knowledge impossible to impart,'" repeated the passenger.

"That, of course, refers to the echo work especially. They couldn't get through at all without the whistle and Lady Echo. The sound bounces back from all these island heads and mountain walls, and the pilots know where they are in a fog by the return sound and by the time it takes. If they are too close inshore the echo comes back in a half volley. Many fog signals on flats and reefs have sound boards, like big advertising signs, so that passing skippers may play tennis with Miss Echo."

When a Skipper Loses His Ship

"THIS is a commonplace in the trade, but it got one coast pilot the Distinguished Service Cross in the war. He was manipulating a British submarine off the Holland flats when he ran his nose into a German mine and blew the whole bow of his ship off. His bulkheads held, but waveringly, so that he had to come home stern first. He made his way into one of the rivers on the east coast of Old England by feeling the respective banks by the echo of his whistle. He reported this casually and as a matter of course, but they were talking about it in the navy for months, and gave him the D. S. O. on the head of it."

The passenger was thinking of the recent night passage and all that whistling, also of the jaded look of the red, capable face bending over the grapefruit. A night's work.

Captain Robinson, of the Empress of Canada

"Navigating these waters in a fog is no fool of a trick," the Canadian resumed—"that is, if you are never to have an accident. They say some companies are merciful, and that if the wreck commissioners find the skipper was not negligent they shift him around and keep him on, but that's mainly talk. The underwriters won't have him, if his company would. If a skipper loses his ship it's cruel business for him. You'll find him, years after, piloting a dirty little tug somewhere or running a ship-chandlery shop ashore.

"When I was younger and lived on a yacht all summer, we used to forgather with the pilots out at their station at Point Atkinson. Those were the days when they used to sail out in cutters to meet incoming traffic. Nowadays they have, of course, stout little gas boats that can monkey around Cape Flattery in anything. There was Capt. William Ettershanks, six foot four, with a two-four gray beard and a voice like a talkie barytone. His yarns were dignified and classic. He had been in sail when the China trade was a kingly business. Capt. Dan Patterson was a lucky pilot. His derby hat and tweed clothes, framing a very purple face, set off with a big sandy mustache, were more like those of a suburban butcher than of a deep-sea pilot. Then there was another man who was the ideal pilot in appearance and manner—gray Vandyke, pale ice-blue eyes, always dressed in immaculate blue pilot cloth, white

linen, black tie. But one time he was bringing his ship alongside a jetty and ripped a row of lifeboats off her port boat deck before he could get her way stopped. He stripped them off like you would blueberries off a branch. He was in to see me this spring, to sell me bonds in a building company.

"No, they're down and out when they get in trouble. Superstition as much as anything. Twenty years' service without a mishap is put down to luck in the trade. If there is anything the matter with a skipper's luck he doesn't get a passenger boat. You can't blame some of them for being stiffened with an outlandish pride, darkened as they are in the shadow of a lifelong dread. . . . Say, if you're really interested in echo navigation, I recommend you to my friend, Captain F. B. Tracy, superintendent of the Alaska Steamship Company at Seattle. Their docks are just a little farther on from where we land this afternoon."

Smelling Out the Course

CAPTAIN TRACY talking: "Pilotage, mister? Why, yes, that's our business. Sound navigation—I don't mean Puget Sound, but playing the echoes? Why, yes, our men do that—two of them on each boat, six hours on and six hours off, all the way up the Big Ditch to Skagway. Oh, from here to Vancouver—that's only the first leg—less than two hundred miles, and by no means the trickiest. One thousand nautical miles between Seattle and Skagway, and a thousand chances to fumble. . . . Soundings? Why, yes, soundings all the way in thick weather. . . . No, not from the bottom, but from the side walls of the channel, which are usually just as near or nearer than the bottom; from an island, sticking up straight as a thimble, with a tide race on each side of it; from mountain walls, over, but our ships aren't like that. We still go round the capes. Christensen had been on the bridge for hours. The pilots alternated, but the weather had kept the Old Man up overtime. The pilot on duty looked for Suckling in somewhat less than thirty minutes, and Christensen dropped down to the boat deck and stretched out on a transom to relax. Fifteen, twenty minutes passed, when up he sprang, yelling to reverse the engines as he bounded up the ladder. The pilot jumped, sanctioned the order. When the ship came to a stop the sound of the surf on the sand was heard.

"'Good Lord, captain, I thought we still had seven or eight minutes! How did you know?' the pilot asked.

"'Yoost as I fall asleep I smell the kelp on the ledge!'"

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

The Features of George Washington Carved by Wind and Rain on a Rock in the Puget Sound Country

Captain George W. Robarts, Who Ushers in the Empresses

half a mile high and stretching back to glacier-topped peaks as high again; through narrows less than four cable lengths wide, and one with a double-pinnacled rock in dead center, big as a sunken liner, forking up within eight feet of the surface in low water—that's Seymour Narrows, six or seven hours north of Vancouver. . . . Echoes? Why, yes, in thick weather, not only blinding fog but blinding snow—echoes all the way, and a wolfhound's nose working at the same time!"

"But you don't mean, captain, that the sense of smell has anything to do with it?"

"No? Nothing to do with it? Hum-m-mph; you think I'm just letting words run away. Mister, words can't run away on this subject; it's too big. There's too much of it. I'll just tell you a little story of a Swede captain named Christensen who used his nose, half a million's worth, when one of our best pilots was in trouble. You've heard that the Swedes are some sailormen? It happened in the same Big Ditch, not so long ago, well up toward Skagway. A freighter laden with fish meal and ore and tinned salmon—peddling among the canneries—lost in a fog in the passage toward Cape Suckling, which is a spit of sand flinging out into the channel; no echo possible because it's prone. Suckling's all right for an amphibian to scramble

Captain Tracy still talking: "Pilotage? In the thousand nautical miles between here and Skagway, the finest seamanship in the world is a commonplace. A hundred supermasters work out from here—men graduated from the ranks of sea captains—a hundred cargo jacks of all the world. . . . What do we pay these men? Nothing like what they're worth, few of them earning more than three hundred dollars a month." He pointed back from the water front where the big, hustling, hospitable town climbed her hills, with crowding towers on the way. "They cross the first street-car tracks and are lost in the crowd—men whom Seattle would delight herself to honor, if she weren't so busy about her number of things, if honor fell where honor is due. Uncanny knowledge to begin with, these seamen have, and twenty-five years, at least, of specialized training, and then they have to stay lucky to live. Only a comparative few of us down here on the docks who specialize in passengers and fish know what is going on.

"Sound navigation is said to be somewhat used in Labrador waters, in the fjords of Scandinavia, in the Inland Sea of Japan, but from Puget Sound north to the Bering Sea it is a daily business. Twenty-nine thousand miles of coast line, and practically all the inlets navigable; frequently fifty fathoms of water at the inner docks. From the city of Vancouver up the Strait of Georgia to the head of Vancouver Island, a distance of two hundred miles, there are fifteen hundred miles of British Columbian coast line. The West Coast Canadian can hardly be blamed for laughing yet at the enthusiastic American who proposed continuing on to Alaska the Coast Highway that now runs from Tia Juana to Vancouver City.

"No, it's boats to Alaska for a long time yet. And why so many boats? Fish, mister—fish is the answer. Of course, we take great flocks of passengers clear up to the Bering Sea in the three summer months, but the fish boats work up right into the ice the year round." Captain Tracy pulled down a great map like a window curtain. "All these names you see aren't towns, they're canneries. Alaska spells fish, smells fish. Alaska's totem is the salmon head. Fleets of freighters serve these canneries. This one company is prepared to handle two million cases of the seasonal pack; nine ships out at once this very month of August, every one of them carrying two pilots, besides the Old Man, who mainly does the docking, and has his hands full with that. . . . But talk is easy. Talk will never give you the low-down of the pilots. What you ought to do is to go up the Big Ditch and watch these men on their job; see them face to face!"

Salt in Their Veins

THE passenger stayed interested, but the pilots weren't so easy to find and get close to in the great welters of world's work which are Seattle and Portland; far easier up Victoria and in Vancouver, where even the men of the streets still have brine in their blood. Old England put it into them and it never washes out. In Vancouver three clubs in a row have their dining rooms and reading rooms and locker rooms overlooking the harbor. Men talk shipping and ships. They look out over the water as they eat. They drink to outgoing strangers and are never tired of

(Continued on Page 72)

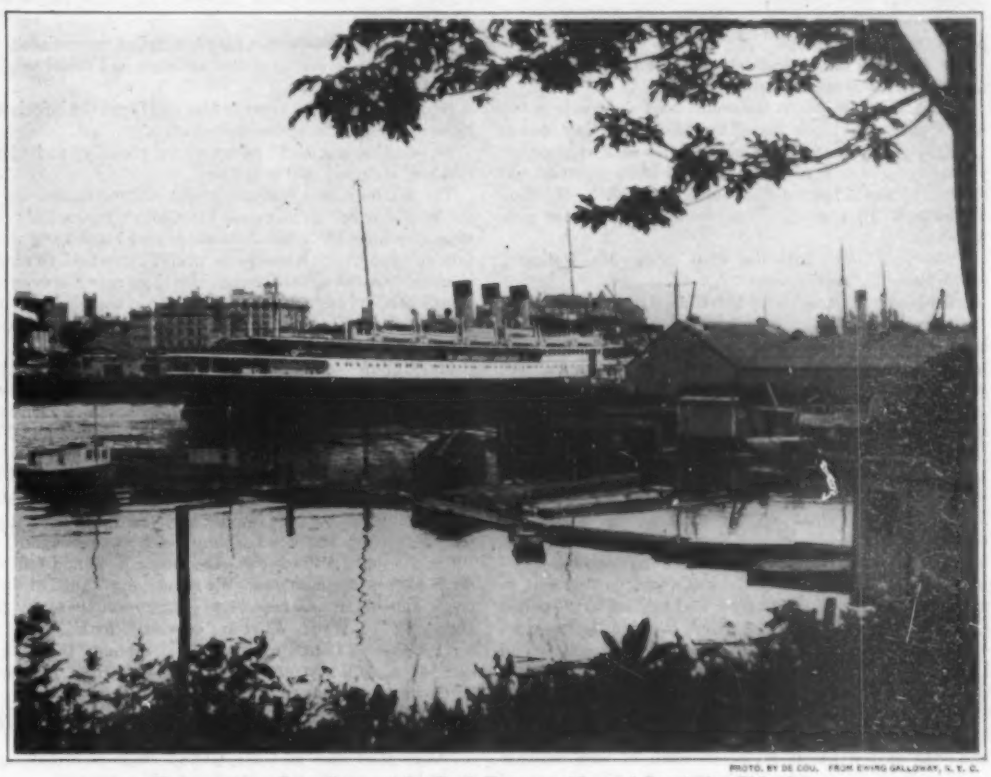


PHOTO. BY DE COU. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Vancouver, a Busy Seaport for Both Transpacific and Coastwise Shipping

MR. GALLUP

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Ramparts of Solid Bottle Green Shot Through With Emerald Launched Themselves Like Colossal Battering Rams Over the Forecastle Head

MR. GALLUP paused in his narrative to remove his weather-beaten hard hat. He wiped his wrinkled brow with a grimy bandanna and spat thoughtfully over the side.

"And what," asked a pimply second steward, "happened then, Mr. Gallup?"

Mr. Gallup's deep, close-set eyes gleamed. His gaunt, ungainly body straightened.

"Well, sir, when them Gairmans seed she was in a bad way, they opened up on her all together. They fair blowed her apart. But she fired to the last. Her nose went under, ye mind, and her starn went up, and afore ye could spit she was at the bottom o' the North Sea; but"—Mr. Gallup paused impressively—"she went down wid her guns flyin', sir!"

"She went down with her what flying, Mr. Gallup?" said a delighted donkeyman.

"Wid her guns flyin', sir," Mr. Gallup repeated proudly.

He stared, as always, in mild puzzlement at the roar of laughter that marked the finish of his favorite yarn. But being an amiable man, he smiled, too, and wrestled a fresh corner from his plug.

"How'd ye come to be called Belial, Mr. Gallup?" asked a forecastle joker. "Unusual name, kind of, ain't it?"

"That," said Mr. Gallup solemnly, "was what ye might call one o' the minor acts o' Providence. Ye see, my pa, who was master of a hand liner out o' Lunenberg, Nova Scotia, never was what ye'd call a godly man. In fact, he was a mite rude in his ways. But when I was born, early one Sabbath day, he was ashore, and hopin' to make a bit o' westing on Salvation out o' the event, he thought to give me a good old biblical name. So he set off to the minister's for to gain his adwice. Now, the minister was the Reverend Mr. Drumheller—ye may have heard tell of him. No? Well, he was a hearty sort of a man, that'd been to sea in a Gloucesterman in his day, and when he spoke, ye heard him. Now, as pa approached the tabernacle, it bein' summer, and the doors and windows open, the reverend was in the pulpit layin' it down in hard-weather style, and his voice come roarin' through. 'Them sons o' Belial!' shouts he. 'Aha!' says pa. 'Belial!' says he. 'Now that's a right-soundin' name for any man's son. And Belial I'll call him.' 'Twas a kind of a sign, if ye see what I mean. So he came about and made for home, and ——"

"Mr. Gallup!"

Mr. Gallup, absorbed in his yarn, failed immediately to notice that his grinning clot of auditors had dissolved.

"Mr. Gallup!"

He looked up to the lower bridge and faced the infuriated glare of the master of the Beluchistan.

"Aye! Coming, sir!" he answered placidly, and going forward, clumped up the ladder.

The master's tone was angry and contemptuous.

"What the hell do ye mean, Mr. Gallup, by wastin' your time gamming wi' a lot o' stewards and black-gang tomcats and the like? Have ye no pride? I've told ye aboot it afore, and I'll no' tell ye again. If ye canna remember what's proper conduct for a ship's officer, there's not room for me and you in the same ship and ye'll get the sack at the end o' the voyage. So take heed o' that!"

Mr. Gallup's leathery cheek bulged.

"Is that a Christian way to talk, sir?" he asked reproachfully. "I don't see any harm in havin' a yarn wid the men, now and again. It's me watch below—and I'm only a third mate, anyhow."

"Yes, a third mate, after thirty year at sea. And thirty year from now ye'll still be a third mate, because no master will recommend ye for promotion. Now mind what I've told ye, mister, and don't let me ketch ye at it again, or I'll relieve ye of your duties. Lay along now, and tell the bos'n to turn the hands to. We're fetching Tahiti at daybreak and I want all that loose gear stowed away by tonight. . . . Well? What are ye waitin' for?"

"Prob'ly ye didn't mean that, sir—about the sack," said Mr. Gallup wistfully; for he was a married man, and berths for elderly third mates are not easy to find.

"It depends on yourself. If ye behave, we'll see; if ye don't, out ye go!"

"Very good, sir," said Mr. Gallup; then he brightened. "And in case o' the sack, the Lord will perwide."

At midnight, land loomed over the bows and blew in tropic fragrance over the ship. The Baluchistan stood off and on until dawn, waiting for the pilot, her riding lights shining in broken beauty upon the smooth sea. At daybreak the pilot boat came off, manned by golden-skinned natives, and with Moorea's black fangs stabbing the amethyst sky on the port beam, the vessel steamed through the thunder of the gap into the primeval stillness of the lagoon. There was a roar of chain, and red iron dust arose in a cloud as the anchor was let go.

The port doctor came off in the customs launch, followed by the ship's agent, a red-faced, bulbous-nosed man, in a dingy pith helmet and a suit of wrinkled white. He greeted the master obsequiously, and was closeted with him for a while. They came down together to the saloon for breakfast. During the meal, the usual quick-stuff-and-get-out affair when the commander is a martinet, the master addressed the chief officer:

"Mr. Collins, the agent here's had a message from young Mr. Wilkeson. That's the son o' the senior owner of our fleet. He's on a world cruise and he's due at Tahiti tomorrow. But he's leaving the liner here and going home wi' us. Where the devil we'll put him I don't know, but we'll have to make shift. He's in a hurry to get home, for some reason."

"What the Sam Hill does he want to sail along wi' us for?" the mate asked. "Does he know we're only an eight-knot ship?"

"I don't know. But, as he's coming into the firm, I suppose he thinks he'll pick up a thing or two on the way home."

Mr. Gallup, who had his capacious mouth full, mumbled something.

"Whut was that, Mr. Gallup?" asked the master sharply.

"I said," repeated Mr. Gallup, after a couple of mighty gulps, "he'd need to be a magpie to pick up anything aboard o' this wessel."

The master frowned. He said tartly: "Overeatin' encourages sloth. If ye've finished, ye can go on deck."

"I was only just sayin', sir," said Mr. Gallup meekly.

"Well, keep your say till it's asked for! . . . Mr. Collins, we're going alongside to load copra right after breakfast, so be ready to heave up."

After the meal the chief officer sent for the carpenter, a bow-legged, mahogany-skinned individual, and together they went to the forecastle head. The master was on the bridge with the agent and Mr. Gallup. The master leaned over the rail and shouted at the white-clad mate on the forecastle head:

"Heave away, Mr. Collins."

"Very good, sir! . . . Heave away, Chips."

The carpenter turned the valve and steam hissed in the windlass, but it refused to budge.

"She's stuck," said the mate, and picked up a lever. "Here. I'll shift her!"

A moment later the bridge heard a cry. The mate was lying on his back, moaning.

"Get away, for'ard, Mr. Gallup, and see what's wrong!" the master snapped.

Mr. Gallup lumbered down the ladder and forward, his awkward limbs moving with surprising speed.

Presently he reported, "The windlass stuck, sir, and the mate was screwing it up wid a lever. The lever unshipped and the mate came down on his back on the compressor. He's hurt bad."

"Damnation! Well, don't stand there like a stupid ox! Tell the second mate to get for'ard and heave away!"

Without further mishap, the anchor was weighed and stowed, and the Baluchistan came alongside the wharf. The mate was placed on an improvised stretcher near the head of the gangway, and the gangway was put over. The master supervised the operation. Possibly he was nervous and excited about losing a good chief officer, or perhaps the man at the winch was careless. Whatever the reason, before anyone realized what was amiss, the thing was done. The Old Man stepped out on the gangway before it was fully lowered, and the line surged over the drum of the winch. The gangway went down with a smash. The Old Man fell, and they picked him up at the bottom with a broken leg.

Next day at noon, with her consignment of copra below hatches, and ready for sea, the Baluchistan still lay, idle beside the godown, unable to proceed for lack of a master. Mr. Cameron, the second mate, and Mr. Gallup were leaning over the rail of the lower bridge, talking things over. Beyond them, anchored in the lagoon, was the world-cruise liner, which had come in at daybreak. Mirrored on the still water, she was a lovely picture in the clear tropic sunlight, with tall black hull and green boot topping, rows of twinkling, brass-rimmed ports, snow-white houses and polished brightwork. Thin threads of smoke wove skyward from her big funnels and trailed off on the soft breath of the air, and passengers walked or lounged beneath gay-colored awnings rigged along her upper works.

"Like a row o' blasted shop windows," as Mr. Gallup remarked. "You could have your deck-officer jobs aboard of her," he said ponderously. "But give me the barber's job; that's what I'd like. Out o' the weather, wid all them sweet-smellin' bottles around. . . . Hello! Who's this?"

A steward was approaching them, three figures in his wake. He addressed Mr. Cameron, "Gen'lemen to see you, sir."

One was the agent, his nose larger, more bulbous and inflamed than before in the noon-day heat; the second was the consul, a quiet, thin-faced man with tired eyes; and the third was a stranger. He was a youngish man, inclining to fatness, with heavy jowls and arrogant eyes, and full, red, petulant lips. He was dressed in white tropic drill of expensive cut, and wore a smart sun topee.

A spark glimmered in Mr. Gallup's deep-set eyes when he saw them, and he took himself off below, to return a few moments later, stuffing a grimy document into his pocket.

The agent and the consul shook hands with the second mate, much to that gentleman's surprise, and the agent then turned to the third man.

"This," he said deferentially, "is young Mr. Wilkeson, son of the senior owner. He is taking over the general managership as soon as he gets home. That is why he is canceling the balance of his world cruise. As your future employer, you will accord him, on the way home, all the respect ——"

Young Mr. Wilkeson showed his capacity for command by interrupting with pompous brusqueness, "Never mind all that. That's understood. The point is, Cameron, don't lag about. I've got to get home as quickly as possible, and there's not another home-bound vessel calling here for another two weeks. Get clearance at once, and make as fast a passage as you can. Is that plain?"

"But I don't understand, sir," Mr. Cameron stammered. "I am not the master. He is in hospital."

"Don't be tiresome," young Mr. Wilkeson shot at him. "The captain and the mate cannot leave hospital, and there is not a licensed master in port free to take her over. So you've got to, of course."

"But I haven't got a master's ticket, sir. I am only qualified for chief officer."

The agent broke in, officiously. "Never mind your ticket. The consul will fix that up. Isn't that so, Mr. Consul?"

"Ye-es. It is the first time I have encountered this sort of thing, but I believe I have authority to issue you a temporary consular certificate, Mr. Cameron, that will allow you to take the vessel home."

Mr. Gallup, who was leaning over the rail near by, with one eye cocked to the deep blue sky and apparently hearing nothing, observed mildly: "Ye've forgot something."

"Eh?" rapped the agent, who disapproved of Mr. Gallup, having discussed him with the Old Man. Young Mr. Wilkeson turned to stare.

"Ye've forgot something."

"What have we forgotten?"

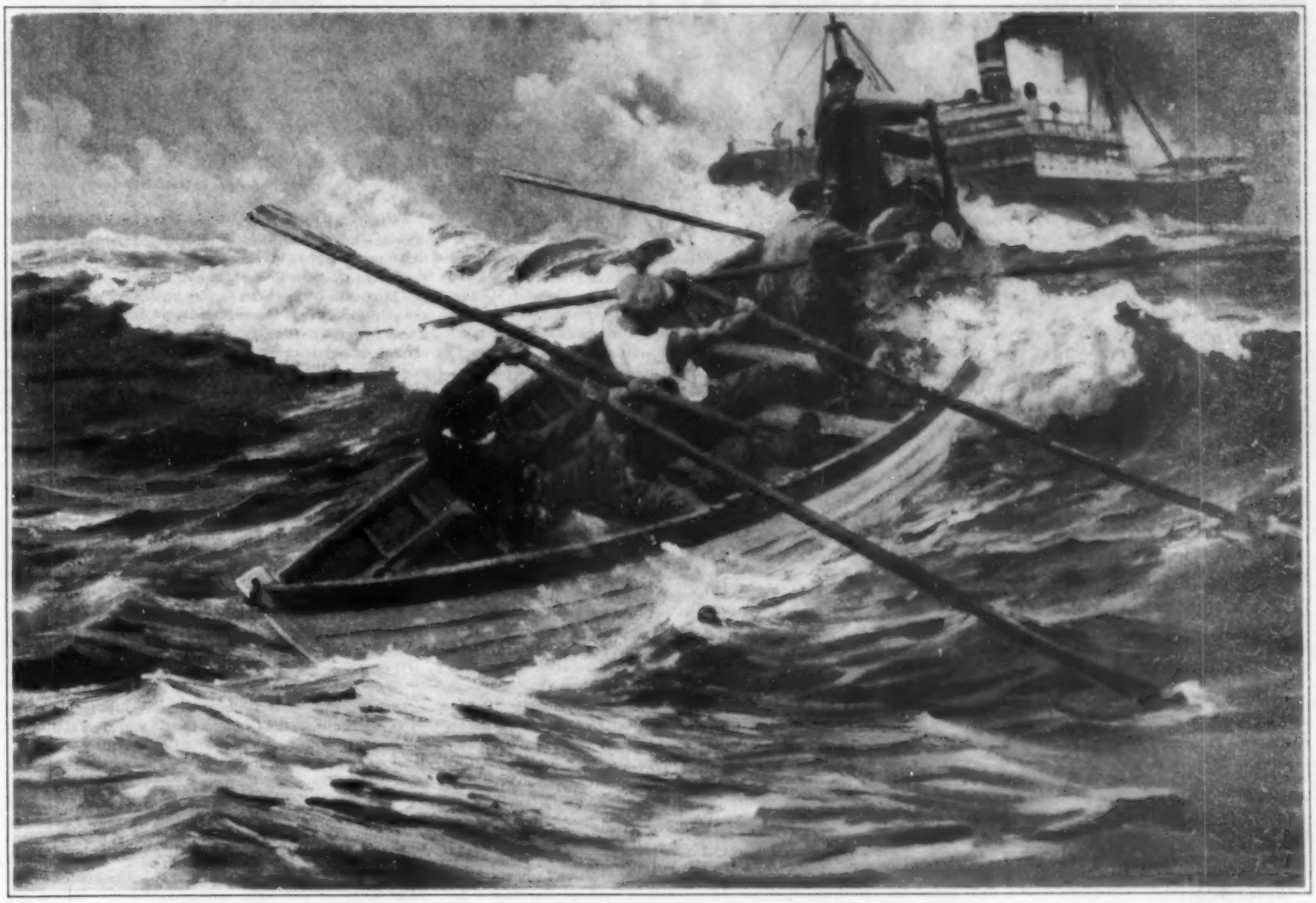
"Me."

"You?"

"Yes," said Mr. Gallup amiably, "me. I got a master's ticket, I have."

"Now, look here," said the agent. "I've heard tell about you, so don't you interfere. You're only the third mate. You'll be chief officer under Mr. Cameron here,

(Continued on Page 186)



The Boat Swung Away, Hesitated for a Second in the Suck of a Backwash, Then Whirled Clear, and With Mr. Gallup in His Hard Hat Grasping the Huge Steering Sweep, it Headed for the Reef

THE SWIMMERS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IN THE Place Benoit, a suspended mass of gasoline exhaust cooked slowly by the June sun. It was a terrible thing, for, unlike pure heat, it held no promise of rural escape, but suggested only roads choked with the same foul asthma. In the offices of The Promissory Trust Company, Paris Branch, facing the square, an American man of thirty-five inhaled it, and it became the odor of the thing he must presently do. A black horror suddenly descended upon him, and he went up to the washroom, where he stood, trembling a little, just inside the door.

Through the washroom window his eyes fell upon a sign—1000 Chemises. The shirts in question filled the shop window, piled, cravated and stuffed, or else draped with shoddy grace on the show-case floor. 1000 Chemises—Count them! To the left he read Papeterie, Pâtisserie, Solde, Réclame, and Constance Talmadge in Déjeuner de Soleil; and his eye, escaping to the right, met yet more somber announcements: Vêtements Ecclésiastiques, Déclaration de Décès, and Pompes Funèbres. Life and Death.

Henry Marston's trembling became a shaking; it would be pleasant if this were the end and nothing more need be done, he thought, and with a certain hope he sat down on a stool. But it is seldom really the end, and after a while, as he became too exhausted to care, the shaking stopped and he was better. Going downstairs, looking as alert and self-possessed as any other officer of the bank, he spoke to two clients he knew, and set his face grimly toward noon.

"Well, Henry Clay Marston!" A handsome old man shook hands with him and took the chair beside his desk.

"Henry, I want to see you in regard to what we talked about the other night. How about lunch? In that green little place with all the trees."

"Not lunch, Judge Waterbury; I've got an engagement."

"I'll talk now, then; because I'm leaving this afternoon. What do these plutocrats give you for looking important around here?"

Henry Marston knew what was coming.

"Ten thousand and certain expense money," he answered.

"How would you like to come back to Richmond at about double that? You've been over here eight years and you don't know the opportunities you're missing. Why, both my boys ——"

Henry listened appreciatively, but this morning he couldn't concentrate on the matter. He spoke vaguely about being able to live more comfortably in Paris and restrained himself from stating his frank opinion upon existence at home.

Judge Waterbury beckoned to a tall, pale man who stood at the mail desk.

"This is Mr. Wiese," he said. "Mr. Wiese's from downstate; he's a halfway partner of mine."

"Glad to meet you, suh." Mr. Wiese's voice was rather too deliberately Southern. "Understand the judge is makin' you a proposition."

"Yes," Henry answered briefly. He recognized and detested the type—the prosperous sweater, presumably evolved from a cross between carpet-bagger and poor white. When Wiese moved away, the judge said almost apologetically:

"He's one of the richest men in the South, Henry." Then, after a pause: "Come home, boy."

"I'll think it over, judge." For a moment the gray and ruddy head seemed so kind; then it faded back into something one-dimensional, machine-finished, blandly and bleakly un-European. Henry Marston respected that open kindness—in the bank he touched it with daily appreciation, as a curator in a museum might touch a precious object removed in time and space; but there was no help in it for him; the questions which Henry Marston's life propounded could be answered only in France. His seven generations of Virginia ancestors were definitely behind him every day at noon when he turned home.

Home was a fine high-ceiling apartment hewn from the palace of a Renaissance cardinal in the Rue Monsieur—the sort of thing Henry could not have afforded in America. Choupette, with something more than the rigid traditionalism of a French bourgeois taste, had made it beautiful, and moved through gracefully with their children. She was a frail Latin blonde with fine large features and vividly sad French eyes that had first fascinated Henry in a Grenoble *pension* in 1918. The two boys took their looks from Henry, voted the handsomest man at the University of Virginia a few years before the war.

Climbing the two broad flights of stairs, Henry stood panting a moment in the outside hall. It was quiet and cool here, and yet it was vaguely like the terrible thing that was going to happen. He heard a clock inside his apartment strike one; and inserted his key in the door.

The maid who had been in Choupette's family for thirty years stood before him, her mouth open in the utterance of a truncated sigh.

"*Bonjour*, Louise."

"Monsieur!" He threw his hat on a chair. "But, monsieur—but I thought monsieur said on the phone he was going to Tours for the children!"

"I changed my mind, Louise."

He had taken a step forward, his last doubt melting away at the constricted terror in the woman's face.

"Is madame home?"

Simultaneously he perceived a man's hat and stick on the hall table and for the first time in his life he heard silence—a loud, singing silence, oppressive as heavy guns or thunder. Then, as the endless moment was broken by the maid's terrified little cry, he pushed through the portières into the next room.

An hour later Doctor Derocco, *de la Faculté de Médecine*, rang the apartment bell. Choupette Marston, her face a little drawn and rigid, answered the door. For a moment they went through French forms; then:

"My husband has been feeling unwell for some weeks," she said concisely. "Nevertheless, he did not complain in a way to make me uneasy. He has suddenly collapsed; he cannot articulate or move his limbs. All this, I must say, might have been precipitated by a certain indiscretion of mine—in all events, there was a violent scene, a discussion, and sometimes when he is agitated, my husband cannot comprehend well in French."

"I will see him," said the doctor; thinking: "Some things are comprehended instantly in all languages."

During the next four weeks several people listened to strange speeches about one thousand chemises, and heard how all the population of Paris was becoming etherized by cheap gasoline—there was a consulting psychiatrist, not inclined to believe in any underlying mental trouble; there was a nurse from the American Hospital, and there was Choupette, frightened, defiant and, after her fashion, deeply sorry. A month later, when Henry awoke to his familiar room, lit with a dimmed lamp, he found her sitting beside his bed and reached out for her hand.

"I still love you," he said—"that's the odd thing."

"Sleep, male cabbage."

"At all costs," he continued with a certain feeble irony, "you can count on me to adopt the Continental attitude."

"Please! You tear at my heart."

When he was sitting up in bed they were ostensibly close together again—closer than they had been for months.

"Now you're going to have another holiday," said Henry to the two boys, back from the country. "Papa has got to go to the seashore and get really well."

"Will we swim?"

"And get drowned, my darlings?" Choupette cried. "But fancy, at your age. Not at all!"

So, at St. Jean de Luz they sat on the shore instead, and watched the English and Americans and a few hardy

"This is the Man Who Didn't Know Whether He Could Swim, Because He'd Never Tried"

French pioneers of *le sport* voyage between raft and diving tower, motorboat and sand. There were passing ships, and bright islands to look at, and mountains reaching into cold zones, and red and yellow villas, called Fleur des Bois, Mon Nid, or Sans-Souci; and farther back, tired French villages of baked cement and gray stone.

Choupette sat at Henry's side, holding a parasol to shelter her peach-bloom skin from the sun.

"Look!" she would say, at the sight of tanned American girls. "Is that lovely? Skin that will be leather at thirty—a sort of brown veil to hide all blemishes, so that everyone will look alike. And women of a hundred kilos in such bathing suits! Weren't clothes intended to hide Nature's mistakes?"

Henry Clay Marston was a Virginian of the kind who are prouder of being Virginians than of being Americans. That mighty word printed across a continent was less to him than the memory of his grandfather, who freed his slaves in '58, fought from Manassas to Appomattox, knew Huxley and Spencer as light reading, and believed in caste only when it expressed the best of race.

To Choupette all this was vague. Her more specific criticisms of his compatriots were directed against the women.

"How would you place them?" she exclaimed. "Great ladies, bourgeoises, adventuresses—they are all the same. Look! Where would I be if I tried to act like your friend, Madame de Richepin? My father was a professor in a provincial university, and I have certain things I wouldn't do because they wouldn't please my class, my family. Madame de Richepin has other things she wouldn't do because of her class, her family." Suddenly she pointed to an American girl going into the water: "But that young lady may be a stenographer and yet be compelled to warp herself, dressing and acting as if she had all the money in the world."

"Perhaps she will have, some day."

"That's the story they are told; it happens to one, not to the ninety-nine. That's why all their faces over thirty are discontented and unhappy."

Though Henry was in general agreement, he could not help being amused at Choupette's choice of target this afternoon. The girl—she was perhaps eighteen—was obviously acting like nothing but herself—she was what his father would have called a thoroughbred. A deep, thoughtful face that was pretty only because of the irrepressible determination of the perfect features to be recognized, a face that could have done without them and not yielded up its poise and distinction.

In her grace, at once exquisite and hardy, she was that perfect type of American girl that makes one wonder if the male is not being sacrificed to it, much as, in the last century, the lower strata in England were sacrificed to produce the governing class.

The two young men, coming out of the water as she went in, had large shoulders and empty faces. She had a smile for them that was no more than they deserved—that must do until she chose one to be the father of her children and gave herself up to destiny. Until then—Henry Marston was glad about her as her arms, like flying fish, clipped the water in a crawl, as her body spread in a swan dive or doubled in a jackknife from the springboard and her head appeared from the depth, jauntily flipping the damp hair away.

The two young men passed near.

"They push water," Choupette said, "then they go elsewhere and push other water. They pass months in France and they couldn't tell you the name of the President. They are parasites such as Europe has not known in a hundred years."

But Henry had stood up abruptly, and now all the people on the beach were suddenly standing up. Something had happened out there in the fifty yards between the deserted raft and the shore. The bright head showed upon the surface; it did not flip water now, but called: "*Au secours!* Help!" in a feeble and frightened voice.

"Henry!" Choupette cried. "Stop! Henry!"

The beach was almost deserted at noon, but Henry and several others were sprinting toward the sea; the two young Americans heard, turned and sprinted after them. There was a frantic little time with half a dozen bobbing heads in the water. Choupette, still clinging to her parasol, but managing to wring her hands at the same time, ran up and down the beach crying: "Henry! Henry!"

Now there were more helping hands, and then two swelling groups around prostrate figures on the shore. The young fellow who pulled in the girl brought her around in a minute or so, but they had more trouble getting the water out of Henry, who had never learned to swim.

II

"THIS is the man who didn't know whether he could swim, because he'd never tried."

Henry got up from his sun chair, grinning. It was next morning, and the saved girl had just appeared on the beach with her brother. She smiled back at Henry, brightly casual, appreciative rather than grateful.

"At the very least, I owe it to you to teach you how," she said.

"I'd like it. I decided that in the water yesterday, just before I went down the tenth time."

"You can trust me. I'll never again eat chocolate ice cream before going in."

As she went on into the water, Choupette asked: "How long do you think we'll stay here? After all, this life wearies one."

"We'll stay till I can swim. And the boys too."

"Very well. I saw a nice bathing suit in two shades of blue for fifty francs that I will buy you this afternoon."

Feeling a little paunchy and unhealthily white, Henry, holding his sons by the hand, took his body into the water. The breakers leaped at him, staggering him, while the boys yelled with ecstasy; the returning water curled threateningly around his feet as it hurried back to sea. Farther out, he stood waist deep with other intimidated souls, watching the people dive from the raft tower, hoping the girl would come to fulfill her promise, and somewhat embarrassed when she did.

"I'll start with your eldest. You watch and then try it by yourself."

He floundered in the water. It went into his nose and started a raw stinging; it blinded him; it lingered afterward in his ears, rattling back and forth like pebbles for hours. The sun discovered him, too, peeling long strips of parchment from his shoulders, blistering his back so that he lay in a feverish agony for several nights. After a week he swam, painfully, pantingly, and not very far. The girl taught him a sort of crawl, for he saw that the breast stroke was an obsolete device that lingered on with the inept and the old. Choupette caught him regarding his tanned face in the mirror with a sort of fascination, and the youngest boy contracted some sort of mild skin infection in the sand that retired him from competition. But one day Henry battled his way desperately to the float and drew himself up on it with his last breath.

"That being settled," he told the girl, when he could speak, "I can leave St. Jean tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 150)

There Was a Consulting Psychiatrist, Not Inclined to Believe in Any Underlying Mental Trouble; There Was a Nurse From the American Hospital, and There Was Choupette, Frightened, Defiant and, After Her Fashion, Deeply Sorry

MISS GRADUATE HUNTS A JOB

By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"She's Making Money Hand Over Fist. She's as Vital as They Come and She Takes Keen Delight in Every Aspect of Her Job"

LET me begin," said the alleged hard-boiled captain of industry, with a quizzical glint in the depths of his cool blue eyes, "by telling you the story of Mary Crabtree; first, in order to show you that I am not, in fact, the penultimate pessimist which my subsequent remarks may seem to indicate; and second, because it is my honest belief, backed by many years of intensive experience as an employer of labor, that the business world is just as anxious to annex the Mary Crabtrees and to push them along as the Marys are to annex a job.

"I lunched with Mary the other day at the Bankers Club; the occasion was the monthly meeting of the Women's Bond Club, of which Mary is a member, and the chief speaker was one of the governors of the New York Stock Exchange, who discussed the subject of international loans, the underlying economics, and so on. In between courses, Mary pointed out a number of women who had achieved signal success in selling securities and were pulling down from $15,000 to twice that sum a year. Mary herself had sawed off $5000 her first year as a saleswoman and worn out a lot of shoe leather soliciting customers. The next year she earned around $8000, the third, $12,000, and last year, with the broad bull market and the country rolling in wealth, she hit the bull's-eye with a score of $20,000—which is pretty crafty marksmanship for a young woman of twenty-nine."

Woman in the Banking Field

"NOW, how did she do it? It wasn't sheer good luck or accident. Let us put her case under the microscope and see what we can find. Her early background gives us a clew.

"Mary and her widowed mother made their home with Henry Crabtree, a bachelor, who was a successful upstate banker. Henry was a tenacious old fellow; he would hang on to a proposition, once he got his teeth into it, until it thundered; and as he usually picked the right proposition to hang on to, he had cleaned up quite a tidy pile. Mary was his niece, with a wide streak of the old man's common sense in her. Early in the game, Henry broke her in as his secretary; she learned typing and shorthand, and was general pinch-hitter about the bank when the regular employes went off on their vacations. In this way she acquired a practical knowledge of banking from the inside. In college she took some courses in investment and economics, not because she thought she'd ever use them but because that was her natural slant. Then old Henry, in his seventieth year, suddenly had a brainstorm and married a young minx of twenty. Domestic ructions ensued, the upshot of which was that Mary and her mother came to New York and Mary started out to find a job.

"First of all, as an old family friend, she came to me for advice. I asked her what she could do. What had she to sell that a business man would like to buy? Well, she ticked off her assets: Typing and shorthand; a practical knowledge of banking, supplemented by her college courses in investment; a good mixer with all kinds of people and some leadership qualities—she had been captain of the hockey team and once president of her class—not so rosy in academic scholarship, but just medium fair. All together, an active, dynamic personality, rather than meditative or static. And mind you, she'd gone over her assets and written them down on a card which she handed to me. 'My merchandise,' she said, with a laugh. I told her I could tuck her in somewhere as a stenographer. This business firm employs 12,000 men and 8000 women, and as we're constantly expanding, there are always openings. In fact, we send a representative to the various colleges and technical schools in order to hand-pick good timber for our organization staff. Many large business firms follow that plan nowadays. But Mary shook her head.

"'My whole training has been in the financial field,' she said, 'and I'm crazy about it too. I'm not hunting just any old job, you know; I'm not in the bread line yet; I want to find something I like, and then settle down and learn it from the ground up.'

"Well, after talking a while, we decided on banking, and I gave her a letter to a vice president I knew. In a week she returned, bubbling with high spirits. I might remark that Mary is the kind of woman a man likes to see enter a room.

"'Did you land your job?' I inquired.

"'Not that one,' said she. 'In my humble estimation, your friend is a dead one from the toes up. He belongs to the ancient order of Brahmans; he hasn't any use for women at all. He's opened the door the width of a crack to them because he's had to, but the biggest salary he pays to a woman is $3600, and the present incumbent has been there more than twenty years. But I've had an offer from an investment banking house as a stenographer at twenty-five dollars per week, and I'm going to take it. It's as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and it gives women a chance on an equal footing with men. My idea is to learn the business and then go out and sell securities. The saleswomen have their desks right in with the men; there's no segregation, no discrimination. It's absolutely fifty-fifty, and all the firm demands of the women is that they deliver the goods.'

"'Did my friend, the banker, turn you down?'

"'No, sir, he did nothing of the sort. He offered me a job in the research department. But I'd been investigating the banking situation in New York and I found that, as regards women, it is still in the pioneer stage. The banks here are not so liberal in their attitude toward women as those of the West and Middle West. The women have moved in and unpacked their trunks, but the men won't let them go upstairs. The New York banks are ten years behind the rest of the country in this respect. Well, I just can't afford to wait for them to catch up. So I sold my merchandise in another market.'"

Something of Value to Sell

"IN THIS fashion Mary began her financial career, starting as a stenographer. After a time she shifted over to analyzing customers' holdings, investment research and making economic forecasts. And when, at the end of two years, she took a desk as saleswoman along with the men she had the essentials of her job at her finger tips. Last year she stopped going out to solicit; so much business was flowing her way that she stayed in her office and did her work over the telephone. She's making money hand over fist. She's as vital as they come and she takes keen delight in every aspect of her job.

"I've told this fact story which came under my personal observation because it possesses several outstanding features which young women desirous of entering the business world would do well to ponder. The first point which strikes the eye is that Mary had something to sell which business wanted to buy; something concrete, specialized, which had a commercial value. Second, she knew what

"Another Young Graduate, When I Asked What Her Special Leanings Were, Replied With the Utmost Gravity, 'I'd Like to Settle the Disputes Between Capital and Labor.' Bless Her Sweet, Ignorant Little Heart!"

she wanted and was willing to start in at the bottom and work up, regardless of salary. And third, she stuck; she fed herself to the job instead of lying back and making the job feed her.

"One trouble which I have found—and I speak as the manager of personnel in an organization which employs 20,000 men and women, many of them college graduates—arises from a misconception of the controlling factors in the business world. Young women particularly do not realize that they must have something to sell which the employer wants to buy. They must be able to do something, and do it better than their competitors, before we hire them. In other words, they must be able to earn those dollars they're asking for in the pay envelope. Business is not a charitable organization. We can't afford to hire people just because we like them; just because they're young and eager and happen to need a job, or, to be more accurate, because they need the hard cash that accompanies a job. If we did that we'd soon be in a receivership. So, first of all, they must have something to sell that is worth actual dollars and cents in the business world, and, second, they must be able to do that something better than their competitors.

"Now many young college-trained women start out with another misconception. They go to an institution of so-called higher education and study, or don't study, as the case may be, most of them supported by their families over a period of years, and they are very likely to feel that those four years spent in studying or skylarking render them somehow superior to the average non-college crowd, and that, therefore, they should be preferred to those without such advantages. For the same reasons, they are apt to look down on the ordinary routine jobs. Small beginnings don't attract them; they consider these too monotonous, too slow; they want to dash in and capture the big jobs right away. But the trouble is that there are not enough big jobs to go around. The demand far exceeds the supply."

Balloons

"WHAT these youngsters don't realize is that such positions presuppose an intensive training, long, hard years spent in getting a grasp of business in all its complicated ramifications from the bottom up, so that the plums wouldn't go to the raw recruit in any case. But these cocky, self-centered fledglings can't see that. They walk into my office by the dozens and state calmly that they want this or that position—big executive jobs at the tip-top of the business tree. 'All right,' I reply. 'Climb up and get them. Begin at the bottom of the tree.' That disappoints them. One young egotist came in here after a job, and when I asked her what she could do, she leaned forward confidentially and replied, 'What I'd really like is your own job. I'd like to reorganize the whole employment system along new lines.' She would, would she? Well, she didn't get a chance to try.

"Another young graduate, when I asked what her special leanings were, replied with the utmost gravity, 'I'd like to settle the disputes between capital and labor.' Bless her sweet, ignorant little heart! I suggested with equal solemnity that she'd need a bit of experience first in order to appreciate what the problems really were. 'Oh, I know what they are already,' she replied loftily, and she high-hatted me straight through the interview, treating me as if I were a poor little business earthworm that needed stepping on.

"And that's the trouble with a lot of them. They're blown up like a balloon with self-assurance and big, vague ideas, and when I offer them prosaic little jobs at the bottom they scorn such small potatoes. But the hard fact is that often they're not worth even what I offer them. For it costs a firm money to train a green girl; she's not much use at first; she has to be shown, and this consumes the energies of other employes and deflects them from their own tasks. So it is some time before the beginner is really worth her salary. Then, as happens very often with college graduates, if they find the job monotonous and advancement slow, they begin to get discontented, restless, and presently they move on. The net result of all these factors is that the biggest turnover in our business comes from college graduates without specialized training or talents who have taken the usual cultural courses. Mind you, I'm not blaming them. But look at our side of the picture. Why should an employer choose his help from the group that shows the largest turnover? If, as I say, he is not in business for philanthropy but to make a profit for his stockholders, who have shown their belief in his business acumen by buying the firm's shares? The logical thing is to choose his staff from the group that shows a lower turnover and get a crew that will stick to the ship.

"'Well,' exclaimed a college girl to me one day indignantly, when I suggested mildly that our firm had no particular use for her generalized culture, 'then my education is a handicap in your eyes? You prefer to have them ignorant!'

"'Not at all,' I said. 'You don't quite grasp the point. What I mean is this: That as business men and employers we are not in the market to buy a general cultural education. What we want are men and women to fill certain very definite and specific jobs—clerks, secretaries, accountants, research workers, and so on. We're not buying your knowledge of Latin or Greek or comparative literature, because we have no use for them. In other words, business can't pay you a bonus simply because you possess something we don't want. That's not our affair. What we want is the specific ability to perform well certain very concrete tasks; and, in addition, we require the solid, everyday working qualities which will stand up under the intense pressure of business life and make good. If, in addition to these fundamental qualifications, the applicant possesses a college education and has really learned to use his mental tools, the likelihood is that he or she may be promoted faster than the person without such advantages.'

"This does not mean that I'm prejudiced against college graduates. On the contrary, other things being equal, if I had to choose between a college-trained applicant and a noncollege one, I'd give the preference to the former. But the trouble is that other things are not equal; they rarely are in real life. Let me give you an example of how the actual situation works out, and remember, I speak from long years of experience in the employment market.

"Two girls, let us say, of about equal intelligence apply to me for a job. One enters with a college diploma, one without. Now the second girl, not possessing the four years of higher education, is likely to be a bit more modest; she's not so all-fired sure she knows it all, not so apt to think she should be promoted overnight. She may even have a slight inferiority complex on account of her educational lacks; she works like a beaver to make good, and a little praise goes a long way. Finally, she's more malleable, doesn't get huffy over criticism and is more likely to stick. The average college-bred girl, however, I have found, is inclined to take approval for granted and to think that she can perform her prosaic tasks with one hand tied behind her back while her eye is fixed on higher things; she often gives the impression that in her own judgment she is wasting her gifts; and if luck doesn't break her way shortly she's apt to flit for wider horizons. Now, which of those girls is an employer more likely to choose, bearing in mind the fact that both must be trained and during the period of apprenticeship must be carried on the firm's books at a loss?"

"She's Clever at Devising All Those Little Gadgets Which Make a Simple Frock Alluring".

Good Judgment

"THIS sounds critical and I would much rather be tossing handsome bouquets. But it is constructive criticism and its purpose is to hold up the mirror of actuality before the raw recruit to the business world, so that she may behold herself as the employer sees her in the hard daylight of facts. Therefore, let me repeat that the college graduate without specialized training or aptitudes who considers herself superior because she has imbibed four years of general cultural courses and acts as if she were conferring a favor by working at all doesn't make a strong hit with the average employer.

"I have told you a few things that employers don't appreciate in an applicant who comes seeking a job. We don't like tactlessness, supreme egotism and the know-it-all attitude. Now let us look at the reverse side of the shield and note some of the fundamental qualities which succeed in business, for those are the things we're after in youth in order to build up a solid organization. Here they are, simple as daylight or rain: Intelligence, sound judgment, reliability, perseverance—four good cornerstones. And if you asked me to choose between a brilliant intelligence without good judgment, and a sound judgment with just an ordinary, fair-to-middling intelligence, I'd choose the second every time; it's a safer bet in the long run. Now these four basic qualities are not created by a college

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KOSKINEN

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

One Reason We Had Stopped at Four Mile Island and Why Our Stay There Kept on Lengthening Was That a Certain Bushel Basketful of Taffy-Colored Hair Resided at the Summer Colony That Year

THE next roughneck falls off this bridge," said Father Joe, "gets canned!"

And the next day I fell off. Lucky for me, only two days a bridgeman, my neck was not yet rough enough to qualify. But Koskinen's was. And so Koskinen, that squat, tan-eyed, hemp-haired Finn, who followed me in my header off the traveler top, got that thing tied to him.

Most generally when a roughneck, as the boys say, takes a drop, you do not have to fire him. You call the coroner. Of course, you can't apply any general rule to Finns. A Finnish steel erector, for example, has got to drop at least two hundred feet before he feels the need for any coroner to come fussing round. A hundred feet or so to ground that's reasonably soft, and all he'll want will be one good man with a shovel. He will be found, on excavation, quite O. K. With a stop not quite so yielding, such as a concrete highway or a railroad track, there may be a little work for some bone setter; although the first-aid kit in the construction shanty really ought to fix things up. Any dive less than fifty feet can be classed as inconsiderable, unless perhaps you feel he should be docked for loss of time getting back up aloft. Finns, what I mean, are tough. If you aren't tough, you don't grow up in Finland.

But not all steel-erecting men are Finns, and tough as are all members of that hazardous brotherhood, no matter what their race, still any ruling that would automatically fire a man who took a drop would seem both singular and startling. However, on the bridge that Father Joe was putting up at Four Mile Island, conditions were peculiar.

In the first place, Four Mile Island bridge was low; simply a stretch of heavy girders laid on close-set piers. Except for the temporary erection device known as the traveler, there was no high superstructure.

In the second place, when Father Joseph made his strange pronunciamiento it was August, and hot as the hinges of that well-known gate through which the most of us must pass, come just deserts.

And in the third place, Four Mile Island bridge was going up across the Susquehanna. More beautiful than ever words can tell you is the Susquehanna. Once let her spell of magic loveliness fall on you, and you are a goner. Once let her warm embrace enfold you, and no other stream in the wide world can ever win you from your love of her. In summer, when the floods have ceased to roil, her waters are as clear as window glass. Looking down into her from Four Mile Island bridge, the shelving rock through which the drills had had to pound down in the cofferdams to get hard pan showed, here and there, blue gray and veined with sparkling quartz or pure white calcite. Bright golden sand and many-colored pebbles covered up this rock elsewhere, making a rich mosaic, a thousand times more beautiful than the bottom of the most luxurious swimming pool that mere men ever built. And the sun, beating down on the river's burnished surface through the long August days, warmed her broad shallows to a temperature absolutely luscious.

Thus had combined conditions for temptation just too great for one Augustus Stormer, Esq. Mr. Stormer was a riveteer de luxe to Trapp & Priest, Steel Structures, Inc., which firm had won the contract for the Four Mile Island bridge. And this Augustus Stormer, Esq., more widely known in riveteering circles as plain Stormy Gus, leaning against a heavy rivet gun on a scaffold hung against a big, heat-radiating girder, sweating away for God, for country and for Trapp & Priest, all on a blistering afternoon, fell in the river. Then he swam ashore. Unhurriedly. Then he went back up to work.

It was a splendid and unqualified success, this accident, and big Gus recommended it without reserve; and so it happened that, just about a quarter of an hour before noon whistle blew next day, little Pete Clausen, who was heater de luxe for Mr. Stormer's select company of riveteers, fell off the bridge also. After which the thing threatened to become epidemic, and the splash of bridgemen dropping into the refreshing Susquehanna made the Four Mile Island bridge, that sizzling August, look like the scene of practice of a flock of Navy bombing planes.

But on the third day of this salubrious visitation of the falling sickness, Father Joseph Priest consorted with his flock at lunch and preached a sermon.

"Listen, sweethearts," said Father Joe. "The next roughneck falls off this bridge gets canned. What th' hell do you all think you are—kingfishers? I don't see none of you ever coming up with a fish in your bill, and it takes you too long to get out of the water. First thing you know you're all gonna have web feet, and it's hard enough on me that you all got duck brains. So cut it out. You'll have me doing it next. And me not being built like Gertrude Ederle, I get through water like I was hog-tied, and so Old Conowahnitee would get me sure. This might suit you all right; but we don't see the same on lots of things, and I wouldn't like it much. All right, then, the next egg does a Humpty-Dumpty off this bridge goes up the track talking to himself. I hope I'm clear on this."

Father Joe was clear. Especially clear was his shrewd reference and warning as to Conowahnitee, even more clear, perhaps, to me than to the others. Father Joe made this rule the first day I was on his job, and at that time Old Conowahnitee was very fresh and vivid in my mind. Old Conowahnitee was, in fact, the reason I was on this job of Father Joseph's. This way:

Less than a week before, Jimmy Cossack and I had pulled up at the summer colony on Four Mile Island in our canoe, after the best part of five hundred miles of gorgeous water shoveling. Jimmy Cossack is, bar no man, the best bow paddle that ever put to test the soundness of a maple handle. We had shipped our good craft, Submarine Sal by name, to Cooperstown, New York, and there had launched her on the entrancing Glimmerglass of Cooper's stories, Lake Otsego; and starting at the Susquehanna's very source, where that majestic stream is but a trickle, for ten days filled with medicine for the soul, we had come shoveling down the widening river, until at last, with the Glimmerglass almost half a thousand miles astern, Old Conowahnitee snarled just around the bend, barring our last day's journey to the Chesapeake.

Old Conowahnitee is bad. Old Conowahnitee has an evil history. Men have gone into that wild stretch of water and not been seen again until washed up, weeks later, in the Chesapeake's tall reeds; good rivermen, too; experienced raftsmen in the old lumber days, whose floating islands of felled trees the Conowahnitee had gnashed to splinters in her wicked fangs; experienced canoemen who could not resist the same spine-chilling challenge which had defied the Conestoga brave avoid the labors of portage.

So, when we came into that fine backwater which stretches miles upriver from the brink of Conowahnitee, we stopped at Four Mile Island, Jim and I, to loaf a day or two, to limber up with swimming's blissful relaxation muscles that had been tightened somewhat with so many miles of steady paddling.

That day or two of loafing we had planned stretched to a week, for various reasons. And every day Jim took me down to Four Mile Island's end, where Conowahnitee gets going, and practiced eloquence on me. But Cicero and Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster could all have worked over me with the best they had, and got just as far. With Jimmy up ahead, old Submarine Sal had inveigled me into many a busy minute with a paddle. But not Old Conowahnitee. No, ma'am! Not me!

One time I thought I had Jim's oratory whipped.

I said, "See here, Ancient Mariner, you know we've always planned to take a whirl at the Big Foul Rift over in the Delaware some day. Well, I think we ought to graduate from that to this. From what I hear we ought to learn a trick or two in the Big Foul that would help us here. But I'm scared that if Old Conowahnitee gets the first crack at us, the next stream we'll be shooting will be the Styx!"

And that held him overnight. But the next day he was on my back again. And next day. And the next. I got to calling him the Old Man of the Sea. Seemed like the only way I'd ever get him off me would be to go down with him half a hundred feet into one of Conowahnitee's dread whirlpools. It came to a point at last where it was taking more spunk for me to turn the old kid down than it would have taken to say yes to him and risk it. Something had to be done. At last I solved the problem. I played a dirty trick on Jim. I got a job.

One day Jim took the battleship and pulled away from our little camp alone. You should have seen old Sal. That sweet, bescarred war tub was dolled up like some wop Romeo's gondola. There was a flowered strip of carpet in the bottom and a lot of satin cushions. There was a caned back rest and a box, all lacy paper and pink ribbons, that I just knew held bonbons. There was a book or two—of poetry I think—and though you'll not believe this last—a little phonograph. I looked hard for a ukulele, but if there was one, Jim had retained that shred of self-respect that made him hide it underneath some of the other junk. All this campaign equipment Jim had gathered up at the Four Mile Island summer colony the night before. And here he was, the following morning, starting off again. He was far gone, that fellow. I forgot to tell you.

One reason we had stopped at Four Mile Island and why our stay there kept on lengthening was that a certain bushel basketful of taffy-colored hair resided at the summer colony that year. Blue eyes went with this taffy hair, and a pair of slim shoulders, and some ankles. Some—we repeat it—ankles. Seemed to my roughly calculating eye, about six million dollars' worth of girl. I couldn't blame Jim much, but I'll bet you that he would have gone the length, in his half-conscious state, of putting up a pennant, bow and stern, on Sal had there been sockets to allow this ultimate disgrace.

The lad was gone—far gone—to treat Sal like he did. For Sally was a boat. Except for lines, she wasn't much on looks. Her paint had been distributed, a little left on this rock and on that, over the best part of five hundred miles. Her faded canvas coat was ripped and snagged and patched and ripped and snagged again, showing where the old Susky's teeth had chewed her. Her gunwales, bow and stern, had small smooth hollows worn along the wood from the lazy slide of many a thousand paddle strokes' relaxed recoveries; from many a savage paddle leverage in time of stress. But Sally was a war craft, not a dad-whacked, sachet-scented love barge, and I sensed, as Jim shoved off that day, that Sal was absolutely mortified.

"Good-by," I called out after Jim as he got under way. "I'll bet you're all a-flutter."

But Jim made gestures at me which are better undescribed, and answering him, I pulled a red bandanna from my hip and flirted him an affectionate farewell.

"Have a nice time, Melchizedek!" I bellowed.

Melchizedek, in the Iroquois, is short for Jim. I always call him that when deeply moved.

Melchizedek bellowed back: "You take a stroll down to the end of Four Mile while I'm gone, and look 'em over for the last time from the shore. Pick a good way through. For tomorrow day we run 'em!"

But we didn't. On the morrow day I went to work. I did stroll down toward the end of Four Mile. But on the way I passed the island piers of the new bridge. The steel had spanned the east half of the river and the island, and was well started out across the western stretch of water. It was noon, and a group of steel erectors were sitting underneath an island tree, having their lunch. I glanced toward them as I passed. Then suddenly I halted. Who was that thick-set fellow just inserting half of a banana in his face? Koskinen!

Lucky that all those miles of water shoveling were in my hand and forearm. Otherwise Wily Koskinen might have jerked them loose!

"Hah!" he said, pumping. "Long time no see! How you hitched up, yong faller?"

The previous summer I had put in my vacation on a big railroad-yard construction, in the bull gang of the rigging crew, on which crew was Koskinen, first-class rigger. I had never known a Finn before, so I hooked on to this one as a helper every time I got the chance; and by showing him an unheard-of interest in his country and his people and asking him a lot of questions about them it delighted him to answer, I made a friend; and in no time he had me making short and running splices, and tying double bowlines and sheepshanks, and doing such stunts with line and hook and chain and cable as only Finnish sailormen can teach you.

"I make you rigger yet before I'm finish you, by Yiminy," said Koskinen.

I had not known Koskinen long before I found out that he had been a riverman before he was a seaman. In fact, he had a splendid river name, for *koski*, in his language, so he told me, is the word for "rapids." As far as his immediate family was concerned, their name was occupational. Koskinens had, for generations, brought the long tar boats down the wild waters of the Oulu. Back in the woods of Northern Finland, near the Russian border, the great pine forests have been coming down for years and years, yielding their tar to huge, slow, roasting fires. Barrels are set to catch the warm, dark lifeblood of the trees, and then these barrels, loaded into long, light boats, go down the leaping mountain torrents to the sea in a series of hair-raising rapids rides. Only government-licensed pilots may take the tar boats down; and little Vilho Koskinen, running the roaring Oulu with his dad, had learned the perilous family trade and had got pilot's letters on his hat at an age that made a record. All this and many a thousand other splendid things I learned about Koskinen and his land and people, and how at length he shipped before the mast, as Finns are wont, and finally debarked here in America to try his nerve and skill in climbing and his knowledge of ropes and tackle at the job of rigging.

So you can guess the thing I did that noonday when I had finished trying to span that bear paw of Wily's with my hand. You're right. I hooked an elbow of this rapids man and led him forthwith to the lower end of Four Mile Island, where, just round the bend from the bridge site, Old Conowahnitee takes her first plunge.

You should have seen Koskinen lick his lips as he stood at my side and looked down over that mad, seething turmoil.

"I come for see dot water many time," Koskinen said. "Dot's fine big water. Bad, like Pyhäkoski."

I knew what Pyhäkoski was—The Sacred Rapids. But the wickedest the tar boats have to ride. Wily had told me of them.

So I asked, "Could you run this?" And waited, just a little breathless, for his verdict.

Koskinen did not answer for a while. He stood there silent, listening to the mighty roaring, as though his very ears, long trained in rapids craft, could read bad water like his eyes; as though the hundred thousand voices that made up that fearful shouting, each sent a separate message which he could interpret.

Maybe a minute he stood quiet. Then he said, "Sure. I run dot. In tar boat I can make it. But listen, boy. I know wat you like do. No do it. In canoe, in dot, you die."

And so I got a job. I had to work vacations, anyhow; and I had stolen more from this one than I really could afford. So Koskinen took me in to Father Joe and told him I could handle ropes and climb.

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I Knew How These Two Felt. Driving Down on Old Conowahnitee, They Knew the Queer, Chill Joy That Comes to Men Who Look Into the Bright Face of Danger

THE OLD HOOKER

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

He Hit That Ball Hard and Clean, With All the Strength That Was in Him

EVEN if your acquaintance in and with Bayport is limited to that acquired during a two-weeks' summer vacation, you probably know the Sunset Cove Golf Club and course. If your visit was repeated or more prolonged, you know of—to know him personally is a distinction accorded but few—the club's president, J. Hannibal Flannery. If you happen to be a cottager and summer resident, you know Reginald Greenleaf Hickson. And in that case you know the story I am about to tell and need read no further.

The Sunset Cove golf course is, we boast, unique among seaside courses. It scatters its twisting length up and down little hills—always with a sea and sand view to the right or left or both—through pine groves and over dunes, between stretches of tangled rough made up of beach grass and bayberry and huckleberry bushes. There are three water hazards, each one as trying as the others; the greens are provokingly sloped and trapped; the long carries are likely to be across deep ravines; and the one-shot holes are considerably more than one to the dub majority. Ouimet's score for the course, when he played his exhibition match here, was 73, and that record has been equaled but once since. Malcolm McDermott, our pro, shot a 73 on a day when he was "feeling right" a few years ago and we Sunset Covers are still bragging of his accomplishment.

We brag of our president also—to outsiders, that is. Among ourselves—and always behind his back—we are inclined to roast him. We admire him for his executive ability and his success in the world of business and finance; we may envy him his money and his summer mansion on Gull Bluff, but we do resent his condescending patronage, his strut and his manner of ordering us all about. He pays a good third of the running expenses of the Sunset Cove Club, however, so we grin and bear him, even if the grins are at times forced. His local nickname—also behind his back, you may be sure—is "Almighty Flannery," sometimes shortened by the irreverent to "Almighty."

Reginald Greenleaf Hickson, too, is unique. We'll say he is! His father came to teach "upstairs"—that is, to teach the grammar grades—at the Bayport school in 1907 or thereabouts, and his one hobby was arithmetic. His pupils might be, and were, deficient in geography, history and grammar, but they could not graduate unless they knew Greenleaf's Elementary Arithmetic by heart from the first page to the last.

Hickson Senior was queer—oh, yes! And the queerest thing he did during his brief residence in the village was to marry Becky Timson, daughter of Tobias Timson, the lobsterman down on the Neck Road. Becky was neither pretty nor cultured nor clever nor stylish. She was not a good cook and her way of keeping house was to let everything, including dust, stay where it was. Tobias more than once confessed that Becky was consider'ble of a problem. Possibly this was why Hickson—who loved problems—fell in love with her. At any rate, they were married, and, a year later, a son was born to them. The name wished upon the defenseless baby was Reginald Greenleaf Hickson. The "Hickson" was unavoidable, of course, and the "Greenleaf" was taken from the title page of the arithmetic; but wherefore and wherefrom the "Reginald," no one knew then or knows now. Two years after the birth Reginald's parents went out sailing in Caleb Paul's battered old catboat. Hickson knew nothing about handling a boat, but he wished to ascertain just how many degrees it hove down in a stiff breeze. He found out just before he and Becky were drowned.

Tobias—he died a year after his daughter's marriage—had an older brother and partner in the lobster business, Theophilus Timson, who was a widower without children. Why Thoph Timson, who bore the reputation of being the meanest man in town, took his orphan nephew to bring up no one has ever learned. The local guess is that he did it because he was getting something for nothing. Reginald lived with him in his little shingled shanty by the wharf. He grew up there, went to school and to work from there, and, in the spring of 1929, when he was nineteen years old, he came to the Sunset Cove golf course to help Malcolm McDermott with his accounts during the summer season. He had inherited his father's amazing knack at figures, also his love for mathematical and mechanical problems. During the late May and early June days, when there is comparatively little playing at Sunset Cove, he had a good deal of spare time on his hands. Some of us cottagers—early birds in Bayport—began to notice that he was spending that spare time on or about the first or ninth or eighteenth green or tee. We saw him putting or approaching, and sometimes driving, with half a dozen ancient clubs.

We asked McDermott about it.

"Oh, ay," observed Mac, with a grin. "He's got the golf bug, that lad. And the bite's taken hold in a peculiar-r way, as it was bound to do with a daft creature like him. He's no' contented to make a good shot or a bad one and let it go at that. He must find out what made it bad or good, as the case may be. Those clubs of his—being no good whatever, I gave them to him without char-rge—he's for aye shaving down or shortening or weighting with lead on one side or the other. A cracked lad—oh, yes, cer-rtain! but he's the best man on the books ever I had."

"Is he any good—at the game, I mean?" one of us asked.

Mac became confidential.

"Would you believe it," he whispered, "he's no sae bad—in some ways. He's a fair wonder wi' his putts, especially when you'll observe the thing he's got to putt with. And his approaches and pitches are fine, for a beginner. His wood work, though, is something terrible to witness. He has no driver but that auld brassie, and every shot he makes with that has a hook on it like the cur-rve of the round world. Look at him now! Mon, is it no' a sight?"

It was a sight in more ways than one. Reginald Greenleaf Hickson was standing on the first tee, a scarred and battered ball in position before him and half a dozen similar castaways ready on the ground at his rear. It was late in the afternoon and the links were vacant. His tumbled red hair hung down almost to his freckled nose,

his faded trousers were above his shoe tops, his belt and waistcoat had parted company. Upon his face, however, was an expression of deadly earnestness and unconsciousness of all save the work in hand.

As we looked, he whirled the old brassie over his shoulder and brought it through with a mighty swing. His stance was awkward, his form was bad, but, heavens and earth, how he did hit that ball! It whizzed from the tee in a long and upward and onward flight. It sailed out, as straight as a bullet, for perhaps one hundred and ninety yards. Then it began to curve to the left, and kept on curving. When, at last, it struck the ground, it had cleared the rough separating the first and ninth fairways and was rolling toward the grass and bushes on the far side of the latter. It rolled into them. Reginald Greenleaf Hickson heaved a long sigh and reached down for another ball.

"And there you are now," observed Mac.

We strolled over. Hickson paid no heed to our approach and did not turn until one of us—Sam Hardy it was—touched his shoulder. Then he started, stared, and grinned sheepishly. "Oh, how be you, Mr. Hardy?" he stammered. "It's—it's a nice afternoon, ain't it?"

"Fine, fine," Hardy agreed. "Say, boy, that would be some drive of yours if you could get the hook out of it. Let's see you hit another one."

Reginald hit another one. It was as long as the first, but the hook was even worse. He shook his head. When he spoke, it was with a nasal twang that was like a file on iron. There was no trace of Hickson, the school-teacher, in that tone or in his language. So far as speech and metaphor and mannerisms went, he was all Timson.

"I vow to fire," he declared—vowing to fire was old Thoph Timson's pet oath—"if I can make out what's the matter with this brassie. I've shortened her up and I've lengthened her out and I've weighted and balanced her to port and starboard, but she just won't keep in the channel."

Hardy took the ancient brassie and examined it. An inch or two of the handle had been sawed off and a good-sized plug of lead had been let into the outer edge of the head.

"Some bat," observed Sam; and added solemnly: "It is odd you can't shoot straight with that machine gun."

Reginald nodded. "You would think I might, wouldn't you now?" he agreed without a smile. "I've rigged up my other three clubs—my mashie and my mid-iron and my putter—till I can go pretty good with 'em, but this brassie don't seem to take vaccination, as you might say. Sho! It's discouragin'."

"Better change to another, hadn't you, Reg?" I suggested. "Maybe I've got an old driver at home somewhere."

"Eh? No-o, I'm much obliged, but I cal'late I'll stick her out for a spell longer. I sort of hate to have the old thing lick me. . . . Tut, tut! It's 'most half-past five, ain't it? I must get home to supper if I want to practice my surveyin' afterwards."

He turned away, but Hardy detained him.

"Your surveying?" he repeated. "What's that?"

Reg grinned bashfully. "Why," he confided, "Mr. Lem Collins—he's the civil engineer, you know—he's been showin' me how to measure land and—and all like that. I used to watch him do it, and—and I guess likely he see I was interested, so he's been learnin' me a little lately. I surveyed Uncle Thoph's back lot Sunday mornin' afore breakfast and I fetched her out right up to the inch; Mr. Collins, he said I did anyhow. I like surveyin'," he went on dreamily. "It makes you figger close and—well, that's fun. It's—it's like golf that way—you have to cal'late all the twists."

J. Hannibal Flannery was abroad that spring and he and his family did not open their home in Bayport until the middle of June. He and the family and the half dozen servants arrived in Bayport on the fifteenth, and on the morning of the sixteenth Almighty Flannery was swinging a driver on the first tee at Sunset Cove. That golf club and that course were his pets, his prides and his principal topics of conversation. He was a rotten golfer, although he did not admit it, but he played his eighteen holes every day, weather permitting, and, at least twice a week his opponent was McDermott. "Mac is a little better than I am," he was wont to confess, when the pair came in, Mac's score being somewhere in the 70's and his anywhere from 98 to 110. "He beat me this time, but he gave me some tips on my Number 3 iron today that were alone worth the price of admission."

The price of admission, so far as McDermott was concerned, was, of course, three dollars an hour, with a few side bets on the short holes.

Sam Hardy happened to be in the locker room when Flannery got his first glimpse of Reginald Greenleaf Hickson. Sam told us about it.

"Reg was all humped up over the desk in Mac's office when J. Hannibal came in," said Sam. "Almighty looked at him, walked around to the other side of the desk and took another look. Then he beckoned to Mac and me to come outside.

"'For heaven's sake, what is that thing?' he wanted to know. Mac told him about Reg. It was his name that seemed to tickle the old boy's funny bone the most. He laughed till he shook all over.

"'Green and Hick,' says he. 'Ho, ho! Can you beat that, I ask you? Say, whoever christened that specimen hit the bull's-eye twice out of three times. Ho, ho! Green Hick! Well, when you've said that you've said it.'"

The story, of course, was repeated and, thereafter, we all referred to Reginald Greenleaf Hickson as The Hick. We soon addressed him as Hick, and he seemed quite unaware of its significance, but answered, as always, promptly and solemnly.

The active playing season began soon after this and the Sunset Cove course was a busy place. By the middle of July the big match was made and all the members, not only of our own club but of the Salt River Club at Harniss, were talking about it. It was to be a test, not only of the much disputed playing ability of Malcolm McDermott, our own professional, and Jim Balfour, the new pro at Salt River, but of the betting depth of the pocketbooks of J. Hannibal Flannery and Colvin R. Beacham.

Colvin R. Beacham is—or rather was; he has retired from active business—president of The Beacham Pure Food Company, makers of Beacham's Diet Bread; The Beacham Butter Biscuit; Beachamine, the Health Cereal; and so on. Colvin and J. Hannibal Flannery were, at one time, bosom pals. They yachted together, they and their families socialized together, they golfed together. Then, as was bound to happen when two dictators are in each other's company long enough, they had a grand row. The story is that it began during a golf game, but this may not be true. Beacham was, like Almighty Flannery, a golf fan, and for one season he was a member at Sunset Cove and played here. The next year—that following the row—he built a huge summer palace at Harniss, the town seven miles from Bayport, joined the Salt River Golf Club there, took charge of it, of course, and was now its president, strongest financial backer and loudest booster.

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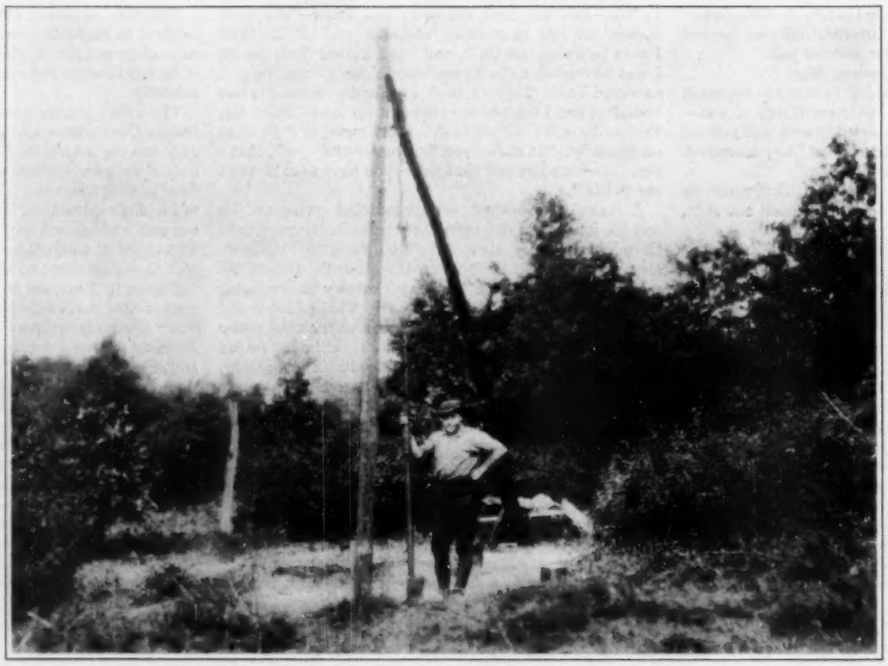
The Hick's Score for the Nine Was a Neat 38, and if His Long Iron on the Seventh Hadn't Bounced Back Into a Trap it Would Have Been at Least One Less

TAMING WILD OIL WELLS

By Ray Lyman Wilbur
Secretary of the Interior
As Told to William Atherton Du Puy

THE gently folded Cretaceous and Tertiary formations that border the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean, and that recur on the California coast, form the most satisfactory inverted bowls in all the world for the capture of that oil and gas which Nature, through the ages, has brewed from the remains of marine organisms and released far beneath the earth's surface. That oil and gas, in seeking to escape, has been forced up into these bowls, and held against the coming of tools that man puts on the ends of strings of pipe a mile long and sends down to puncture their upturned bottoms.

Four-fifths of the oil of the world is today coming from those regions of the western continents. In the Eastern Hemisphere there is another area of sedimentary rock, gently rumpled, extending from the Indian Ocean north to the heart of Russia. It offers the Persian fields, Mesopotamia, Baku to the world. In mountainous Europe and much of America the layers of rock are too broken to provide satisfactory oil traps. Africa, Australia, and Brazil are chiefly formations of ancient igneous rock that yields no oil. Thus is some basis laid of oil expectancy.



In the Early Days in Pennsylvania These Drills Were Worked by Hand

It is estimated that perhaps one-fifth of the oil of the world lies beneath the surface of continental United States. That territory has been more thoroughly explored than any other. Today it is producing the lion's share—some 65 per cent—of the oil used by man. It is producing it from a reserve of 20 per cent of all the oil there is.

There is no escaping the fact that, if this procedure continues, the United States, now so well supplied, will be among the first of the oil-producing nations to be permanently without that utility. When these facts are understood those officials of Government on whom responsibility falls for the maintenance of supplies of raw materials are likely to become somewhat perturbed.

Too Much Oil Above Ground

THE authorities all agree that the United States has developed and produced its oil too rapidly. With the translation of the iron age into the oil age, the scramble has been without precedent. For ten years now, despite the increasing multiplicity of its uses, oil has been found faster than it could be consumed. All the time there has been more of it above ground than the market demanded.

The presence of too much of any commodity leads inevitably to its waste, and so has it been with oil. The record of all time for the waste of a national resource has been broken in the past decade in the oil fields of the United States.

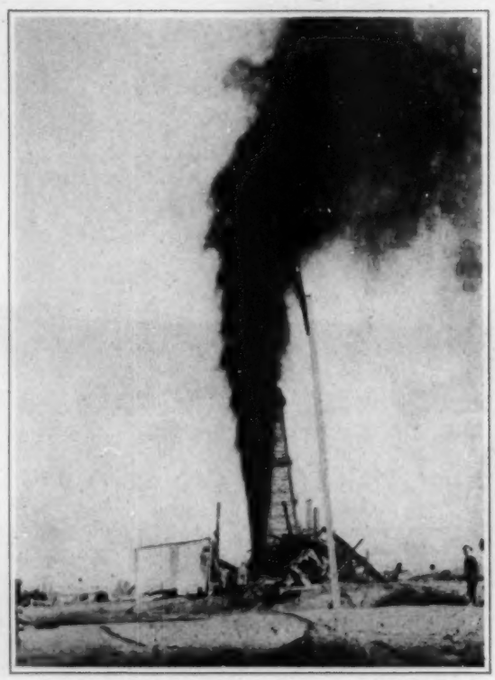
In the state of California, for example, it is estimated that the loss of natural gas alone has been sufficient to have paid the national debt. For years in that state enough gas has been going off unused into the air every day to do the work of 25,000 tons of coal. The same sort of gas losses has taken place in Oklahoma, and notably in Texas. And these losses still go on. New fields have been brought in when there was already too much oil above ground. They have been produced and exhausted when they were not needed. They have depressed the market and hurt the industry. They have depleted without serving any useful purpose.

The oil industry, in fact, has been at sixes and sevens. It has been chaotic and disorganized. It has been a scramble, a madness. Most of those in it have admitted this. There is something about it which drives those engaged in it to irrational action. There has been no time to stop, to estimate the situation, to map out a proper course of action.

There is that in the business of producing oil which naturally leads to waste. The procedure has repeated itself scores of times and, though it smacked of madness, it has, until recently, seemed unavoidable. Here is the way it works:

Some wildcatter, dropping a drill in your neighborhood or mine, strikes oil. Geological structures or actual drilling shows that there is a dome here that is two miles long and half a mile wide. It is a single pool, just as was grandfather's mill pond. Drilling anywhere in this area is likely to tap it and produce oil. The land is owned by twenty people. The man who gets the most wells down quickest will get the most oil. The development of this field becomes a horse race.

Experience has shown that one well on ten acres is likely to be enough to get all the oil. Economical development would drill on this basis. Under the horse-race method, however, ten wells may be put down on one acre. The expenditure for well drilling may be a hundred times as great as it should be.



This Gusher Has Wrecked the Derrick and Got Beyond Control

The Gas Waste

MANY wells are brought in quickly. The dome is induced to empty itself with the greatest possible expedition. To be sure, there may be no need of the oil. To be sure, there may already be overproduction in this region. To be sure, there may be no arrangement for taking care of the gas that always comes off with the oil.

There is another waste just coming to be well understood that may be greater than all the others. The flow of oil from this field depends on gas pressure. When the pressure is exhausted the oil stops coming up. Of the oil that is in the pool it is believed that not more than 20 per cent is usually recovered before the flow ceases. The rest of this oil—four-fifths of it—under present methods remains beyond the reach of puny man playing around at the surface

Obviously any waste of gas hastens the time when the gas pressure will disappear. In the interest of prolonging the life of the field, no gas should be allowed to blow off at random or before its full quota of work has been performed. In the past few years the oil people have learned that the gas which brings up the oil may be captured, pumped back into the pool and induced to restore the pressure. It may be induced to bring up a second and a third load of oil. Gas which cannot otherwise be used obviously should be pumped back into the ground so that the life of the field may be prolonged. This is what the new law in California has done.

The owners of a dome usually spend much more money on it than they should and receive less returns than they should. The public usually is little benefited through the progressive exhaustion of each recurring fragment of a great natural resource.

The sort of competition that takes place as between individuals in a single field goes on as between fields, as between productive regions, states, nations. It should not go on. There is a principle of conservation which, if applied, would result in oil fields being brought to serve a much greater purpose than they are now serving. Incidentally, they would make much more money for their owners.

The principle might have been applied to hundreds of actual fields in the United States that have been operated and have been exhausted so wastefully. Under it, here is what would have been done:

Finding that they owned land over an oil dome, its possessors should have pooled their interests. They

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The Freshman and His Father

By CHRISTIAN GAUSS

Dean of the College, Princeton University

I ONCE had an unusual interview with a father. He was a distinguished professional man and, although his time was valuable and he had been forced to come a long way to discuss the situation of his freshman son, who had run into trouble, he did not begin by debating the technicalities of the case. Neither did he carry on as if the son had plunged his family into everlasting disgrace. "I suppose," this odd parent admitted, "that it's partly my fault, and I don't believe Jim is really a bad boy." He was right on both counts. "I don't see how," he continued with a rueful smile, "you professors can really expect very much of us fathers. Professionally, I am a lawyer. I studied law in college, then in an office; and since, I have worked at it, week in and week out, for thirty-two years. Socially, I am a parent. I'll agree that this is quite as important a matter, but I haven't been able to spend nearly as much time over it, and I had no previous training whatsoever. Nature has not been friendly or wise in her arrangements. To every prospective father she should have given a few dummy children to experiment with before he is called upon to undertake the serious business of bringing up his own. You ought to realize more than you do that as parents we are all of us amateurs."

However this may be with parents, the freshman, too, has had no previous experience, and he has a right to enter the same plea in his defense. He, too, is an amateur freshman. As a matter of fact, where he is dropped from college, both he and his parents do make this plea and tell you that if you give him a second trial he will do better. Unfortunately, they are in all probability mistaken. If they have had no previous experience, the colleges, on this score, have had a great deal. Their records show that, except in cases where failure to keep up in studies has been the result of illness or equally compelling causes, a boy who has failed once will fail again, if not as freshman, then as sophomore, junior or senior. The chances are overwhelmingly against his ever being graduated, and unless we are to wander about in a muddle of amateurism and general tentativeness, somebody somewhere must buck things up, establish a standard and insist upon its being upheld. This disagreeable responsibility naturally falls upon the colleges.

If, then, in this general feast of indulgence the parent will recognize that the college, too, has its claim, he will recognize that the thing to do is not to plead for a second trial but to prevent initial failure. For it is plain that if we press this matter too far, we shall all lose ourselves in a general round robin of coddling in which morale disappears and our central problem is lost sight of.

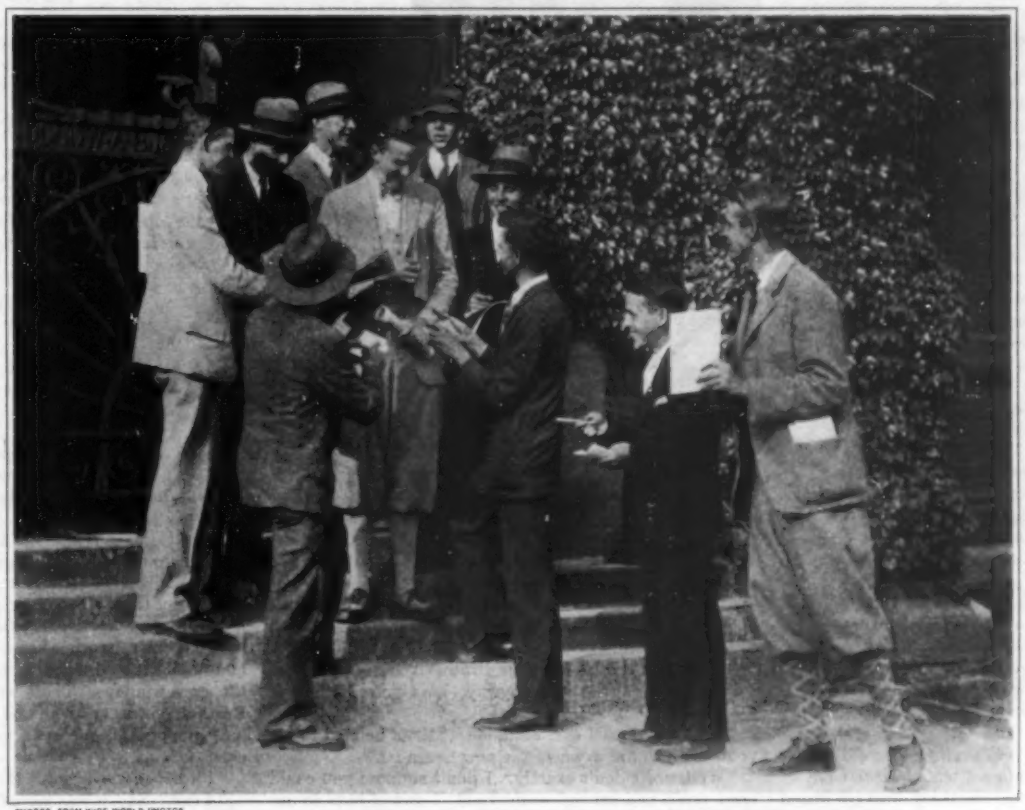
Waiting for the Registrar's Office to Open

Poor Risks

THE first important point, then, is to decide whether a boy has the necessary aptitudes to make college a profitable experience. "But how am I to know this?" the distracted father asks. The whole problem of college-aptitude tests calls for special discussion, but in the main the data which provide the answer to the father's question are fairly simple and readily available. It makes little difference whether a boy has finally been graduated from a high school or academy, or whether the state university or college will accept his certificate. In nine cases out of ten, what really tells the story is one simple fact: Where did he stand in his high-school class? If he stood in the lowest third, then the chances are so heavily against him that unless he has a definite educational aim which can only be achieved by his going to college, he should not come. He is a poor college risk, and if colleges were run as efficiently as life-insurance companies, they would not accept him.

If the first question to which the father should direct his attention is that as to whether the son has decided wisely in coming to college at all, the first requisite for any father who is planning to be of assistance to his son, on this count or any other, is really to know the boy. It is very generally assumed that there is nowadays much less distance and much more cordial comprehension between fathers and sons. It is true that there are fathers who play golf with their sons, and perhaps no undergraduate today ever dreams of addressing his father by the formal "Honored sir" of a few generations ago. But even in Victorian days there were enough instances of such close and comforting family ties to warrant Tennyson in telling us how many fathers he had seen who among their boys "wore their manhood hale and green."

In spite of many gratifying cases of this sort, it is probable that because of the rapid changes which have come over the manners of youth, there are fewer fathers who are thoroughly comfortable in the presence of their sons and their sons' friends than there were twenty years ago. However that may be, complete and sympathetic intelligence between them does not seem now to be the usual situation. Certainly it is not the condition which the college ordinarily discovers in cases where the son is in serious difficulties. In most cases of such regrettable aloofness, the father tells you in deep distress that he would like to know his son, if the boy would only give him the chance. The son, with equally keen regret, will tell you the same thing about his father. Each feels secretly hurt at the standing off of the other, and were the results sometimes not so pathetically tragic, they would both remind one of the Irishwoman who bitterly accused her neighbor for never coming to visit her; and to prove to that neighbor the enormity of her entirely one-sided neglect, self-righteously closed the discussion with: "If I lived as near to you as you do to me, I'd be over there all the time."



PHOTOS, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Heelers for Campus Publications Holding Up a Freshman on His First Day at Harvard

No Infallible Recipes for Human Relations

IN GENERAL, however, it may be said that the advances should come from the father. Plainly he is more responsible for his son than his son is for him, and furthermore, it is easier for a man to understand a boy than for a boy to understand a man. The grown man has once been a boy and has passed through the cycle of youth's experience, while the boy, of course, has never yet been a man. It is also true that we become hard-shelled as we grow older, we take on a certain set, develop a crust of habit which incases us. Though this protects the aging against some unwelcome contacts, at the same time it makes it more difficult for the young to approach or readily to understand them.

The young have no such protective cortex or repellent carapace; they are still easily open to impressions. In general, they take to parental advances and, where the parent is not too impatient and not too exacting, make gratifying response. In human relations, no one can give recipes that are invariably valid; there are, however, some occasions when it is easier to make

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GOOD OLE BROTHER WIRKUS

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"NOW you fellows have got your lists," said Most Excellent Brother Arkon Brother Latimer, flicking a gob of lather from his razor and holding it under the faucet. "Mongoose Sloan's committee on profs and padres is to take 'em to chapel Sunday and show them what a nice quiet bunch we've got in the house. Chuck MacKenzie and his gang are to look after the regular boys—that's no job at all, only mind they don't get too cockeyed if they're staying in the house. If anyone gets shouting, he's supposed to bed down in one of Chuck's gang's dorm rooms. And you, Stu ——" Brother Latimer wiped his face and picked up a tube of After Shavo. "I hate to do it, but you've got to look out for the drips and smacks."

Mr. Faulkner grunted, "And once again—fish."

"Well, you know what this reunion means to the chapter, Stu. The graduate committee on finances has been pretty explicit on the point. If we're going to have the dining room done over and the new wing ready for rushing in the fall, we've got to unload the mortgage. If all the grads have a good time, we can stick 'em up for a fare-thee-well at the pep meeting Sunday night. It isn't my fault that some of our alumni wear pinch-back coats and walk with their feet in front. They just do, that's all. But it will be our fault if we don't pick our babies at the start and hang onto them and make them believe that what goes on is just what went on in their day. You can't expect fellows like Babe Giddings to like a smack like—well, for instance, here's a letter from a guy named Wirkus. He's decided to come for the reunion. Nobody knows who he is. There's his picture in the 1900 Delegation—coat like a board, six-inch collar, string tie and a face like an oyster. If Babe and he got parked together, neither one would come across with a dime. Babe'll want to see the Amherst game probably, and the back room of Joe's in Meriden, and that'll satisfy him, but Wirkus'll probably want to talk about the last hardware convention in Kansas City and tell you how all the boys out West get up in the morning and walk five hundred miles for a cup of coffee. Well, that's your job, Stu. Remember, just because a smack is a smack doesn't mean he won't sign the building pledge. Many a stout pocketbook broods in a pair of mail-order pants."

It was shortly after the class of 1921, in Buster Brown suits, had taken the steam roller away from a gang of road-repair hunkies on Elm Street and steamed it up to the gates of Prexy's house with the whistle banging off two-one, two-one in stentorian cadence that the telephone rang. The frosh on duty lifted the receiver.

"Hello. . . . Oh, hello there, Brother Wirkus. How are you? This is Brother Marbury. . . . I can't hear you; they're singing. Just a minute." Frantically Marbury ran his finger down the list. Wirkus, Faulkner. "Get Stu," he hissed to his runner. "It's a wet smack."

Mr. Faulkner came up in a moment and took the receiver. Meanwhile his mind clicked rapidly through his committeemen and found them all tied up with alumni. He sighed and focused his eyes on the third picture from the left in the 1900 Delegation.

"This is Brother Faulkner speaking. Hello, Brother Wirkus."

"We had a puncture, as I was saying. The old flivver broke a tire and skedaddled into a ditch. Had to have 'er pulled out by a wrecking car from Hartford. Just got in and thought I'd telephone about my room. Is it still open?"

Somewhere Between, There Was a Dream of Cannon Balls Hurtling Down the Hill to Main Street

"Well, the fact is, Brother Wirkus"—Mr. Faulkner laughed easily—"things are pretty much in an uproar. We tried to hold the rooms, but the graduate brothers just barged in and took them. We've even got the billiard tables booked for two nights."

"Well, that's all right," said Brother Wirkus. "I guess I'd rather stay at the hotel anyway; it's quieter. I'll book a room and be up."

"Good boy," said Mr. Faulkner. "We'll be glad to see you. Do you know where the new house is?"

"Well, no, I don't exactly. I don't suppose you could come down and get me, could you? I sort of hate to use my own lizzie in this town."

"Why, sure, be right down." Mr. Faulkner hung up. "Of all the cheap drips," he said. "Won't use his own car and won't hire a cab. What a chance of getting anything out of him." He lit a cigarette and went out on the veranda. Chuck MacKenzie and Babe Giddings' gang were piling into three cars for a run over to Joe's for refueling. Two Methodist-minister brothers sat in Hong-Kong chairs on the grass, discussing the last conference with three Y. M. C. A. brothers. Brother Latimer, with Brother George H. Slocum, of Slocum Asbestotex Products, was going over the exterior sheathing of the house. From an upstairs window came a pop as of a finger stuck into a cheek and withdrawn quickly through tightly compressed lips. And someone inside said, "We'll need some more ginger ale. . . . Ho, frosh!" There was a click of chips.

Mr. Faulkner sighed and climbed into a borrowed car. "I should have gone home after the last exam."

Brother Wirkus was standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel as Mr. Faulkner drove up. Mr. Faulkner knew that it was Brother Wirkus, somehow, as soon as he turned the corner. Brother Wirkus was wearing white linen knickerbockers with white golf stockings, tasseled and figured around the overlap in large black checks. Brother Wirkus was wearing high tan golf shoes. Brother Wirkus' shirt was white, with an attached collar. Brother Wirkus' tie was white, washable and clipped to his shirt with a gold clasp. Brother Wirkus had a light green whipcord jacket on. The jacket had slightly pointed lapels and patch pockets. Brother Wirkus had on a turned-down-brim cloth hat with an inset of mesh in the front to ventilate his head. Brother Wirkus was smoking a long cigar with the band on, and carrying a bulging brief case.

"Brother Faulkner?" asked Brother Wirkus.

Mr. Faulkner glanced quickly up and down the street. "Yes," he said.

"Well, I forget what the grip is, but shake anyway." He held out his hand. "Mighty nice of you to come and get me, I'll say." He opened the door and climbed in.

Mr. Faulkner grinned sickishly as he turned the car around and started back to plant his tomato most emphatically on someone else, regardless.

"You know, this town has sure changed since I was in college. Let me see. Where's the old Presbyterian Church?"

"We're going to pass it," said Mr. Faulkner grimly, "on the way back."

"Pass it nothing. We're going to stop. Say, what's your first name? I kind of like you."

"Stuart."

"Well, Stu, mine's Horace, but don't tell anyone. Just call me Hop, and we gotta stop at the Presbyterian Church."

"Well, there it is." Mr. Faulkner pointed.

"Can you beat it? The same old church, Stu. See those cannon balls piled up in front of the monument? Well, we used to get them after a beer party and roll them down the hill to Main Street. More fun! They'd go bouncing and banging down, scaring horses and knocking down fences, and finally they'd bang right across Main Street and into the store windows. Those were the days, I can tell you." Brother Wirkus grinned, and removing his self-ventilating hat, mopped his forehead with a flowered-silk handkerchief.

"I'll bet it was a riot," Mr. Faulkner offered.

"A riot? Say, it was more fun than a barrel of riots until they made us stop."

He Fetched Him a Clip Across the Shoulder Blades That Would Have Felled a Small Ox

"You certainly must have been cut-ups in those days."

"Cut-ups! I'll bet nobody had more fun before or since than we had. We used to get on the back seat of the old four-wheeled trolley car that runs up toward Foss House, and rock it until it bounced off the track. Fun—say, those were the days! You wouldn't want to run up toward Pike's Place, would you, and wait till the car comes by, just to see if it's the same one?"

"No," said Mr. Faulkner firmly; "I'd be glad to, only I promised I'd be right back. I'm on the committee—and besides, you want to see the new house and your friends, don't you?"

"Just for a minute? Aw, come on. The old car has my initials carved on every seat."

"I can't really."

"Say!" exploded Brother Wirkus, pointing suddenly to a figure of portly dignity, complete with pince-nez and stick, just then crossing to the campus from the walk in front of Fisk, with Most Excellent Brother Arkon Brother Latimer beside him. "Isn't that Tar Heel Slocum?"

"Tar Heel?" gulped Mr. Faulkner. "That's Brother George H. Slocum. He's a multimillionaire."

"He's a what? Say! That's only old Tar Heel. I used to run him on the Triangle until his tongue hung out. You know what, Stu? I'm gonna sneak up behind him and yell 'Beat it, frosh,' and I'll bet you five dollars to a cruller he puts his hands in his hip pockets and his hat in his mouth and starts runnin'. What do you say?"

Quickly Mr. Faulkner wrenched his wheel in a half circle and stepped on the gas. "Later," he hissed. "We've got to see that old trolley car first."

"Sure, Mike; let 'er go, Gallagher!"

Fiercely Mr. Faulkner jockeyed his car around Chosen Pipple's Corner and up toward Pike's Place. The trolley was just starting on its roundabout trip back to Main Street. Brother Wirkus frowned in annoyance.

"By gosh, if they haven't got a new car! Well, I suppose the old one wore out. It was pretty old, but I sort of counted on seeing it. It had my initials carved all over it." He looked around sadly. "New buildings and everything—times change. But say! There's one thing I remember. The old gym looks just the same. Never think I was an athlete, would you? Well, I was. Just drive over there, Stu, and let's see if we can get in—just for old times' sake."

"I ought to be getting back," said Mr. Faulkner. He looked over his shoulder. Brothers Slocum and Latimer were walking slowly along the path behind Judd Lab. "But, however——" Again he turned the car quickly and ran along behind New and out of sight.

Brother Wirkus hopped out of the car in front of Fayerweather, and choosing a rotund old gentleman in dignified black, who happened, as the case was, to be the famous specialist, Doctor Thwinks, fetched him a clip across the shoulder blades that would have felled a small ox.

The doctor squeaked and clutched at his flying glasses. Meanwhile he suffered a rush of blood to his pudgy cheeks and a severe and sudden shortage of breath that threatened for a moment to create a vacancy in the very front ranks of the medical profession.

"Tubby Thwinks!" cackled Brother Wirkus.

"Ah—ah—ah, yes. Brother Wirkus, I believe? How do you do, Brother Wirkus?"

"Oh, Lord," breathed Mr. Faulkner fervently, "I must do away with this drip at once, and painfully, for if he cometh to the fraternity house all the building pledges will fly out of the window—yea, unto the last dollar. Witness a probable two hundred bucks gone already."

Brother Wirkus was pump-handling Brother Thwinks.

"Stu, come meet old Thwinky." He was dragging the doctor up the steps. "Thwinky'll tell you I was an athlete. Won't you, Tubby?"

Mr. Faulkner vaulted out of his car. The doctor—between dabs at his perspiring face—gasped out:

"Ah, yes. Brother Faulkner—one of the undergraduates."

"Poor old Thwinky! You're gettin' short-winded, you are. I bet you couldn't do a mile now under half an hour. Old Thwinky used to be an athlete, too, Stu. Didn't you, Tubby? Yes, sir-ree! Thwinky played football. Nothin' fancy about football in those days. You just played it. A game every Saturday, and if you won you got free beer and cigars until Wednesday. Why, I've seen old Thwinky riding around in an open carriage for days on end as full of beer as a sheep dog is of ticks, tellin' folks he was Jonathan Edwards."

Doctor Thwinks sighed gently and his face wreathed suddenly in smiles. "My goodness, how long ago those days were, Hop!"

"I'll tell the world! Look, Stu, you didn't believe me when I told you I was an athlete." Brother Wirkus, inside the gym entrance, was pointing to a dusty wooden shield lettered in fading gold leaf.

"Look."

Mr. Faulkner looked. The shield read:

First Prize, Horace Wirkus, '00. Five Mile Bicycle Race. Time 14 min., 22 secs. Breaking the Intercollegiate Record by 2 mins., 9 secs. Second Prize, Darnley Thwinks, '01. Third Prize, Joseph Aitchison, of Williams College.

"And I'll bet you if we could get one of those old wheels I could break my own record today," sighed Brother Wirkus. "Tubby, do you remember the cider party we had after that race? I wonder if the old barn is still standing. Could you take us around, Stu, and see?"

"Well, I ought to go back. I'm on the committee. I——"

"Just for a minute or two?"

Mr. Faulkner looked doubtfully through the open door. Brother George H. Slocum was making his pompous way toward the gym, still escorted by the hopeful Brother Latimer. "Yes," said Mr. Faulkner hurriedly, "I guess I could. Let's go downstairs and out that way."

"Come on, Thwinky," cackled Brother Wirkus, grabbing the doctor's arm. "Remember the parties we used to have? I'll bet nobody had as much fun as we had in those days. Gee, if we only had a jug of old Joe Hardcastle's cider and some doughnuts! . . . I'll drive, Stu."

They crowded into the front seat and started off. Five minutes later Brother Wirkus stopped the car in front of a disreputable structure and got out.

"Still here, Tubby. Let's go in." He pushed open the hingeless door. Reluctantly Mr. Faulkner got out and followed them inside. The place was cluttered and cobwebby, but Brother Wirkus dusted off a packing case with a piece of burlap sacking and started to unstrap his brief case.

"Twenty-nine years." He shook his head. "Long time, Stu, but it all comes back again. . . . Hey, Thwinky? Why, you and I might be a couple of sophs sneakin' off together for a snort of good old cider together. Of course I always said that cider was the best drink in the world, even before prohibition. Never took anything else. But cider isn't what it used to be. But I've got something pretty much like it in taste. It's sort of a cider—made the same way and just about as smooth as good ole cider." He set a bottle upon the packing case and, reaching into his bag again, drew forth three folding cups. Mr. Faulkner looked at the label of the bottle. It was Veuve Cliquot '12. Brother Doctor Thwinks looked at the label. It was still Veuve Cliquot '12.

"French stuff," apologized Brother Wirkus. He unwired the cork and popped it in the silence. "Missis Wirkus likes it cold, but it tastes more like cider when it's warm. She's been to Europe, and Alice, too, and they got a lot of fancy French ideas, I guess." He chuckled as he filled the three cups and lifted his. "But I say, here's to good ole cider, and that's that." Brother the eminent Doctor Thwinks sipped at his cup.

"That's very good, Brother Wirkus—very good."

"Brother Wirkus, hell; call me Hop. You did before. What's the matter, Thwinky?"

"All right, Hop." The doctor grinned. "I forgot."

"Good boy!" Brother Wirkus filled the cups again. "I only brought small bottles because you can't cork this stuff up again like cider. French corks, they swell up so you can't get 'em back in." Three times he filled the cups, tossed the bottle casually aside and took another from his brief case.

"Pretty soon we'll go places."

"We better go to the house, hadn't we?"

"What for? No, sir; I'm going to show you I'm an athlete, I am. I'll bet you old Mike Caspiri has got his old wheel still. We'll go see him."

Doctor Thwinks blinked rapidly several times.

"What's the matter?"

"Picture," said Doctor Thwinks, "the soft beauty of a night in spring; youths and maidens strolling in the soft beauty of a night in spring. My friends"—his voice dropped an octave and became husky—"I say unto you that only through love shall ye conquer."

"You're darn tooting, Thwinky." Brother Wirkus slapped him on the shoulder.

"I'm—darn—sleepy," said the doctor.

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Vaguely Mr. Faulkner Knew it to be Most Frightfully Wrong, But Just Where the Flaw Lay He Could Not, at the Moment, Tell

THE DETHRONED MONARCH

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

URSUS, following his mighty mother down from the snow-clad heights of the Sierras, advertised by his youthful swagger the part he was destined to play in later life. No fear or caution was evident in any act of his; only supreme confidence. There was a boastful roll in his gait, an arrogant swaying of his tiny hump as the loose skin of his shoulders worked in unison with his lurching gait. His eyes looked confidently forth upon this rugged snow-clad world as if he were fully aware of the fact that those of his breed were monarchs of the hills.

For a thousand generations the great California grizzlies had held undisputed sway, with none to contest their passing. Fear, therefore, was unknown to that doughty breed, and Ursus, the young grizzly, had inherited that fearlessness, absorbing it with his mother's milk.

A pair of California condors—great birds with nine-foot spread of wings—soared low for a better look at these four-footed beasts who prowled the isolated canyon on the walls of which the condors had nested for many years. Their shadows passed before Ursus on the white snow, and without an instant's hesitation he growled deep in his tiny throat and pursued the shadows. The old lady gave small heed to this valorous display on the part of her offspring. Instead she traveled steadily down the course of the canyon, her broad pads sinking into the deep, melting drifts.

She turned aside to mount the slope where the canyon widened and a sag appeared on the right-hand heights. The long sleep of hibernation, during which she had brought forth her infant and nursed him while she slept, had sapped her vitality somewhat and her great muscles were soft from long disuse. Her ascent of the steep slope, therefore, was not rapid and she made occasional halts. After several days of such wanderings she led Ursus out into country from which the greater part of the snow had melted. Another half day's intermittent travel brought them into lower mountains in which there was no trace of snow, and eventually they worked out into foothills densely covered with brush.

Deer abounded here in countless numbers and their trails through the brush afforded means of passing for Ursus and his mother. The nose of the infant grizzly informed him of all that occurred along the way. He used his eyes, and ears too, of course, but he relied far less upon what he saw and heard than upon what he smelled.

His eyes, for example, might lead him to believe that a certain object was edible, but such did not always prove to be the case. His nose, however, never misinformed him in that fashion. Having no fear, his ruling passion was appetite, and he soon developed a vast capacity for food. He scooped last year's acorns from the leaf mold and devoured them. There were delicious roots and tender twigs and grasses. Also slabs of bark, stones and prostrate trunks harbored many grubs and insects beneath them, and he sought them tirelessly. As he hunted, great condors sometimes dropped low to look him over.

Deer, he observed, always drew aside and gave right of way to his mother. These nimble animals did not seem to fear the old bear greatly; or rather, their fear of her was tempered by the knowledge that if she tried to rush them their greater speed would carry them to safety.

But Ursus began to meet other animals, larger than the deer, that invariably were thrown into a panic at sight or scent of the cub bear and his mother. One day the scent of these creatures drifted to the young grizzly's nose as he fed into the wind through a patch of brush. He came into a small opening in the chaparral and found himself face to face with a great range bull that stood taller than his mother. The wind had been wrong for the bull to catch the scent of the two bears. For a second the great animal's eyes rolled wildly at the young grizzly while his nostrils flared and sucked the wind. The least taint of bear scent reached him, and with a bellow of terror the big bull fled down country, the crackling of the brush betokening the frenzied nature of his headlong flight.

Ursus came suddenly upon a tawny beast who feasted on the body of a freshly slain deer. With a tiny growl the infant grizzly rushed the tawny killer; and the cougar, with a spitting snarl of rage, deserted his kill and sneaked off through the brush. Ursus advanced to feed and for the first time found himself tasting hot red meat. His mother advanced in leisurely fashion and joined him. The two bears made a meal of the doe while several California condors circled round overhead, wondering if there would be a few morsels left for them.

Cougars were very plentiful and both the grizzlies and the condors of the region profited considerably from the ruthless habits of the big yellow cats who killed so enormously among the deer herds.

It was not until some two weeks after leaving the den that Ursus made the acquaintance of another queer beast

Other Condors, Having Observed From Afar the Earthward Drop of the First, Followed It

that walked upon its hind feet. The strange scent came hot to his nostrils and there was something about it that offended him. He growled and would have forged ahead, but his mother, coming swiftly from behind, took the lead. The old bear growled also, crossed the track left by this objectionable creature and moved down to an open grassy valley. Here the scent came again, stronger. Also there was the sound of many voices, and Ursus saw a procession of upright figures filing through the grass. He would have charged them, but a low growl from his mother warned him to hold back. The old lady, however, while refraining from a charge, declined to be swayed from her course and headed on down into the valley. The Indians hastened along their own course to allow the bears a wide margin.

Two days thereafter the two bears came into a narrow, open valley that widened gradually as it pitched down to spread into vast plains, carpeted with rich grass, and Ursus learned more of these strange two-legged beasts. Near the mouth of the valley, in a grove of oaks and sycamores that graced one edge of it at the base of the timbered foothills, stood a rambling ranch house. It was flanked by corrals and quarters for the *vaqueros* who tended the great herds of the owner, and the huts of the peons who worked in the fields or as personal servants.

The old bear held to the far side of the narrow valley, giving the buildings a wide berth. She growled as voices came faintly to her ears from across the way. Her tones informed Ursus that she was remarking that those from whom the strange voices came had best let her alone unless they desired trouble. From this he gathered that on occasion there was enmity between these two-legged beasts and the grizzly clan. He growled, too, in imitation of his mother.

Among those who watched the two bears pass down the opposite side of the valley was a small figure—that of José Hernandez, the ten-year-old heir to all the vast flocks and the fertile miles of the great Hernandez grant. He came of a race of gallant, fire-eating dons, descended in a direct line from those adventurous Spanish explorers who had first pressed on with incredible hardihood to settle California.

It was the first time that Ursus had seen a young Spanish American, but it was by no means the first time that José had seen a young California grizzly. The inviting pass at the head of the valley was a favorite route by which those monarchs of the hills descended from the mountains to the big flats, and the young heir to these vast estates had seen many of them, young and old.

Ursus knew the wild and half-wild horses of the valleys. One of the queer creatures that moved upwind from him in the course of the next few days, thus sending its message to his nose, undoubtedly was a horse. Also, indisputably, it was a man. His eyes informed him that this creature was neither horse nor man, but a strange beast something like a horse with an odd growth on its back, resembling half a man. But he had come to rely but little on his eyes until their message had been verified by his nose. The scent of man and horse came to him intermingled; yet he knew that the scents came from different organisms. In that way, vaguely at first, he came to realize that there was an affinity between men and horses, that the latter sometimes carried the former.

He learned more of this affinity between men and other varieties of beasts while wandering these broad plains. His mother made a halt one day and listened. A monotonous sound assailed Ursus' ears, a steady volume composed of querulous blatting on the part of thousands of individuals. The old lady shuffled off toward the sound. Circling downwind from it, she sampled the air with her nose. A sharp acrid odor, rising from many creatures, mingled with the faint taint of man, was wafted to Ursus' tiny nostrils. The old bear growled suddenly and moved swiftly upwind. She even stooped queerly as if in partial imitation of the crouching tactics of a stalking cougar. She dashed from a fringe of tall grass and disregarded all caution in a final rush at the great band of sheep before her. With terrific uproar, the fleecy mass fled in horrible panic. Ursus heard a sharp cry which he knew for the voice of a man. He saw one of those creatures swing to the back of a horse that dashed away in fear. An animal closely allied to the wolves suddenly scored Ursus' rump with vicious teeth. He squalled with rage and turned upon his tormentor. His mother dashed back past him and aimed a mighty blow at the dog, who leaped nimbly to avoid her rush. For a space the dog defied both Ursus and his mother, avoiding them when they charged, but rushing back to face them with bared teeth and fighting growls.

The man's voice rose from a little distance, insistent and commanding; and presently, drawing off against his will, the dog rejoined his master and helped the herder control the sheep running blindly across the flat a half mile away. The old bear led Ursus to where she had struck down two sheep just before the dog had attacked her infant.

He gorged on the hot meat. Such incidents apprised him of the fact that man controlled other beasts. Dogs, for example, even dared to face the great grizzly in defense of man's creatures. Horses bore man away from harm. Without definitely assorting all such matters, experience soon informed Ursus of man's unique standing in the animal kingdom. This knowledge, however, did not lessen his belief that his own breed ruled the earth. His mother sometimes avoided the vicinity of ranches and of large Indian encampments. But when she chose to hold to her course, these man beasts never failed to give trail.

Few of the Spanish Californians carried guns. Those in their possession were antiquated weapons, brass bound and inaccurate, uncertain as to discharge and without sufficient shocking power or penetration to kill a grizzly instantly. A wounded grizzly was a terrible antagonist, and so the Californians very sensibly had decided to accept, with their usual philosophy, such toll as the grizzly clan took from their herds. A few hundred head of sheep and cattle annually was of no great importance to a rancher whose flocks numbered many thousands. Very little was done, therefore, toward combating the incursions of the California grizzlies.

The various tribes of Indians, too—those who hunted in the mountains and those who lived in rush-thatched huts near the great marshes of the bottoms—neglected to take issue with Ursus and his mother. This sagacious forbearance on the part of both Spanish and Indian inhabitants led Ursus to believe that, despite the queer powers exercised by man over other beasts, the two-legged creatures had no power to harm him. Later, he was to revise his estimate of them.

Out in the vast marshes of the San Joaquin country Ursus met another creature. The scent of it came to his nose one day as he followed his mother along a trail in the high grass between two marshes that were grown with lofty tules. His mother caught the scent at the same instant and made a savage rush. Tawny forms sprang into sight, but the grizzly caught one of the beasts with her first rush and tore it down. The kill was a tule elk, some two-thirds the size of his northern and eastern relatives.

Later, Ursus learned much of this little elk of the marshes. The tule elk of California, instead of seeking the shelter of the timber during the heat of the day, as did other members of his tribe clear to the eastern seas, retired to wallows in the marshes. Habit for untold generations had made a marsh dweller of this offshoot species of the tribe of wapiti. The great rush-grown marshes and the soggy, water-soaked grasslands between them were home to the tule elk. Splashing through muddy trails where water and muck rose to his middle while tules almost as lofty as bamboos rose on either hand, swimming the deeper expanses and bedding on moist ground by day, all had become so much a part of life to him that the tule elk seldom as much as entered the scattered groves of the valleys or penetrated the heavy timber of the foothills.

With a Tiny Growl the Infant Grizzly Rushed the Tawny Killer; and the Cougar, With a Spitting Snarl of Rage, Sneaked Off Through the Brush

Thus did Ursus serve his apprenticeship as a killer. In this respect the California grizzly differed from his relatives, the grizzlies of the Northwest and of the foothills and plains east of the Rockies. The annual losses among the vast bison herds of those regions from natural causes were tremendous. The break-up of the ice in the spring,

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ALAGAZAM

As Told to Wesley Stout

By Dr. N. T. Oliver (Nevada Ned)

The Story of Pitchmen, High and Low

The First of the Diamond Dicks, Doc Percy Hudson

THE word "pitch" and its derivative, "pitchman," come either from the pitch-pine torch under which he once worked by night, before the coming of the gasoline flare and the electric light, or from the verb, as "to pitch a tent." A high pitch is to work from a platform, a low pitch to work on the sidewalk or in a doorway from a keister, or satchel, set on a tripod. Even though he works in a theater or a tent and carries a full evening's show, the med doctor is a pitchman, yet not all pitchmen are med men by any means. They may be anything from a sheet writer—subscription solicitor for farm papers—to a street salesman of eyeglasses, glue or neckties.

The sprightly Widow Rollins sells only lodge emblems and has been on the road continuously for six years since the death of her husband, Dick Rollins, a famous pitchman. Dusty Rhodes has been traveling for twenty-five years, taking subscriptions for one Southern farm weekly. Occasionally pitchmen are bona-fide demonstrators of standard articles. One of the best-known washing machines supplemented national advertising with crews of demonstrators who, instead of operating in show windows or stores, carried entertainers and made their pitch on the streets by night.

Pitchmen as Pioneers of Novelties

WHEN merchandising was primitive and transportation more so, nearly every necessity and many luxuries were peddled, and the herb vender was as recognized a merchant as the notions or the tinware peddler. Senega rattlesnake-root was one of the first native roots to be borrowed from Indian practice, the Virginia government awarding Dr. John Tennent a hundred pounds sterling in 1739 for curing pleurisy with it.

This peddling survived well beyond the Civil War. The late Dr. George Wine, of Dayton, Ohio, who had been a glassblower in his youth, became a notions peddler, traveling the country roads in two and three wagons with a stock that would inventory higher than a crossroads store's. When better roads, the flivver and the competition of the five-and-ten stores ruined the trade, he organized a medicine show. The sheet writers and the med-show men usually are specialists, but the run of pitchmen switch from article to article as the trade winds veer.

They are pioneers of novelties. A manufacturer with a new one to which the jobbers are cold, advertises in Billboard; the pitchmen are his demonstrators and advertisers. Or they adapt metropolitan novelties to the rural trade. Americans returning from France took to wearing bérets home. Shortly the pitchman was selling a cheaper edition at the Berks County Fair. Those Whoopee hats, crushed felts of tomato and other subdued hues, which broke out like a rash in the West early this year, and have spread East, were made to order for the pitch trade, being cheap, noisy and new. He it is who shouts "Get your faveritt colors!" at the big game, and appears with brass medals and plaster statuettes when Lindbergh is welcomed home.

Business Opportunities hammer at every door in the advertising columns of his trade paper.

Slum, 1008 pieces for tie pins, collar pins, brooches, cigarette holders, rings, $6.95 the lot.

New blindfold drive. New principle used. Blindfold may be examined and secret not discovered. Performer sees easily. Also instructions for driving car to hidden object. No confederate.

Orangeade, lemonade, etc., imitation powders. Double strength. Costs ½c. a glass. Guaranteed to comply with pure food laws.

French bérets, $6 a doz., felt Whoopee hats, $7.50 doz., Yachting caps, $22.50 gross.

Open a bankrupt or rummage store. We furnish everything and show you how you can make $25 daily from the start. Experience unnecessary. Our new plan makes success sure.

The new red-hot Whoopee horn. Gives 'em all the razzberry. Fastest-selling humorous sound device for autos.

Medicine men: $1 package Lax. Herb Comp. (Spring Tonic) $1 doz. Fifty-cent pain killer, 75c. doz. 25c. shampoo-skin soap, 50c. doz. Medicine pitchmen's budget. Best ever; all new, 14 lectures and spiels, $1.

Oklahoma City has an "army tank on a truck chassis, war picture, also fifty other reels" which it will swap for "closed car, Model —— preferred." Mobridge, South Dakota, has tired of its combination peanut, pop-corn, crispette, sugar-waffle, horse-radish, hot-dog outfit. What have you? Printing press preferred.

Brownsville and Laredo, Texas, are the snake centers. Fat, unfixed—poison ducts not removed—rattlers are quoted at thirty-five cents a pound on the hoof. Dens of assorted snakes, $10 to $35 a den. Horned toads, $3 a dozen.

A Med-Show Team of the 80's, Birdie and John Lawrence

Florida offers alligator pits at $10 to $50 a pit. Racing turtles closed at $3.50 a dozen in St. Louis. Gila monsters are steady at $5, or three for $12, in Phoenix. Lynx cats, $25; hairless dogs and cactus plants, no sales. See Harper, Kansas, for your wants in prairie dogs, kangaroo rats and coyote pups. Ninety-five dollars will get you a small, spotted, talking pony at New Albany, Indiana; $125, a beautiful adult female puma, if you act quick. Six trained lizards "doing great stunt, no fake, instructions" can be snapped up for $25 in Phoenix.

They speak an argot all their own—one so cryptic that a glossary is attached herewith:

GIMMICK: Secret of work.
AL-A-GA-ZAM: Hailing sign of the brotherhood.
JOHNNY-COME-LATELY: A novice pitchman.
HOME GUARD: A pitchman who works only in his home city.
PIPE: A letter to the pitchmen's department in Billboard, the show weekly.
GASOLINE BILL BAKER: Stock name for the editor of this department, whoever he may be.
SHILL: Shillaber; a helper or come-on.
CAPPER: The same.
COCONUTS: Money.
SLUM: Cheap merchandise.
FLUKUM: Nickelplate ware.
STICKS: Fountain pens.
GOOGS: Eyeglasses.
GLIMS: The same.
SHIVS: Knives or razors.
GUMMY: Glue.
HOOPS: Rings.
BLOCKS: Watches.
PASTE: Razor-strop dressing.
CORNPUNK: Any corn cure.
READER: License to do business.
FIXED: Ready for work, with an implication of buying off the police.
RED ONE: Good business.
BLUE ONE: Poor business.
BLOOMER: The same.
HOT SPOT: Excellent business.
SQUAWKER: Complaining customer.
TIP: Small crowd.
PUSH: Large crowd.
NUT: Expenses.
KEISTER: Satchel.
TRIPES: Tripod.
GRIND JOINT: To work continuously.
SLOUGH: To quit work for the day.
LEARY: Damaged merchandise.
VELVET: Profit.
EPPICE: Nothing or no good.
BALLY: Ballyhoo, or anything to draw a crowd.
OPEN TOWN: One in which pitchmen may work on payment of a license.
CLOSED TOWN: One in which they are refused licenses.
FLASH: Flashy display of merchandise or setting.
JAMB: Any form of illegitimate selling.

The most notorious form of the jamb is the Give Back. The jamb worker is rarer than when I was a med-show man, but he is not extinct. What he sells is unimportant; anything of small bulk will do. Most pitchmen drive their own cars today, but in my time the Give Back operator drove a buggy or light wagon, with a torch or flare, that could be extinguished quickly, attached to the side of the vehicle.

Nevada Ned in Kickapoo Regalia, and Spotted Wolf, Member of His Company

This is the way one pitchman used to work it. When his entertainer had drawn a crowd, he would announce that he represented the Madoc Gold Manufacturing Company, of San Francisco and New York. A pair of prospectors in the Sierras or the Rockies—the pitchman moved them about a good deal—had made a rich strike of free gold. But the assay office reported back that the mineral was not gold at all. Instead it was a hitherto unknown substance so like gold that only a metallurgist could distinguish between them. This was Madoc, of which his company owned the only known supply.

"I do not pretend that this is a precious metal," the pitchman would admit disarmingly, "but it looks like gold, it acts like gold, it wears like gold, it does not tarnish. Who but you will know that it is not gold? My company is anxious to introduce this discovery into your community. We have made it up, as you see, into a variety of articles of utility and ornament. To introduce it, we propose literally to give it away to all who genuinely desire it.

"The method of distribution must be fair and equitable to all. No person will be permitted to receive more than another, and the company must protect itself against triflers. That we may distinguish between responsible parties and the irresponsible, we find it necessary to ask a certain display of good faith upon your part."

It is Not Gold; Neither is it Brass

HOLDING up a gold-washed pin, or perhaps it was brass, supposedly of the strange Madoc, he would ask: "Would you pay twenty-five cents, one quarter of a dollar, for this if you were assured that your money would be refunded and, at the same time, you were permitted to retain the article? You would? Thank you. Please hand me your quarters."

Quarters were offered in numbers and the pins passed out. That done, the pitchman would ask:

"You bought this pin for twenty-five cents? You are satisfied with your bargain? I have the money; it is mine? I can throw it away, donate it to some worthy charity, keep it myself or return it to you? Is that right? Very well. You have demonstrated your good faith. Now we'll demonstrate ours. Everyone who has purchased one of these, hold it up. Good. Now, please, without crowding, come to the carriage and receive your money, retaining the article."

Up to this point there has been some suspicion in the crowd, but the return of the quarters turns the laugh on the doubters. Taking advantage of this psychological reaction, the pitchman would emphasize the fairness of the plan, explaining again that this, instead of spending thousands of dollars in the newspapers, was his company's method of advertising. Once he left town, the goods would be on sale at the local jewelers' at regular prices, he would add.

Then a second article, larger or more imposing, would be offered at fifty cents. Same procedure. Money returned to all. Perhaps a third article is presented at a dollar, and all money refunded again. Now came the gimmick.

"Here we have," said the pitchman, "a Madoc gold watch case—hunting case and standard size. How much do you think this would cost you in any jewelry store? Try and buy it for ten dollars. Our company does not manufacture watch movements, but having the case, you have a good start on a fine watch. Your local jeweler will fit any movement you may prefer into the case for you.

"Is everybody satisfied? Yes? All right. Now let me see. You already have about ten dollars' worth of jewelry that has cost you exactly nothing. The price of this watch case is only five dollars. Good investment at that. You've a mighty good investment, haven't you? Yes? I thought so. With this engraved, hand scroll-worked watch case—step in closer, gentlemen, and examine it—you will have a sample of everything the Madoc Company manufactures.

"All right, then, everyone who desires one of these watch cases on the same terms I have stated, hand me five dollars. Don't do it unless you want the article. We don't want these to fall into the hands of small boys and hobos. Good! One here, another here." As many as a hundred would thrust bills out eagerly. Word of free jewelry has spread about town and the crowd blocks the street. The entertainer prepares to turn out the flare and reaches for the reins.

"You bought this watch case for five dollars?" asks the pitchman, repeating the formula. "I can throw the money

Babetta, Who Owns Her Own Med Show, and Her Brother, Stanley

away, donate it to charity, give it back to you or keep it, eh? That's agreed. Well, I guess I'll keep it. Good night, folks."

A wave of the big sombrero, the light is out and the horse is moving at a trot before the crowd recovers its wits. In this case the pitchman was in no danger of pursuit, for his buyers believed they had ten to fifteen dollars' worth of merchandise for their five dollars. By the time they learned that Madoc gold was pure stamped tin or brass, he was far from mob violence. Moreover, the psychology of his formula was such that the squawker was made ridiculous and was inclined to pocket his loss with a sheepish grin. Because of this, jamb men often made their way leisurely out of town, even kept a shillaber in the crowd to cry "Keep it!" when the pitchman asked what he should do with the money.

Doc Kincheloe, a well-known med-show man, made his entry into the business as the unwitting entertainer for a jamb man. Kincheloe was a vaudeville performer. The jamb pitchman was stopping at the same hotel in an Illinois town and offered Kincheloe a staggering salary to come along as his ballyhoo. The performer jumped at it and a pitch was made that night. When the jamb artist had loaded up the crowd properly and before they could figure out just what had happened to them, he announced: "Folks, the weather is warm and the water gassy. I am going to adjourn to yon bar for two minutes. Meanwhile the professor will entertain you with a song."

Kincheloe sang his song, then another and another, to a growing rumble from the crowd, but his employer had gone in the front door of the saloon and out the back, leaving the professor as a sacrificial victim for the mob. The actor pleaded his immunity from lynching so eloquently to the angry crowd that he concluded that he was a born salesman, and so remained in the business.

Doc Lew Turner, Mustachios and All

The Give Back never was used by pitch doctors or med shows to my knowledge, but they practiced on closing nights a milder shenanigan known as the Give Away or Double Up. That night the regular spiel would be given, but nothing offered for sale until, at the conclusion, reference had been made to the cordial treatment received at the hands of the townspeople, the good accomplished, and the fact that many had not had an opportunity of testing all the remedies.

It was the company's desire that the full line be in every home, and so, "in return for the generous patronage, and in evidence of our appreciation, tonight we are giving, absolutely free of charge, to every person paying one dollar for a bottle of Vito"—or whatever the principal nostrum is called—"one package each of"—naming the line one by one—"as our parting gift to all." The sales price of the lot added up to three dollars; the manufacturing cost might be as little as thirty cents. I have seen as much as $500 taken in at such a Give Away—some buyers ordering enough to stock a drug store—and I am told that $500 is a relatively low return.

Leading Up to the Blow-Off

THE blow-off is yet to come. At the close of the sale, the doctor says, with some hesitation, that the offer not having been made known in advance, many have missed it. There are requests that the company remain one more night and repeat the bargain sale. He knits his eyebrows in a frown. All arrangements have been made to open on Monday in neighboring Chetopa; yet, out of consideration of those who have missed the sale, the company will show again on Monday here, but this positively must be the last night. Three rousing cheers from the gratified audience.

The last night. Same program except that the talk is shortened. Then the doctor brings out the big five-dollar special bottle, a remedy which, by some oversight, was not included on Saturday. Many packages have been introduced, yet not so many as should be. The price is prohibitory to many. But tonight he will "make it possible for every old man, tired woman and budding child to try this Supreme Gift of Nature. The price is—always has been—five dollars, and when we have left your beautiful city it will be sold for five dollars by leading druggists. Yet, tonight, as our parting gift, we will throw away all profit, even suffer actual loss by making you this offer."

The offer is one package of each remedy, this time including the five-dollar Prairie Flower, totaling $8.20 at regular retail prices—two ten-cent packages of cough drops are thrown in—for two dollars! "A princely gift. You know our remedies. They will keep for years. An investment in health and rejuvenation for less than the cost of a doctor's prescription."

(Continued on Page 76)

White Cloud and His Wife, After a Season With a Kickapoo Unit

SHARING TERMS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

APPRECIATION for the higher forms of art does not of necessity arise from contact with things and persons of refinement and taste.

Walter Carker had no such advantages, his infancy having been spent in a rag-and-bone shop in Manor Street, Chelsea. And yet, in this sterile-of-beauty atmosphere he cultivated an appreciation for art, if not of an æsthetic, then at least of a commercial kind. Even as a small and eccentrically unclean child he betrayed a gift of detecting among the filth and rubbish about him articles of virtu of which his father was unaware. His father's demands were collective and on a majestic scale. "Fifty tons of rags and kitchen stuff" and "a million bottles" was what he asked for. But Walter Carker's demands were selective, and from the hideous piles of rags, bones, bottles, pram wheels, broken chair legs, dilapidated books, linoleum and cracked china he made his choice and a bit of cash on the side.

No one had noticed the Kang-hi tear bottle which Walter quarried from a pile of crockery and sold to Parkenson a few days later for three pounds, ten shillings. Parkenson, who knew that it was worth a tenner, encouraged the boy, with promises of reward, to keep his eyes open, and imparted knowledge on the subject of ceramics such as money could not easily buy.

Later there was a transaction over an eggshell saucer which resulted in Walter opening an account at the post-office savings bank with a very nice little sum indeed. That his father would gladly have allowed his son to profit as a result of his acumen was no encouragement to communicate the fact that he had done so. Apart from a shrewd perception for articles of value, he possessed an unnatural affection for the shade. He took a pride and pleasure in doing people—even his own people. It added enormously to the adventure of living.

Schooling had no attractions for Walter. Museums, picture galleries and the windows of art dealers offered the education he hankered for and in which presently he indulged.

He readily absorbed the surface statements of canvases, porcelain, wood, ivory, enamel, gold and silver. He learned the manner of many craftsmen and taught himself to read their signatures from the fashion of their work with hand or brush or tool.

But he never learned from the thing itself a love for the spirit that had inspired its creation. Armed with superficial understanding, Walter Carker acquired a comfortable working capital and in the fullness of time a curio shop in the Knightsbridge end of the Brompton Road.

It was not his habit to attend sales. He haunted the rag and bone merchants of the poorer districts of London and picked up his treasures at trash prices. Those were the days before every second man was a collector and treasures were still to be found for the seeking, the days when you could buy for a sovereign at the Caledonian Market what twenty-five sovereigns would not buy today.

With the spread of knowledge in the matter of antiques, Walter Carker spent much of his time in the provinces taking tea at out-of-the-way farmhouses or asking for a glass of water at cottage doors.

The Landlady, Mrs. Bredon

The west country proving particularly fruitful for this class of "rapping," as it is professionally termed, Walter opened a branch of his business in Bristol. Also he purchased a desirable residence and furnished it throughout with modern productions from the Tottenham Court Road. By doing so he experienced the luxury of having about him nothing that any person of taste could possibly desire to buy.

He felt his possessions to be secure and permanent. They represented the fruit of many years of patient toil in which nearly everyone with whom he had come into contact had been shrewdly bettered. To indemnify himself for his extravagance, Walter redoubled his depredations upon the neighborhood and combed every village for miles around.

On the day of his official entry into the new abode a disastrous thing occurred. There had been a particularly hard frost and a supply pipe in the roof froze and burst. The calamity had taken place under cover of darkness. Walter arrived in the late afternoon, bringing with him a cook and a housemaid. He opened the front door with a not unpardonable flourish, to find the hall was awash and a colorable imitation of the Niagara Falls on the staircase. In the drawing-room a pleasant arrangement of icicles depended from the curtain rods. His bedroom ceiling had fallen and lay in a soft pulpy mass upon the pink-quilted bed. A pretty water color representing a cottage and a sunset had practically been washed off the paper on which it was painted.

The cook, arriving from below, reported that the kitchen was unsafe to any persons not equipped with skates. She said she was going, and went. The housemaid also went and Walter Carker was left among the ruins of his house.

In normal circumstances he would have put up at a comfortable commercial hotel, but Walter Carker belonged to that type of men who, when confronted with a financial reverse, will practice frugalities of a most exacting kind. He took a lodging in a house in a mean street and haggled over a matter of a shilling a week for the rent.

The landlady, Mrs. Bredon, protested that the shilling practically represented the difference between profit and loss, a circumstance, which would have influenced Walter not at all. But during the discussion he detected an unframed canvas supported by a nail on the wall in the darkest corner of the room. The subject of the picture was hard to determine because of the poverty of the light and a viscous, dark varnish with which it had been coated. But gleaming through this horrible veneer were tokens of force and originality that compelled attention.

"All right, all right, all right. I'll pay the shillin' and be done with it," said Walter. "And now, my good woman, stir yourself and get me a cup of tea, some toast and a bundle of radishes."

Mrs. Bredon, who was a widow on the verge of destitution, departed rejoicing, and Walter, after waiting for the street door to close behind her, took down the picture from its place on the wall and stood it on a bamboo table in the window recess.

At first the inspection proved disappointing, for it was regrettably evident that the picture was of no antiquity.

The wood of the canvas stretcher was unyellowed by time and the maker's name, "L'Orient et Cie," stenciled on the reverse side was still readable. The treatment was very un-English. It possessed the stamp of insolent modernity and flagrant departure from early traditions.

Walter Carker had not concerned himself with modern art, believing it to be ephemeral and valueless. Indeed, he had not troubled to inform himself with the work of any artist subsequent to the eighteenth century. Yet here was something that looked worth while. The composition was simplicity itself—a blank white wall, a turquoise-blue wheelbarrow, and one old boot.

"Damn sauce to paint a thing like that," Walter muttered. "Damn sauce. Might as well paint nothing at all."

Here Was Something That Looked Worth While. The Composition Was Simplicity Itself—a Blank White Wall, a Turquoise-Blue Wheelbarrow, and One Old Boot

But, notwithstanding his indignation at the frugality of the artist's material, the power and command which resounded from every brush mark on the canvas did not escape him.

"The thing might have been forged in a blacksmith's shop," he exclaimed discerningly. "Must've painted it with a 'ammer."

Yes, you could lay hold of that wheelbarrow and push five hundredweight in it. And that wall would stand till Judgment Day, refracting the sun's rays from its white surface so as to make you blink. One could almost smell the leather of that old boot.

"That fellow could paint if he had anything to paint about. Wonder who put this filthy varnish on."

Walter Carker screwed up his eyes and tried, but failed, to find a signature through the heavy yellow glaze that spread like glue over the canvas.

"Bet the color's good if one could see it." But one could only see the hint of it. "Take some getting off, that varnish would."

He was right, for it lay deeply in the ridges and clefts of that dexterous brushwork.

"Might be worth a tenner," he reflected, "and a lot more if it wasn't such a rotten subjeck."

At the sound of a key in the street door, Walter Carker restored the picture to its nail and disposed himself in an armchair with sadly relaxed springs.

For the first time in his life he was disposed to regret his inattention to the moderns. Since the war some of these French painters had been fetching nutty prices. What was that chap? Henri Matisse. Quite a vogue. And another fellow with a name like Murillo? Utrillo—that was it. Running into four figures. Pity he had neglected them. Still, a picture of a wheelbarrow couldn't be worth much. You could buy the real article for thirty bob, and white walls aren't scarce. As for the old boot, it was nothing more than a piece of sauce to put it in.

His reflections were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Bredon with the tea things. The good soul appeared to have become unaccountably younger. The emergency of

approaching quarter day and nothing wherewith to pay the rent had been mercifully retrieved by the unlooked-for good fortune of a let. Mrs. Bredon was not a lamenter, but since the death of her husband, who had worked at Avonmouth docks, she had been sorely tried to make both ends meet. Dread of the union had spread its shadow over her, and to a woman sixty years of age who has enjoyed the liberty of her own front door the invitation of the workhouse is unwelcome. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that while setting the table she touched on her misfortunes and expressed the pious hope that her lodger might find himself comfortable and be persuaded to stay for a long time.

But Walter Carker did not commit himself to rash promises.

"I can tell you this," he said: "I shan't stay a day longer than I can 'elp. Not at all the sort of place I'm accustomed to, as you can imagine."

Mrs. Bredon flushed, for it is not kindly to reflect against a woman's possessions, however humble they may be. But necessity curbs resentment and she did no more than bow acknowledgment.

"Far from it," Walter proceeded noisily, shutting his teeth upon a crimson radish. "What with broken chair springs and unframed pictures on the wall."

"Of course I could 'ave it took down," she replied meekly, "but the paper 'ud show where it's been and I've nothing to put in its place."

Walter nodded and smelt the butter to make sure it wasn't "marge."

"Dunno how you ever come to buy such a 'nyesore," said he.

Mrs. Bredon explained that she hadn't bought it.

"It come over with some clothes and things from my pore sister who was married to a Belgian gentleman in the meat business and died on the same day. It was said as he'd taken it in payment for a loin from some artist who 'adn't the money."

"Shocking thing, I reckon," said Walter, "and all that muck o' varnish on it."

"The varnish was my pore 'usband's doin'. He 'appened to 'ave some left over after varnishin' a customer's house door. 'Might as well go there as anywhere else,' he said."

Walter Carker reflected that had the picture been by Leonardo it would have had the same treatment.

"It fair turns me off my food to look at it," said Walter. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I got a water color at home 'ud just about fit that place. The damp's got in and spoiled it a bit, but it 'ud be better than that, and give a tone to the room. I'll fetch it along after tea and drop that old canvas on the rubbish 'eap on the way."

The generosity of this proposal was too great to refuse, and with the canvas under his arm, Walter marched off to his shop just as it was closing for the night.

"'Ave a look at this and then get me some methylated," he said, addressing his assistant, a shrewd boy named Henry Isaacs.

"Thunderin' good." Henry nodded.

"What'd you price it at?"

Henry ran the palm of his hand over his sleek head.

"Twenty-five shillings—twenty-five pounds—twenty-five pence. It's not salable. What did you pay?"

"Nothin'."

"'N' I reckon that's about what you'll get, too," said Henry.

Walter's efforts at restoration were unfruitful of success. The varnish defeated the solvent and the attempt was abandoned. But an old frame was found to fit the canvas and it was placed in the window with a card which read: Modern French. What Offers. Here it remained neglected and unbid for during the whole of Walter's sojourn at Mrs. Bredon's and for some weeks afterward. And then one day a tall and elegant gentleman, faultlessly attired and with a seduction of manner that is not usual in these pressing times, entered the shop and saluted Henry Isaacs with a smile and the ivory knob of his cane.

The arrival of Lord Louis Lewis in any premises devoted to the sale of antiques was an occasion for the instant rising of hopes and prices. His reputation as a connoisseur and a man of taste traveled, so to speak, ahead of him down the street. Dealers knew well the utter uselessness of endeavoring to palm off even the cleverest fakes upon that cultured nobleman, for, while treating everyone with the utmost courtesy and fairness, he was well known to mete out the severest justice against any person who attempted to deal with him unscrupulously. Many had tried and failed, and the scars of ridicule still clung to them, even with the passing of years.

"Am I addressing the proprietor?" he asked in a tone of voice which was in itself a compliment.

Henry Isaacs disclaimed that distinction, but volunteered to call Mr. Carker, who was on the premises.

"Pray do," said Lord Louis, and composed himself to wait. While so doing he frowned unexpectedly at a Chelsea shepherdess on a shelf behind the counter.

A moment later Walter Carker hurried into the shop. It was his first meeting with Lord Louis and his desire to do himself justice was exquisite.

"Good morning, Your Lordship. Very proud to welcome Your Lordship."

Lord Louis turned his eyes upon Mr. Carker and liked him not.

Without returning the greeting, he came straight to the point.

"My wife's attention," he said, "has been drawn to a canvas exhibited in your window."

"Ah," said Walter, "very nice, isn't it? Very nice."

"My wife," Lord Louis continued, "has lately been interesting herself in contemporary artists of the modern French school and professes some knowledge on a subject of which I must confess to an abysmal ignorance."

"One can't know everything, My Lord," said Walter Carker generously.

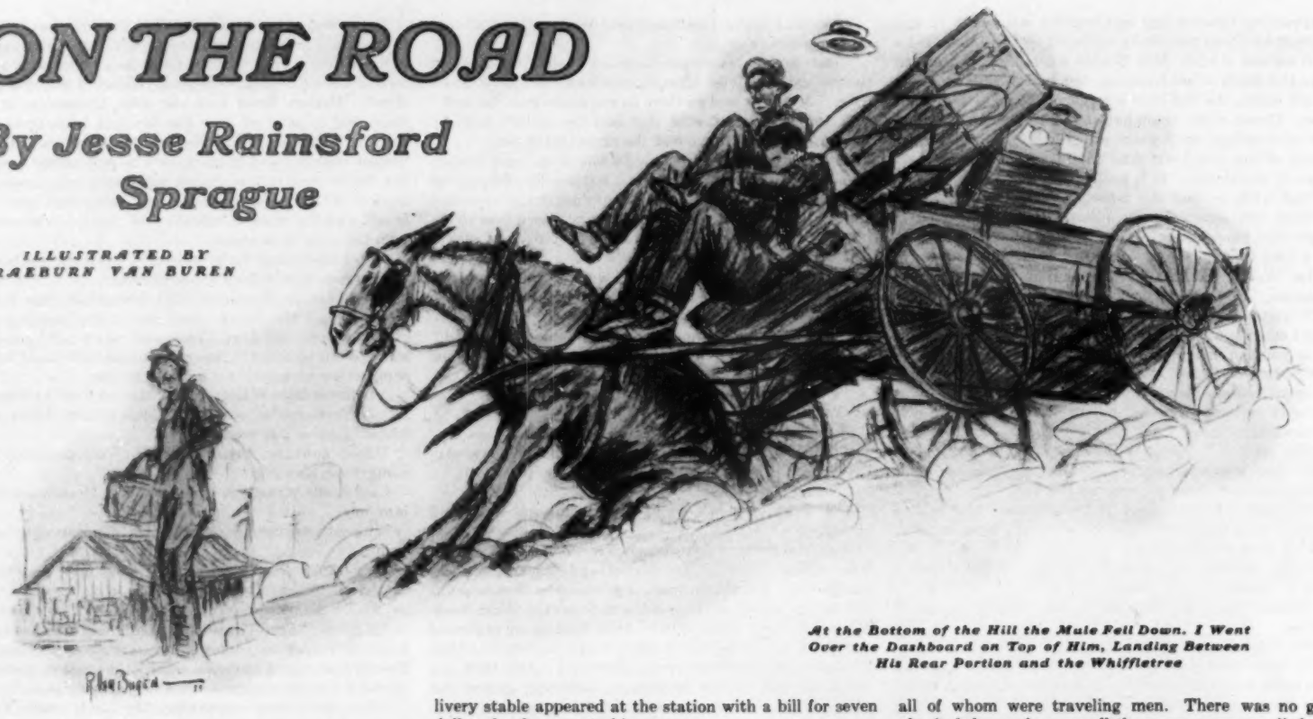
(Continued on Page 111)

"Ah, My Belle Frongs," She Cried—"My Belle Frongs! When I Tink of se Vineyards Zat Surroun' the Old Chatto, eet ees Too Much"

ON THE ROAD

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



At the Bottom of the Hill the Mule Fell Down. I Went Over the Dashboard on Top of Him, Landing Between His Rear Portion and the Whiffletree

VII

DURING the years in which I represented the Rennolds Company in the South I traveled almost continually, probably averaging eleven months of the year on the road. Travel was comparatively cheap. Thousand-mile tickets, good over all railroads, were sold at the rate of two cents a mile. The price for hauling a trunk between railway station and hotel was a quarter. In nearly all small towns the leading hotels were operated on the American plan and charged two dollars a day for excellent board and room. Even though I made a good many long jumps my total expenses seldom were more than sixty-five dollars a week.

The general opinion seems to be that a traveling salesman leads a gay, carefree life, full of pleasant adventure. This may be true, but if so, it is in some line that I am not familiar with. Any traveling man who is worth his salt has a constant sense of responsibility. He represents his house and its policies. He must be careful to make no promises to a customer that will not be carried out by his home office. Almost every day situations arise that call for quick decision, with no one's judgment but his own to go on. I have known scores of men who were first-class house salesmen, but who failed on the road because they lacked the ability to make decisions on their own responsibility.

Physically, the life of a traveling man is no bed of roses. There are always trains to be made at three o'clock in the morning and long rides in uncomfortable weather. I recall one example of my first trip South. I left Pensacola one morning for Tallahassee, by way of River Junction. It was a seven-hour journey in the hottest mid-July day I have ever experienced, behind a wood-burning engine. At Tallahassee I called on two prospects and was decisively turned down by both. By energetic work I managed to get my trunks to the station for another ride of several hours to Valdosta, Georgia, and arrived in that city long after dark, having had nothing to eat since breakfast.

Once, in a little South Carolina town, I came near ending my career for good. I finished with my customer and sent to the livery stable for a wagon to take my trunks to the station. The wagon was a one-mule affair with a spring seat at the front, in charge of a colored boy about fifteen years old. There was a short, steep hill leading from the courthouse square down to the railroad, and for some unexplainable reason known only to the boy and the mule we took this hill at a gallop. From the spring seat where I sat I could hear my trunks jolting about in the wagon box behind me. At the bottom of the hill the mule fell down. I went over the dashboard on top of him, landing between his rear portion and the whiffletree. One of my one-hundred-and-eighty-pound trunks smashed through the wagon box and went hurtling to the ground, the steel-bound corner missing my head by inches. After extricating myself I walked to the station and borrowed the agent's baggage truck to transport my trunks the balance of the distance. Just before train time the owner of the livery stable appeared at the station with a bill for seven dollars for damages to his wagon.

My house followed one custom that I have always believed exceedingly sound. Under no circumstances would Mr. Rennolds allow his traveling men to ask customers to cash checks for expenses. My remittances always came in the form of New York drafts that were good at any bank with proper identification. He insisted, moreover, that every traveling man should at all times have plenty of currency in his pockets for emergencies. In my case, I was required to carry a minimum of two hundred dollars; if I found I was likely to run behind that amount my instructions were to telegraph for a draft, which would be mailed to some town a few days ahead.

On one occasion this rule proved its usefulness. One Saturday night I was in a hotel in a small town in Alabama when, in the small hours of the morning, a fire broke out. I was on the third floor, which happened also to be the top, with my two trunks in my room as usual. It was early December, and besides my regular stock I had some expensive pieces of pearl and emerald jewelry to offer the important dealers in Savannah and New Orleans. The fire had started in the kitchen at the back of the building and was just beginning to make headway in the main part of the hotel when the night clerk and a couple of colored porters came tearing through the upper floors to warn the guests, practically all of whom were traveling men. There was no great physical danger because all the rooms were supplied with fire escapes in shape of ropes fastened to rings in the floor, on which an able-bodied man could easily let himself down to the ground. My trunks were my first concern. I thought in a pinch I could shove them out the window, but a hasty examination showed the window opening to be too small. I opened the door into the hall to see what the chances might be in that direction. Just across the hall a doll salesman had his samples spread out on wooden tables all around his room, and up the corridor were a millinery man and a salesman for a Birmingham notion house. All of these were standing in their open doorways yelling for the porters to help them bundle up their samples and get them out of the house. With orders coming from so many directions, the colored boys did nothing in particular except run excitedly from one doorway to another. It took me but a few seconds to decide that the sixty-odd thousand dollars' worth of merchandise in my trunks was entitled to the right of way over any other line of samples present. One of the boys was a big black fellow whose name I happened to know was Julius. I grabbed him by the shoulder and dragged him into my room, where I pulled a sheaf of currency from my wallet and held up two twenty-dollar bills.

"There are My Trunks, Julius," I Told Him. "They've Got to be Taken Out Into the Street"

"There are my trunks, Julius," I told him. "They've got to be taken out into the street. I'm paying twenty dollars apiece!"

Here was a definite order with a definite reward. Julius shouted to his friend and in pantomime indicated what was to be done. In a moment the boys were dragging the trunks along the corridor to the stairway, where they slid them to the floor below, then to the ground floor and through the office to the street. I gathered up my personal belongings and followed. The only thing I lost was perhaps a bit of popularity among the other traveling-men guests, who had been obliged to throw their samples out the windows.

I traveled out of Maiden Lane until the end of 1904. When I came in from my first spring trip that year I was told that Mr. Rennolds was about to retire from active business. He had always said he would do this on his seventieth birthday, and that event took place in July. He did not sell out, however. I think he was still hoping against hope that his son Sidney might sometime settle down and take over the enterprise. Sidney was, in fact, doing a little better than formerly; for a year or more he had been running the manufacturing end of the business, located in Newark, and was reported to be living a fairly conservative life.

But Sidney was given no authority at the Maiden Lane office. At his retirement, Mr. Rennolds incorporated, placing the management in the hands of three men, each of whom was given opportunity to acquire a small amount of stock. Two of these, Ralph Cummings, head of the import watch department, who had also for some years acted as general sales manager, and Mr. Jennings, our diamond expert, were employes of more than twenty years'

standing. The third member of the triumvirate, Waldo Brice, was brought in from the outside. Mr. Brice was much younger than the others, but with more varied experience. Originally trained as a lawyer, he had had some banking experience in the West and finally came to New York as legal adviser to one of the big general credit agencies, where Mr. Rennolds became acquainted with him. He was a handsome man, slender and well groomed, and with a sophisticated polish of manner that was quite impressive. He radiated self-confidence. In addition to acting as financial man of the concern, he took over the credit work, which Mr. Rennolds had always handled personally.

It was natural, perhaps, that Mr. Brice should dominate his two associates, who were quiet, unassuming men. From my first personal contact with the new management I realized that although the Charles H. Rennolds Company was nominally directed by a triumvirate, Mr. Brice would be the real boss.

I was in the South when the change went into effect and did not get back to New York until late October, when the new régime had been in effect several months. During that time I had run into a situation of the sort that often is a source of dissatisfaction between traveling men and the houses they represent. On my way home I called on the H. M. Spruill Company in North Carolina. Since my first call, when I forced myself into Mr. Spruill's employ for a day as grocery clerk, he had been quite friendly with me and gave me a fair share of his business. But this time I sold him nothing. He was opening a branch store in a near-by town and had been to New York to purchase the opening stock. While there he had dropped into the Rennolds Company office and bought not only his requirements for the new store but also whatever he needed for his home establishment; several thousand dollars' worth altogether.

Naturally there was nothing for me to do but thank him for having patronized my house and go on my way. But it made quite a difference in my earnings. That year, for the first time, I was doing enough business to earn a commission over and above my salary. If Mr. Spruill had bought his merchandise from me I would have been entitled to 3 per cent of the amount.

I believed I was entitled to some credit on the transaction. I had made a customer of Mr. Spruill in the first place and had called on him regularly for more than two years. Without these efforts on my part it was scarcely probable he would have patronized the Rennolds Company on his New York visit. I wrote to the house setting forth these facts and asked if it would not seem fair to credit me with a commission. The reply reached me a few days later, in Richmond. It was signed by Ralph Cummings and was to the effect that my claim for credit on the transaction had been turned down, in as much as my contract called for commissions only on merchandise that I actually sold in person.

Though I felt this was a bit unfair I made up my mind to say nothing more about it, and would not have done so except for an incident that occurred a few days later. I went from Richmond directly to New York for a brief stay in order to straighten out and replenish the stock I carried in my trunks, look over the new goods produced by our manufacturing department and receive general instructions for the balance of the year. This last was of considerable importance, because travelers for Maiden Lane houses did their largest business between October and the Christmas holidays.

The day after my arrival I went into executive session with Messrs. Jennings, Cummings and Brice, according to a custom that had originated with Mr. Rennolds. These conferences were held for the purpose of familiarizing the executives with conditions in a salesman's territory; the salesman was expected to give first-hand information of business prospects in various communities, tell of any new firms that might be starting up, report the apparent progress or otherwise that was being made by old customers, and so forth. At this particular conference I couldn't help noticing a lack of the give-and-take atmosphere that had always obtained under Mr. Rennolds' régime. Mr. Brice seemed not to care particularly for anything I had to say. He had a typewritten list of the firms I called on and he went over these, occasionally pausing to remark that I might have done better in such and such a case. At last he came to the name of the H. M. Spruill Company. He pulled from a sheaf of papers the letter I had written in regard to a commission on Mr. Spruill's purchases and handed it to me.

"We want you to understand," he said severely, "that we are perfectly able to judge what is proper and what is not. Your contract states that you are entitled to a commission on all sales you make above fifty thousand dollars. We are glad to realize that you seem likely to earn a substantial amount above your salary this year. But don't get the idea that we are going to pay you a commission every time some merchant on your territory comes to Maiden Lane and buys a bill of merchandise."

I was considerably chagrined at these remarks, which implied a mercenary spirit on my part that I did not possess. The one hundred or so dollars involved meant nothing to me; I was only twenty-four years old and had no particular use for money. A diplomatic pat on the back and a little praise for having been the means of bringing a good customer to the house would, I am sure, have quite satisfied me. Embarrassed, I read the letter and then nervously laid it on the desk, back upward. Some penciled notations there caught my eye. Evidently it had been a matter of discussion among the three members of the triumvirate, for each had briefly set down his opinion and appended his initials.

In Mr. Jennings' handwriting was, "Think Richard ought to have commission. L. J." Ralph Cummings' comment ran "Under circumstances Richard ought to have credit. Maybe half the regular commission would be fair. R. C." But Mr. Brice differed radically. In his vigorous hand was simply, "No! W. B."

Mr. Brice was still looking severely at me when I had finished reading these bits of evidence. I pushed the paper across the desk at him.

"All right, have it your own way," I said. "I don't want any commission. But I see the jury was two to one in my favor just the same!"

Probably it was this little conflict that led to a more serious situation later on. The following day I had a session with Mr. Brice on the subject of credits, which were in his particular jurisdiction. Mr. Rennolds had always made a practice of taking the advice of his salesmen in such matters. If a salesman recommended some firm as entitled to a longer line of credit than it was getting, Mr. Rennolds usually acted on the advice. On the other hand, he insisted that his salesmen should report any unfavorable indications. It was a saying of his that a salesman, calling on a firm at stated intervals, had a better chance than anyone else to diagnose the health of a business. In my interview with Mr. Brice I assumed the same sort of information would be wanted that I had always given Mr. Rennolds. There was a certain concern in New Orleans that I believed was in a shaky condition; I mentioned the fact to Mr. Brice and suggested it might be a good idea for me not to attempt to sell them for a while. He glanced at me sharply.

(Continued on Page 66)

"All Right, Have it Your Own Way. I Don't Want Any Commission. But I See the Jury Was Two to One in My Favor Just the Same!"

SECRET ENVOY

By MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

II

WHEN Diane arrived in the quiet college town it was nine o'clock, and without going to the hotel she hurried to the infirmary. Perhaps Felix was not really ill. As she passed groups of students in the lighted streets it seemed as if everyone was young and everyone was filled with an exuberance of good health. The disturbing events of the past two days in Washington were obliterated for the moment by the prayer that she would find her brother better than she had feared. But when she saw him, when she sat beside his bed in the bare white room, she knew that he had never been so ill.

"Hello, funny face!" he greeted her. He tried to be casual, even gay, but she was not deceived.

"Is this the way you get out of going to classes?" she answered.

But she saw from the expression of his dark eyes, which shone with fever, that he in turn recognized her alarm. Even as they sat and passed the lightest words back and forth, their hands were tightly gripped together. In this clasp they told each other everything their lips denied.

She had obtained special permission to see him after visiting hours, but it was not long before the pleasant-faced white-clad nurse came in and said that the time was up.

Diane leaned over and kissed his hot forehead. "Good night, my dear! Bless you!"

"Bless you, Diane! And I'm really all right, you know."

"Don't be silly. Of course you are. I'll see you the first thing in the morning."

His eyes were still upon her when she closed the door.

Before she went into his room the next day she interviewed the doctor.

"I may as well be frank with you," he said. "Your brother's condition is serious, and it will become increasingly so if he stays in this climate. He's done too much—been far too strenuous. He's shared the natural attitude of the young that to admit you were tired was somehow unmanly. Then he got a very bad cold at a football game and said it was nothing—refused to stay in bed, and so on. Well, I will say this—that no matter what price he may be paying for it, he's no mollycoddle."

"No," said Diane. "He's the exact opposite of that. Tell me, what do you think I ought to do?"

"If I were you"—he seemed to be appraising her well-cut, expensive clothes—"I'd take him out to the mountains in Colorado. There's an excellent man out there and the climate is a tonic in itself."

"Colorado!" As she repeated the word she had a sudden vision of a train speeding over endless miles of track, consuming money at every breathless second. She put her hand up involuntarily to touch the packet concealed within her gown. "Will you telegraph and make the arrangements?"

Felix looked even more exhausted this morning than he had the night before. His fever was down and his long slender face was empty of color.

"'Courage,'" she said, as much to herself as to her brother, "'*le diable est mort!*' We're going to the mountains."

His eyes brightened, then grew serious again. "Diane, it costs like thunder to go to one of those places," he said when she had told him of the physician's advice.

As Cross Said Good-by He Expressed the Hope of Seeing Her the Next Night

"What's money to Crœsus?" She extracted the chamois bag and spread out on the white counterpane a pile of green and yellow bills.

"Where'd you get it?"

She had never known him to be so concerned about finances. She started to tell him of the curious set of circumstances by which a total stranger had paid it to her for services not rendered, like manna dropping from heaven, just as she needed it most. Then she realized that Felix would never touch a cent of it if he knew the truth.

She said, "Oh, I heard from the lawyer who handles Aunt Sally's estate, two days ago."

She hoped that would do, but he pressed her for details with unusual perseverance: "Did he inclose a check?"

"No, I got the check yesterday."

Felix closed his eyes. He put a long thin hand wearily over his forehead and Diane knew in that moment that she would do anything in the world that would make him better.

When she left Colorado some days later this resolution was strengthened a hundredfold. Nothing more had been said by either of them about money, though Diane thought of it constantly. The trip in itself had been costly, but when they arrived at the sanitarium his condition was so much worse that she threw caution to the winds and arranged for the best possible care and the most constant nursing for him. He had been appalled by the sight of other invalids, so she had secured the greatest privacy money could buy. It had been necessary to leave a considerable sum in a local bank on which he could draw for current expenses. She had barely enough left for her return journey east. Even then she had to face the knowledge that within a short time he would need additional amounts.

The night she left she learned through the underground channel through which rumor spreads in such places, that the young woman whose husband and two little boys she had met in the visitors' room had died.

The thoughts of life and death, suffering and bereavement, repeated themselves over and over in her mind as she lay sleepless in her berth. The very wheels beneath the car seemed to grind out this song of human verities. Compared to it, the fine ethical distinctions which up to this time had been the keynote of her character faded into unimportance.

"If you will only let Felix live," she prayed to some unseen power, "I will give up anything! Anything!"

In her state of emotional exhaustion it seemed to her as if a voice answered: "Very well. Make a bargain with Fate. Give up your scruples in exchange for the money your brother needs."

Although it was three o'clock in the morning, she rang for the porter, and when eventually that sleepy individual appeared she demanded a telegraph blank. She wrote a long message, addressing it to Edgar Justinian, Attorney, New York. The porter promised to send it from the next station.

When this had been accomplished she slept soundly for the first time in many days.

From the vast white-marble railway station in New York she telephoned Justinian. If he had been surprised by her message he did not show it.

"Why don't you lunch with me at the Colony—at one?"

She felt as if she had completely shed her old self and become a new personality when she took her heavy bags in her own hands and boarded a street car which would take her to a small inexpensive hotel near Gramercy Park. She remembered its name because she and Felix had once gone there to see a former governess to whom they had been devoted. After she had changed her clothes she walked rapidly uptown and stopped in at the luxurious hotel where on that same occasion they themselves had stayed. The waiting room was almost deserted, so she sat down and wrote a long letter to Felix on the heavily embossed stationery.

"He must never suspect there's any reason for economy," she thought as she dropped the envelope in the mail box on her way north to the restaurant.

As she entered the small foyer Edgar Justinian rose from a chair to greet her.

"I'm delighted to see you again." He shook hands cordially, then turned to a small round-faced man with shell-rimmed spectacles beside him. "May I present Mr. Reagan?"

He bowed without taking her hand.

At once they moved into the crowded dining room filled with the clatter of dishes and the sound of many voices. The head waiter led the way to the far end, where a table for three had been reserved in a quiet corner.

Mr. Reagan ordered his own luncheon while the others were consulting the menu. Diane noted that although his voice was soft, almost gentle, in his refusal to be cajoled by

the waiter into changing even the smallest item he showed a firmness more significant than if he had shouted.

After they had all made their choice and were alone Justinian spoke: "We may as well get down to business. Mr. Reagan is my chief. I have no secrets from him. And as he is the power behind the throne, so to speak, he can tell you better than I what it is we'd like to have you do."

Diane looked into the bland spectacled eyes across from her. Reagan's face was as enigmatic as that of a Chinese Buddha and gave the same impression of strength beneath its roundness.

"We would like to have an unofficial representative in Washington," he began mildly. "Ed tells me he thinks you may have the proper qualifications."

Diane noted that he did not commit his own judgment by this statement. In fact, she had the impression as he looked at her, then glanced approvingly from time to time at other more showily dressed young women in luxurious fur coats and smart hats which revealed almost nothing of their faces except vermilion-red lips, that he was somewhat disappointed to find her so quietly and inconspicuously clad.

Her chin went involuntarily into the air. "Just what do you consider the proper qualifications?"

Justinian broke in: "Extraordinary intelligence, quick wit and social position of the best."

Reagan turned his imperturbable gaze upon him for a second, then he nodded. "Yes, that covers it pretty well."

The waiter placed oysters in front of them, then moved away.

Their host took off his spectacles, and in the second while he was polishing them, before he put them on again, Diane had a glimpse of shrewd pale eyes, set a little too close together, which completely negated the urbane expression which the round dark-rimmed glasses lent his face.

She felt that the time had come to make her position clear.

"Before you say anything else," she began decisively, "I must tell you exactly where I stand. As I telegraphed Mr. Justinian, circumstances have arisen which make me interested in the further propositions Ginsbrouck spoke of when I left Washington. But with two reservations." They were both listening intently. "Those reservations may make you feel that I am not the person you want."

"We could judge that better if you'd tell us what your reservations are."

Although Reagan's tone was amiable, she realized that he was impatient to have the preliminaries finished.

"They are: First, that I will not take advantage of my friends in any way; second, that I will not be dishonest."

A smile appeared on Reagan's thin lips. Without consulting the other man, he said, "Neither of those appear to me to disqualify you as a candidate."

Diane took a long drink of ice water.

"You see, what we want," Justinian said, "is only what most of the banking houses and big business concerns already have. Did it ever occur to you, Miss More, that banking is very much like diplomacy? You understand diplomacy very well. You know, better than we do, how important it is for a government to send ambassadors to other countries who will keep in touch with everything that is going on there—not just the things they are told in their official capacity, but the things they learn through other, secret, channels. They are valuable really in proportion to their ability to get information in advance of their colleagues about internal political conditions, agreements with other nations, treaties, and so on.

"If I am not mistaken, your grandfather, before he was ambassador to the United States, when he was first secretary of embassy at one of the European courts, started his whole career because he learned accidentally at dinner one night that two of Austria's neighbors were negotiating a secret treaty. If it had gone through it would have spelled disaster for Austria. But by finding it out in time to expose the truth to his government he was able to prevent it ever going through. The emperor decorated him because of it, made him the envoy to America, and he has gone down in history as a great diplomat. My facts are correct, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Diane.

She was astonished by his knowledge of her grandfather's accomplishment and impatient to learn its application to their present plan.

"Well, Washington is filled with men—and women too—who endeavor to repeat his success. They are not to be found in the diplomatic corps, however. The scene of interest has shifted during the past twenty years. Today it is the bankers, not the governments, who control the destinies of the world. And as I said, every banking house of any importance has its own methods of getting the information it wants. In our particular field we need someone like you—an unofficial ambassador, as Reagan says—who will represent us in the capital and get for us, before anyone else gets it for their group, certain advance information."

She felt that there was some flaw in his analogy, but at the moment she could not analyze it.

"It sounds a little vague," she protested.

"The chief thing for you to do," Reagan said suavely, "would be to have what the French call a salon. From what Ed says, you've got that already."

Diane smiled as she thought of the people who came in to her big old-fashioned house so often and so informally.

"That seems a rather pretentious name for it," she said before she realized that this was not tactful.

Reagan was not to be disturbed. "Once you've got your salon going, it will be the easiest thing in the world to find out what we want to know. We can give you a list of the men we want you to cultivate. You know the political game already. It will be only a question of keeping your eyes and ears open—and if you'll pardon the expression—and your mouth shut."

The girl laughed out loud at this. "It's a safe rule for any woman to follow." Then she became serious: "But just how do you want me to go about it?"

Justinian started to answer, but Reagan cut him short: "To give you an example, the first thing we'd want to know is whether or not Senator Elder is going to be made an ambassador. We understand that there's been some hitch about it. He came out strong for cancellation of debts, you remember. Now he won't be chosen unless the appointment can be ratified. That will mean that his policy is approved. So if he is named and we can know it before the newspapermen get it, we stand to make a nice little sum in the government securities of that country. Is that clear?"

"Y-yes." Diane thought at once of Phil Lamond and his habit of talking over with her certain problems of the State Department. She could not get the information from him without violating her reservation. "But you must remember that I said I wouldn't take advantage of my friends."

"Mrs. Elder doesn't come into that category, does she?" Justinian asked quickly.

"No."

"All right. Then get it from her. And don't forget this: The person on the inside who gives you information, either knowingly or by inadvertence, is the one who is responsible. Take that South American, for instance, I met at your house. I didn't even ask him a question—and goodness knows, you did everything to prevent him telling me anything—but he couldn't resist saying that your sofa would be a historic spot; so of course I knew that agreement had been reached. He handed me the knowledge on a silver platter."

"That's true," she agreed, although she still felt uncomfortable at having shared in the profits derived from her guest's loquacity.

"It's each man for himself in this world," Justinian added, "and it will be your wits against theirs."

After coffee had been brought Reagan answered the question which she had asked herself several times during the course of luncheon.

"Our idea would be to put you in on a 10 per cent basis. Some of the deals will not yield so much as others, of course, but it will chiefly depend upon you how much you make, as well as how much we make. Our interests will be identical, you see."

"That's shrewd," Diane thought. "He's got an automatic check on me right there."

"Of course you must entertain a lot; you must go everywhere. Whatever you need for current expenses can be arranged through Ginsbrouck. I'll phone him this afternoon and tell him to cash any check you present to him."

There was nothing she could say in answer to this, but her spirits rose. It showed first of

(Continued on Page 119)

"Well, What Have You Two Been Conspiring About?" "Oh, All Manner of Things." She Smiled Across at Phil, and He Got Up and Came Toward Her. "The Secretary's Such Fun to Talk To"

Why I Collect Empty Bottles

Hard Cider, 1840

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

Rare Washington Flasks

Ship Franklin, 1825

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

OF THE scores of people to whom I have shown my collection of Early American flasks and bottles, only three failed to make the same remark. Of these, one was a deaf mute, another had an ulcerated tooth, and the third was a psychiatrist who did not look at my bottles but at my eyes. In the end I disappointed him; but all the others with the same sickening post-Volstead smirk, asked:

"But why do you collect empty bottles?"

I am, I may say, a professional listener, making my living by writing down answers to questions. For years I merely smiled at the silly query, proud to remain guiltless of justifiable homicide. But the other day a distinguished New York lawyer, instead of implying, asserted:

"I don't see any sense in collecting empty bottles!"

"And I don't see any sense in remarks born of ignorance," I retorted. "You cannot possibly understand collecting because you do not know what a collector is."

He stared at me. I went on:

"My definition of a collector is, a man lucky enough to be born with a mind that grasps the uncommon interest possessed by common objects, and therefore perceives what is unusual in the usual. The true collector is bent on finishing what he has started—an admirable trait! He persists even when he knows he can't possibly live to complete his task. The French, more accurately, call the true collector a 'collectionist.' You must admit that 'collectioning' tells a great deal more than 'collecting.'"

What is Worthless?

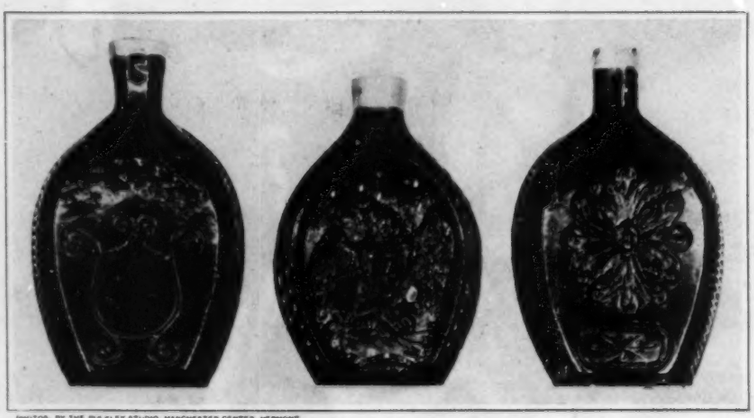
BUT all that my lawyer friend admitted was: "But why should anyone collect perfectly useless things that have no artistic merit? Empty bottles were intended to be thrown away."

"My friend," I said, with that patient urbanity at which people who contradict me never cease to marvel, "as Feuillet de Conches once remarked: 'Every collection has its useful side; every form of collecting its sane phases.' We who collect know that the day is bound to dawn when something or other about a collection of seemingly worthless objects will acquire an unexpected interest. A figurine, a tile, a scarab, a dagger, a valentine, a fragment of anything, may serve to throw light on antiquity, forge a chronological link between two historical periods, trace the advance or the decline of an art—which is to say, of human progress. Since it is in collections that the investigator finds the needed proofs, they always justify the collector."

"But I am still not ready to admit that collecting empty bottles is as sensible as collecting, for example ——"

"Tut! Tut! Don't take it upon yourself to decide for others what is collectible. Instead, ask what is not. Of course, you must deal with closed series and not with what is being manufactured by machinery today or what is limited to one specimen. I mean, you might collect waterfalls, but you could not collect Niagaras. And when you collect, for instance, the works of living authors, they must be only first editions—which become a closed series the moment the second edition is on the press. Moreover, as the late John B. Kerfoot pointed out, there must be competition; and competition is possible only under compression.

"Things made to look at or to wear, to admire or to dread, to live with or to kill with, are alike collectible. A Frenchman collected wigs and wrote a very interesting book about them. You'd be surprised to know how much there is to be said about wigs. One of the most amusing and erudite brochures I have ever read describes a collection of neckties, and proves how not only the manners but the morals of an age may be deduced from its cravats. One man collected 2700 portraits of Napoleon and not one duplicate among them. The Englishman Tyrwhitt, as you doubtless remember, collected pieces of rope. . . . Oh, no; that was not foolish. You see, the pieces were parts of hangmen's nooses. His earliest specimen was one that had been used to stretch the aristocratic neck of Sir Thomas Blount, who departed this life by way of the gallows under Henry IV of England, in the fifteenth century. Tyrwhitt accumulated a lot of hemp that way; but he really collected gruesome stories. See? When the late Laurence Hutton collected death masks, he really collected the tales of their wanderings—from the death beds to his walls. An old neighbor of mine in Dorset, Vermont, collected wishbones. I went to a lot of trouble to secure for him the furcula of an ostrich to exhibit beside that of a baby humming bird. I did it gladly, because every collector is interested in collecting, irrespective of what is collected. You will notice that all collectors possess the same admirable traits—imagination, observation, persistence and optimism.



PHOTOG. BY THE BULKLEY STUDIO, MANCHESTER CENTER, VERMONT

Rare Eagle Flasks. End Ones Show the Reverse

"That is why any collector can listen for hours to another collector telling the story of how he found his rare items. Each man sees himself in the act of being lucky. When a man says 'pewter plate' or 'ship model,' I instantly translate the words into 'flask' and get the thrill, because his quest automatically becomes my quest, and his success is vicariously mine. Where the mere faddist accumulates, the true collector discriminates. That makes all collectors brothers. We are a large and loving family."

Bits of American History

"YES, but why do you collect empty bottles?" he persisted. He was a lawyer.

"There are bottles and bottles. You don't collect anthracite pellets, which are pure carbon, but you treasure diamonds, also pure carbon. I collect Early American historic flasks, not because they are old bottles but because they have interesting stories to tell about our country, that, but for them, I never would have heard.

"For example?"

"Well, here is a flask that says: The American System. What does that mean?"

"What American System?"

"I knew it! That was the phrase used by Henry Clay in 1824 when he made his great speech advocating a high tariff in order to develop American manufactures. That phrase swept through a slogan-loving country and did more for protection than all the economic arguments. Incidentally, I deduce that this rare flask was made between 1824 and 1826, because by 1827 the American System had begun to be so unpopular in many of our flask-toting states that such a flask would not sell well. Here is another with Washington the Father of his Country on one side, and on the reverse a bust of Zachary Taylor and A Little More Grape, Capt. Bragg. . . . Well, what General Taylor actually said at the Battle of Buena Vista was: 'Give 'em hell, Captain Bragg.' What wouldn't I give for a Give 'Em Hell, Captain Bragg, flask! Here is one with a ship, Franklin, and the slogan Free Trade and Sailors' Rights. . . . No! It was not made during the War of 1812 but years after. The Franklin was our first ship of the line. It was launched in Philadelphia in 1815 and was carried on the lists of the United States Navy exactly one hundred years, being sold for junk in 1915. Here is another rare flask. It says Hard Cider and it shows a barrel and a log cabin. Perhaps you know it was made for the campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." But do you know how the emblems came to be adopted? If you collected flasks you would know—and be a better American for knowing it. This Ballet Dancer is Fanny Elssler, who dazzled our great-grandfathers in 1840. I owe to this bottle my acquaintance with George C. D. Odell's fascinating

Annals of the New York Stage. Here is a flask, just about 100 years old, that says: 'Success to the Railroad.' But instead of a locomotive it shows a horse pulling a loaded wagon over rails. Why the equine? Well, the reason for it makes a corking yarn. This other has a locomotive and is eight or ten years younger. And here is the inexplicable flask, one of the very rarest. It shows the bust of John Quincy Adams, who of all our thirty Presidents, was the least qualified to decorate a whisky flask. I shall not tell you why this flask has no reason to be nor why I am certain it was blown in 1824. To reach that conclusion I had not only to read much history but to interpret it. It took two years of flask-collecting to convince me that I had reason to be glad of living in Herbert Hoover's time instead of under any one of the first six Presidents. No collector of historical flasks will yap about our ignorant masses or our corrupt voters, past or present, for he will know what sort of men originally drank out of these same bottles. It took flasks to make me more bullish than ever on America and the American people, by making me study American history as an adult. And there are still other reasons, all equally good, why I collect what you called empty bottles."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

The Rare American System Flask, Considered by Collectors the Most Interesting of All the Historic Flasks. Maker Unknown. Date 1824-1826

A collector, being reasonable, hopes that possibly 1 per cent of the noncollectors to whom he shows his treasures may admire them intelligently—with some help, of course. But the average layman stares at the loaded shelves and usually remarks: "I never knew there were so many bottles in the world!"

Even after your illuminating lecture your rare flasks remain merely old bottles to him—junkman's loot. Under such circumstances all that the collector can do is to crush the insect. The easiest way is with a gold weight. It works where erudition fails. I usually tell him with a smile:

"And you never knew, either, that empty whisky flasks found in old barns and cellars may easily sell for $100 apiece or over. Did you?"

"No, I didn't!" Having wiped the superior smile from his face, I proceed:

"That one cost me $180. I refused $250 for it."

"For that old flask?" The incredulity is about your sanity. The respect is for the flask's gray hairs reckoned in dollars.

"It is the only one in existence. The man who sold it to me found it in an attic. He paid ten cents for it."

"And you refused $250!" After "$250" all he has heard is "ten cents."

"Yes; and that one over there, and this one, and this, are each worth more than a hundred." His eyes glitter much as do the eyes of brokers' customers in Wall Street during a bull market. If the sparks were letters the words would be: Easy Money!

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

Lafayette Flasks, Made in 1825, in Wheeling, Virginia; Coventry, Connecticut, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Where do you find these bottles?" he asks.

"Of course"—and I try to use the tones that some novelists would call honeyed—"not all the twelve hundred listed flasks are worth $100. You cannot tell the price by the age, beauty, shape, color, size or relative rarity. Other factors enter. Heaps of flasks that you may pick up for fifty cents or a dollar I would gladly buy at forty or fifty dollars; others I would not take as a gift."

The answer to this rather alluring picture of the possible profits is invariably the same. They all ask: "Does it take a very long time to learn the fine points?"

"Years!" I tell them. That makes them subtle and indirect. They look as if their only interest were in my personal affairs, and ask me:

"Just how di... you happen to get in this bottle game?"

In a measure the answer is implied by the question. It really usually just happens. All the collectors I know admit it.

PHOTO. BY PHILIP B. WALLACE

The Original Log Cabin Bottle, Used During the Harrison Campaign. It Has "Tippecanoe" on Both Sides and Antedates the "Tippecanoe—North Bend" Variant. Note Cider Barrel Under Window. This is the Rarest Flask in the Author's Collection. Found in Central New York

A Free Show

I MYSELF began buying antiques years ago because I loved them. We never had other than old furniture in the house. As for collecting, I specialized on paintings, coverlets and gold dollars. Pewter, blue china and such things I bought chiefly for their decorative value on my old cupboards. After twenty years of buying antiques I had no room in my house for any more chairs, bureaus, sofas, desks or tables; no more wall space for paintings or shelf room for china. The love of antiques persisted, but far stronger was the love of peace at home.

About three years ago I happened to be riding through a Vermont village a few miles from my home when I saw on the porch of a quaint old brick house two exceedingly fine Windsor chairs.

"Tourist bait!" I thought to myself. But the guardian angel of collectors whispered: "Make sure!"

I stopped, made adequate sounds with the antique doorknocker, and waited.

A dear old lady, kindly-eyed, eager-eared, stepped out of the eighteenth century and spoke to me in a 1776 voice: "Won't you come in, sir?"

"Thank you," I said, and did as the voice wished.

I might have known it. The house was full of choice pieces. Indeed, it was over-chaired enough to allow unworthy suspicions to return. When I asked if they were family pieces, she said yes.

"And wouldn't you sell any of them?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she answered—as usual.

"At no price, however high?"

She said "Oh, no!" with a gentle finality that made her the one New Englander in a billion. But I wasn't really convinced until I gradually realized what her reason was: The antique-seeking tourists who stopped at her house because of the Windsor chairs were to her the members of the only theatrical troupe that ever played in her town. Listening to them was like going to a show. They brought her messages from that strange outside world that she could not receive through the newspapers. They reconciled her to her drab life. Rich women who came in glittering motor cars made her acutely conscious that she owned something they coveted, and that made her richer than they! The tourists Rockefellerized her. To sell was for them to stop calling and for her to cease being envied—that is, to become nothing. No sense in that! The Windsor chairs on the porch were tourist bait, as I suspected, but the intent was not sordid.

I talked to her and explained as best I could how good her best pieces were, and why. She was so grateful to me for raising the inventory value of the estate that I wondered about the precise limits of her gratitude.

I happened to see on a table in a corner of the dining room a curious sort of decanter in olive-green glass that interested me. I had never collected American glass of any kind. It always seemed too fragile, and, moreover, lacking visible evidences of age. In my ignorance I could not associate a piece of old glass with people, places or periods, as I could furniture or china. Still, this bottle had an appeal that surprised me.

"How about that bottle?" I asked her. "Won't you sell it?"

"That"—she smiled—"was my grandmother's camphor bottle. I used to get it filled at the drug store when I was a little girl. I can hear my grandmother telling me to be sure and not drop it just as plainly as if she were in the room. You see, I heard her say that so many times!"

"Well, I am glad you didn't drop it; but there is no telling when somebody might knock it off the table," I said cheerfully. "If you will sell it to me, I'll take good care of it."

"It has been here since I can remember," she smiled gently. "Ever so many people have wanted to buy it, but I would never let it go. Mrs. Blank offered me four dollars for it. Do you happen to know her?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll give you ten dollars for it." I had never before bought a bottle, but if Mrs. Blank offered four dollars, it was a bargain at ten.

(Continued on Page 234)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

An Extremely Rare Jackson Flask Made by Laird, Pittsburgh, Probably in 1824

PHOTOS. BY THE BULKLEY STUDIO, MANCHESTER CENTER, VERMONT

Zachary Taylor, 1847 to 1848. Success to the Railroad, 1828 to 1830. Top Row—Major Ringgold, 1847. Fanny Elssler, 1840 to 1841

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 19, 1929

The Nitrogen Cartel

NITROGEN is now to enjoy the benevolent supervision of a cartel. Recently manufacturers of commercial forms of nitrogen in Germany and Great Britain entered into an international agreement, into which it is understood the producers of Chile, France and Italy are also to enter. The combination includes synthetically fixed nitrogen, by-product nitrogen and natural nitrates. The resources and industries of the United States are not included. The nitrogen trust is "made in Germany," like the potash trust.

The ostensible purpose of the cartel is to advance and expand the use of nitrogen fertilizers on farms. To this end a world-wide campaign of advertising is to be inaugurated. Just what would be done, in the next few years, with the increased crops is not explained. Also, sales quotas are to be established—outside of the United States, it is to be inferred.

Just why there are to be quotas of a substance advertised as so valuable is not made clear. Quotas suggest prices. Prices suggest control of prices. Can it be possible that as the countries of the world use more they are to be asked to pay more?

The United States is a net importer of nitrogen fertilizer. Some day we may be a net exporter. If the cartel has no reference to us as an importer, we may be sure there would be a reference to us as an exporter.

Is the General Sales Tax Coming?

THE experiences of foreign countries indicate that when the state becomes hard pressed for revenue the authorities turn to sales taxes. General sales taxes, also called turnover taxes, have been widely used abroad. They tend to press especially on workers and the middle class of small incomes, unless foodstuffs are exempted. Luxury sales taxes, of which we made some use during the war, are a form of sales tax designed to spare certain classes. Sales taxes are supposedly easy of administration and abroad bring in large sums.

West Virginia has what amounts to a general sales tax, and partial sales taxes, restricted in scope, are in use in several other states. In other states proposals looking toward sales taxes have been recently defeated. Cities are beginning to experiment with them. Such taxes must not act so as to interfere with interstate commerce, and have other legal limitations. But we may be sure that the revenue-bearing properties of the general sales tax will bring it into favor with tax-levying bodies.

Whether such a tax be placed upon a long list of articles or levied as a turnover tax, it takes advantage of the consumers' wants to bring in revenue for public use. Probably the best way of avoiding sales taxes would be to spend less public money.

Saving or Spending

THE human animal must possess remarkable adaptability, or perhaps resistance, to live through the changes of opinion and theory which mark the progress of thought. In the youth of those now middle-aged, and, indeed, of those still in their thirties, thrift was the most prized of virtues. A young man who could not save was damned by all the wise saws and proverbs of teacher, preacher and economist. But the emphasis is changing. Now it is the virtue of spending which is extolled. Less is heard from our foremost men concerning thrift as the foundation of youthful advancement. Indeed, one conspicuous captain of industry startled the country some months back by saying that "no successful boys ever saved money. They spent it for things to improve themselves." In addition to chance overstatements like this, there are the continual pronouncements, in books, speeches and magazine articles, of serious students along very similar lines.

But the seeming paradox involved should not trouble the average citizen. All he needs is a little common sense in these matters. Thrift, either as an individual or collective virtue, can be carried too far. It is conceivable for productive capacity to outrun consumption, and if the citizen saves and invests, directly or indirectly, in securities in manufacturing concerns, he may be making the situation worse. On the other hand, the citizen who spends his income may help to restore an equilibrium. In so doing he increases what we call prosperity, and thereby indirectly promotes his own welfare. If he buys on installments, the aid rendered is all the greater, because he purchases that much more.

Such is the familiar argument in favor of spending, and it is sound as far as it goes. But it does not cover the whole subject; it is not the last word. The individual has his own circumstances to consider. Spending may promote general prosperity, but that fact does not prevent many individuals from losing their jobs or from failing in business or in health. To millions of such, saving is the only possible salvation. Without it, there can be no independence of the immediate job and often no business opportunities. There are boys who would be wise to spend every cent upon mechanical toys or periodicals devoted to radio and aviation. But there are countless other boys in whom an inability or unwillingness to save indicates nothing but worthlessness.

There are men whose emphasis should be not upon spending less but upon earning more. But even such a moderate statement cannot be erected into a definite principle, for there are many who would get ahead faster by placing the emphasis upon saving. It is all a question of common sense and discriminatien.

It is well to raise the standard of living and to encourage what were once called "the common people" to satisfy wants which they formerly did not dare have. But no increase in wealth or change of custom has turned extravagance from a vice into a virtue. The wise man must still take thought of the morrow and cut his coat to match his cloth.

Circumstances Alter Cases

TO READ the frequent protests against the immigration restrictions of the United States uttered in foreign countries, one might infer that countries were divided into two groups: those favoring emigration and those restricting immigration. This is, however, by no means the case; many countries do both. Of this fact, recent events in Mexico and Japan furnish illustrations.

Restriction of the flow of Mexican immigrants into the United States by means of some sort of quota has been under discussion for some time and seems certain to come. Mexico will protest. But Mexico is herself giving attention to immigration, and it is now proposed to set up restrictions against the influx of manual labor. Evidently there is some feeling that it is desirable to let manual laborers leave the country but not to let them enter from other countries.

In the case of Japan the issue is more clear-cut. Immigration from Korea and China has had the effect of creating unemployment for Japanese. Japan wishes to have her workers allowed to go to countries where they displace natives by working for lower wages; at the same time Japan finds it necessary to keep out workers from the mainland who displace natives by working for lower wages. The reasoning is in some degree the same as that employed by us, except that we are not concerned with sending workers to other countries, merely with maintaining our own standards.

The Hazards of New Business

DURING 1928 the British had what they call a "new-issue boom." A large number of new enterprises were set up, and public issues of stock floated, to develop new kinds of business or exploit new patents. The Economist has recently made an analysis of the present position of these stocks. Taking one hundred and twenty-eight new enterprises, the figures indicate that the par value of the stocks was one hundred and fifty million dollars, the market value at the top during 1928 was a hundred and ninety millions, and the market value in August, 1929, only eighty-five million dollars. Of course the initial rise was a paper rise and the decline in 1929 may be a paper decline. Nevertheless, the record is a very poor one for a long series of new enterprises. For the most part the companies were set up to do business in popular lines—for example, in rayon, safety glass, films and gramophones. To some extent the enterprises were brought out by old underwriting firms, but in some instances new underwriters were set up to float new companies. To what extent the underwriters will accept responsibility remains to be seen. Such experiences may tempt the British to revert to their old habits of foreign investments.

The United States of Europe

SPONSORED by Briand and Stresemann, the project of a United States of Europe was recently launched at Geneva. As in most launchings, wine was poured over the ship, also oratory. It is an ambitious organization on paper and deserves the well-wishings of the peoples of all countries. According to its promoters it is designed to erase the psychological effects of the war. Also, it has the objective of protection of the smaller nations of Europe. Finally, it is economic in purpose, designed to lower the trade barriers which short-sighted countries of Europe have erected on the basis of overwrought nationalism. That it will lead to a common currency or a tariff union may be doubted. But it might lead to a common postal rate and stamp and to a common regulation of passports. It is officially, and therefore without doubt correctly, stated that though economic, it is not directed against Russia or the United States of America. Europe has for centuries been the chessboard of the great powers, whose game has been Die Grosse Politik. If the contemplated United States of Europe, or whatever flows out of this beginning, is effective in abrogating the game long played by the great European powers, with the small countries as pawns and the oversea countries as vassals or fields of exploitation, it will indeed make an advance in civilization.

The greatest gain to be hoped for is in the matter of the limitation of armaments. If some such federation existed, the powers of Europe might approach the problems of army and navy maintenance with fewer reservations. Once the war-impoverished nations get their feet under a common economic table, it should not be long before they realized the folly of competitive bidding for military and naval supremacy.

Agriculture and the Changing Social Order

By Alonzo E. Taylor

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE changing social order in the United States is accepted by Americans as a matter of course. Foreigners regard it as an outstanding achievement. It is not an innovation; it is a rapid extension and massive expansion of a movement long under way. In a sense our changing social order is to be regarded as an advanced stage of the industrial revolution. It includes increasing per capita supply of goods and services, increasing per capita income, declining cost of goods and services, increasing per capita consumption of goods and services, declining per capita hours of gainful occupation and increasing per capita hours of leisure.

This social accomplishment is the product of many factors. We are exceptionally inventive and adaptive people; also unusually optimistic. Education has spread throughout all classes, and thus democracy has been an important influence. Also, higher education, especially technical training, has become widely diffused. Our store of natural resources is exceptionally rich and diversified. The area of the country is large and we enjoy an efficient system of transportation. Capital, labor, plants and equipments move about freely. A large population provides an extensive market. Restriction of immigration maintains a relative scarcity of labor and thus enlarges opportunity for advancement of workers. Nature is being increasingly placed in harness—the per capita use of power rises continuously. Industrial management has become open-minded and progressive; labor organizations have become public-spirited. Class consciousness has declined and ownership of the capital plants of industry is becoming more and more widely diffused through all classes.

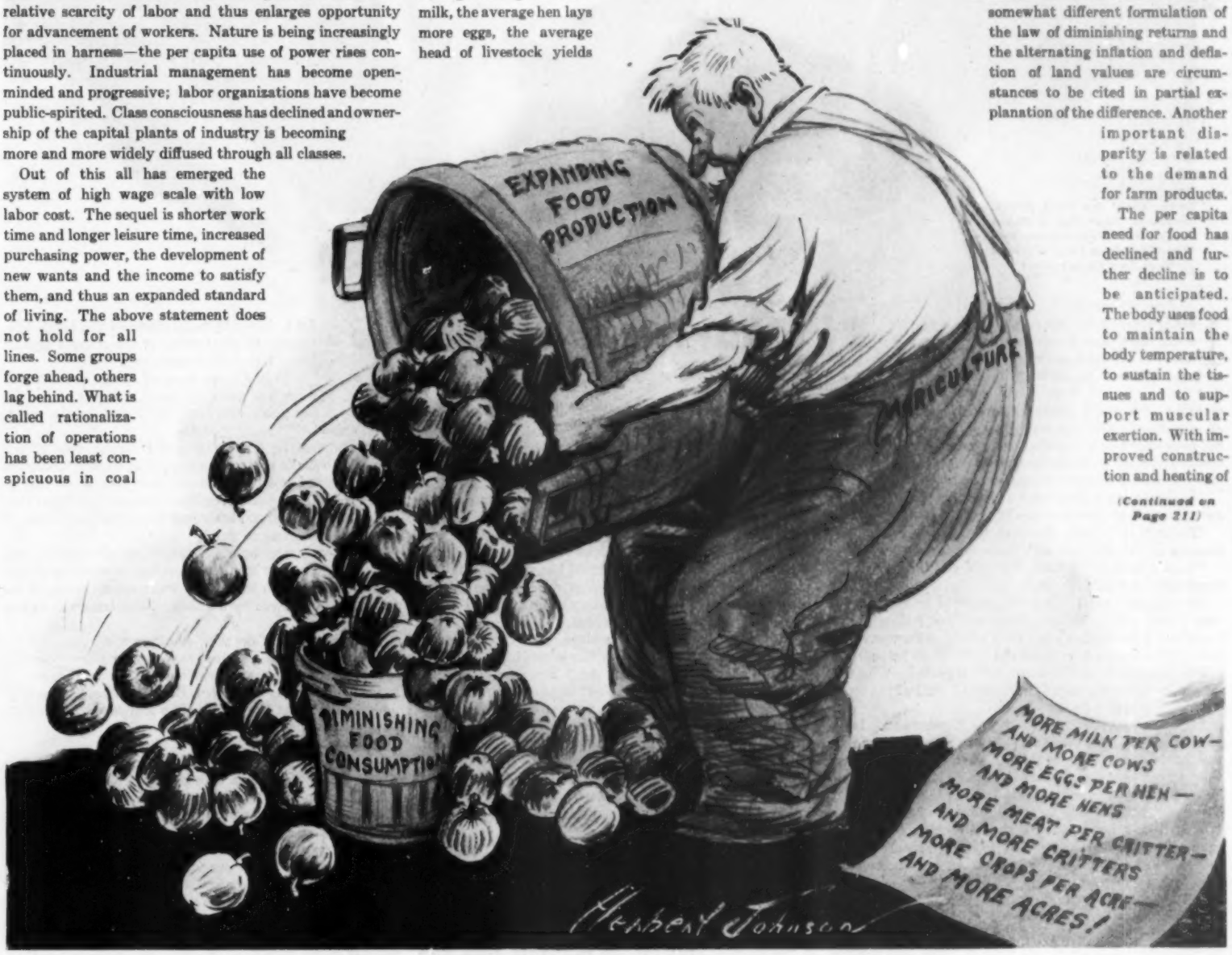
Out of this all has emerged the system of high wage scale with low labor cost. The sequel is shorter work time and longer leisure time, increased purchasing power, the development of new wants and the income to satisfy them, and thus an expanded standard of living. The above statement does not hold for all lines. Some groups forge ahead, others lag behind. What is called rationalization of operations has been least conspicuous in coal mining and in textile manufacture. The lagging of these industries is due in part to replacements; other forms of fuel and power have replaced coal and pronounced economies in the use of coal have been achieved; other cloths have replaced cottons—for instance, rayon—and pronounced economies have been achieved in the uses of cloth. Other instances of lagging could be cited, but these will suffice. On the other hand, in certain directions progress has been so rapid that tools become obsolete almost as soon as they are perfected, and the goods change literally from month to month. Of this the radio is an illustration.

On the positive side, agriculture has participated actively in the changing social order. Work animals replace manual labor; tractors replace work animals; machines replace hands and feet. Each year witnesses advance in the mechanization of agriculture—in the clearing, draining and irrigating of land; in preparation of the soil, and in the planting of seeds; in the cultivation of growing plants and in the harvesting of crops; in the grading and storing of products. Continuous improvement is registered in the outturn of plants and animals. Each year the average cow gives more milk, the average hen lays more eggs, the average head of livestock yields more meat, and the unit of production is being secured with a declining outlay of feeding stuffs. With allowances for climatic disturbances, each year the unit of agricultural effort becomes more efficient, the outturn per acre rises somewhat, while the outturn per farmer rises still more. Everywhere increasing efficiency—in agriculture, just as in manufacture and in transportation. So far the concordance is obvious. On the positive side of the changing social order, agriculture has been as conspicuously progressive and successful as has industry.

But beyond this the concordance fails. A disparity is to be noted in the direction of declining costs. Not all urban industries lend themselves equally to the formula of declining costs with expanding production—some, indeed, not at all. Similarly, in agriculture not all branches lend themselves equally to the formula of declining costs with expanding production. Indeed, it cannot be said for agriculture as a whole, as it is said for industry as a whole, that the cost per unit tends to decline as the volume of production expands. There are reasons for this—the wide-flung distribution of small operating units, the immobility of settlements, the unforeseeable and untoward effects of climatic influences, a somewhat different formulation of the law of diminishing returns and the alternating inflation and deflation of land values are circumstances to be cited in partial explanation of the difference. Another important disparity is related to the demand for farm products.

The per capita need for food has declined and further decline is to be anticipated. The body uses food to maintain the body temperature, to sustain the tissues and to support muscular exertion. With improved construction and heating of

(Continued on Page 211)



IT CAN'T BE DONE

RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

"Cheer Up," He Said Wryly. "Anybody That Got a Flash at You Now Would Know You Were in a Jam That Worried You. Put Up a Front!"

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XIII

I HAD scarcely finished talking with Nellie when there came a rap at the door. I was afraid to answer it and afraid not to. Nellie had helped a lot by saying: "I know why you called. I read it all in the papers this morning. You really needn't have called, dear, because I know perfectly well that it is just as Dan says. You have not ever mixed in things that are wrong, and you will not ever. Even little Danny seems to know that. He's so cute, Eddie. I know he misses you as much as I do."

"I—I'm mighty glad you understand, Nellie," I answered. "What does Dan say?"

"He says it's simply Brennan trying to cause trouble because he lost that job with the core makers ——"

"That's it, dear," I said. "That's exactly it. . . . I appreciate your faith in me."

She laughed—said, "Don't be bothered by the thought that I will worry, Eddie. They will not bother me or frighten me, no matter what they print. I know my husband." There was a lot more she said. It all helped.

But this knock on the door—now repeated. Who was it? More newspapermen? Politicians? Police?

"Who's there?" I asked finally.

"Open up, you fathead!" It was Zimmerman. I was glad to see him. He seemed to have an air about him that just suited such a thing as this. I let him in. "We'll both take a heavy slug of that Scotch" was his first remark. "I've stopped all incoming calls down at the switchboard. You don't want to talk to people, savvy? There's apt to be a stream of boys from the papers rapping at the door soon. I've told the elevator boy to stop them as much as he can. But I'll just stick around to answer questions in case any of 'em get in."

"Thanks," I said, and meant it. I sank into a chair and waved aside the Scotch he offered.

"Cheer up," he said wryly. "Anybody that got a flash at you now would know you were in a jam that worried you. Put up a front!"

"Dan might call long-distance," I said. "Would they stop his call?"

"I'll tell the world they will!" he growled sourly. "Until we find out where Brennan and that rat Creedon listened in, there'll be a great scarcity of telephone calls. And you can now shut up. Before we do any talking I'm going to locate the listening-in thing they had planted in this room."

"There wasn't any in this room," I said. "If there was, they got nothing over it, for I did no talking in this room."

But Zimmerman looked over all the walls, moved the pictures and the furniture and even inspected the edges of the carpet. I knew they had got nothing through the hotel and he soon satisfied himself of that.

"Whoever planted those machines," I said, "did it down home. Probably they did it in Dan's own office."

"That's about what they did," Zimmerman agreed. "But you can lay a safe bet on two points. The first is that Dan'll find out all those things, and the second is that the minute he knows them he'll come up here on the hotfoot."

He walked to the window and stood there looking out. He fished out another cigarette and rolled it thoughtfully between his fingers before he lit it and inhaled deeply. The smoke streamed through his nostrils, and when he spoke, it rolled across his lips as though borne by the words he uttered.

"You got to cheer up, Eddie," he warned me. "Honest, you look terrible. I've never handed you any too much credit for backbone, but this is lousy. Get your upper lip straightened out and throw back your shoulders. I'm telling you right now that you've one chance to beat this thing, and only one. That's sheer bluff.

"Right now you'll find Dan walking the streets down home with a smile a mile wide across his pan and looking for a chance to make speeches and laugh hilariously at the futility of the charges against him. Get that straight, boy.

"Pretty soon some of these news-hungry boys are going to crash the gate and come tapping at our door. Get ready for them—take a couple of hookers."

I knew that he was right, and I fought with all my strength to shake off the trembling that seemed to start in my knees and grow upward all over me. They had us cold—cold. How could even Dan beat such a thing as this, which had come so suddenly just when our plans were all complete and going so well?

Acting on Zimmerman's advice, I took two quick drinks and they did bolster me up. I had just finished the second when the door knob turned. It was a spring catch, so the turning was followed by a knock. Zimmerman looked at me and winked.

He whispered, "Take your cue from me."

Then he went to the door and as he walked closer he raised his voice so that whoever was outside could hear: "I think your stand is well taken, Ed," he said. "There is no question but that the state favors and needs this water-power development."

He opened the door.

"Hello, Zim," a young man grinned. "I'm from the Item. I figured it was a sure shot that Mr. Blank would want to make some answer to these charges of Brennan's. We're holding our presses to give him every chance in the world." As he spoke he slid into the room.

Zimmerman was great. He looked at the fellow a moment, then said, "Cub, are you? Ed, here, gave out his dope an hour ago. He ain't worried about the Brennan thing any, but I'm here myself to get a story on his stand on this water-power proposal. If you want that you can sit in. But remember, use it locally. I've got the call on the rest of the state."

(Continued on Page 40)

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EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

(Continued from Page 38)

The young fellow looked as though a building had fallen on him. His chin was scraping his watch chain. I laughed the best I could and went over and held out my hand. He took it like it was a transfer.

At last he stammered: "You can't kid me like that, Zim. The lobby is full of boys trying to get up here. I sneaked down a fire escape from the floor above."

"Well," I grinned, "sneak back up again. This Brennan thing is a dud, of course—a cheap attempt on his part to get some publicity because I ran him out of the legislature. If you want what I've got to say, it's about water power. Either sit down and get it—or get out. We don't want to be interrupted."

"I should think you'd want to answer these charges," he began.

"Hell, man," I exploded, "I haven't even finished reading them! I didn't come up here to argue with Brennan. I came to do something for the people of my district. See Brennan—or see Dan Rafferty. I noticed that he was mentioned as well as myself."

I turned then to Zimmerman again. I pretended to go right on talking where I had left off. I relied a lot on the speech he had written for me. I said: "But that is my attitude exactly. You will find me steadfastly on the side of state-wide development of our natural resources so long as that development does not tend toward the monopoly by private capital of those resources or foster in the commonwealth an undue extravagance to be borne by posterity. I am for sound expansion either in my own community or elsewhere in our state."

Zimmerman nodded and fished paper and pencil out of his pocket. He made a few notes. The reporter looked at us through lids that were closed to slits. Zimmerman started to speak, but the other cut in.

"This is the smoothest racket I ever saw," he snapped. "You two are cooking up something by way of an answer to Brennan, and Zim, here, is getting the scoop. I'm in now. Why not play along with me? It's a cinch you've got an answer—you've got to have! And sooner or later you've got to make it. Why not now?"

"I don't want to offend you," I said, "but I'm a busy man and I'll not listen to drivel like this. You've had an interview. Make the most of it. Say just what I told you. When I can get a chance to read Brennan's charges, I will. Then I'll answer them. I understand they are sensational. Very well. Anything Brennan says for publicity would have to be sensational or there would be no publicity. Isn't that enough for one shot?"

"O. K.," he snapped. "One thing more: I've a photographer downstairs. If you'll give me a picture of you here in the room to run with that interview I'll go my way."

"Bring him up," Zimmerman snapped. "You'll get the picture. But let me tell you this: You two come alone or you don't get it. It isn't that Eddie objects to giving an interview. He may be kissing you for space later. It's just that right now he's head over heels in this water-power plan and he wants no interruption until his position is made clear. As for Brennan—take an old-timer's tip, kid—it's the bunk!"

When he had left, Zimmerman turned to me with that wry smile of his and said "That's that."

"We didn't kid him much," I complained.

"He got an interview. If he'll print it as he got it we have done ourselves some good."

In fifteen minutes the two were back and I posed for a picture. When they had gone, Zimmerman served another drink and I was glad to keep my courage up with the stuff. He stuck right there in the room with me.

"I sent in a story about three o'clock this morning," he told me. "Just as soon as this Brennan thing broke I got it. I shot in an interview with you—over the wire. I didn't dare call Dan, but I knew what he would want and I knew what you ought to say."

"Thanks," I said again. I had a greater faith than I realized in this cynical writer of news.

"It'll cover the stuff back home," he went on. "Also it'll tip off Dan that you're not making any foolish cracks and that I'm here stringing along with you. The only thing we can do now is wait until Dan gets here—that and have a bite of lunch."

We ordered lunch served in the room, and when the waiter brought in the table and tray there were four notes stuck on it. The waiter apologized, explaining that he could do nothing because his arms were full of tray and the halls were full of men with notes. I told him not to bother and tore up the notes without reading them. I was hungry, because I had eaten no breakfast. The food made me feel better—gave me courage. I began to think harder and straighter.

"When the waiter comes back for the dishes," I told Zimmerman, "we'll have him send up some fresh newspapers."

"I wouldn't do that," he snapped. "That would excite suspicion and give the boys something to say that would make it look like you are more interested than you pretend. No, I wouldn't do that. Anyway, I know all they can print. Boiled down, here's the situation: In some way Brennan got wise that Dan framed him out of the legislature and also out of that core-makers' racket. Of course, as soon as the core makers got wise to the kind of bird Brennan really is, they threw him out in no time. They're a good bunch, those core makers, and regular fellows. They couldn't stomach Brennan long.

"Then Brennan and Creedon got together, just like you were afraid they might. They matched up and both saw where Dan had spilled them neatly into the cold, cold snow. As a matter of getting square, they cast around for something they could hang on Dan—and they just happened to get it!

"Somehow, and only they know just how, they got a wire into Dan's office and collected all this little scheme we've worked out so pretty. Just as soon as they sensed what they had, they tapped telephone wires and got the works."

"If it came from Dan's office," I swore, "it came through that scaly old book louse that works in the outer office."

"That might easily be the case," Zimmerman agreed, "but whether it is or not, it's unimportant. The fact is they've got the stuff. Brennan is howling for the attorney-general. Someone's got to stop him. That someone is Dan. If he fails—a swell scandal with jail sentences hangs in the breech."

"They couldn't send us ——" I began.

"Eddie," Zimmerman sneered, "calm yourself. They can hang you if you're big enough game! There is no target so easily or so completely shot at as the fallen political idol. The bigger he has been, the harder they shoot and the more often. And don't forget this," he said pointedly: "They've got more than just your gab with Dan. They've got his gab with certain men up here during which he set himself to get the contracts for that sewerage work. Oh, it's a hot time in the old town tonight!"

There was nothing very encouraging about Zimmerman, but he was an old stager and from him I got the method of procedure they would have to take against us. First, they would apply to the attorney-general, through whom the prosecution would begin. He would demand evidence. Then they would submit what they had.

This, however, would not get anywhere until after a public hearing, which, as a member of the legislature, I had a right to demand.

"That'll be Dan's plan, I guess," Zimmerman explained. "If he can stall along with a hearing, he'll have time to build a few fences."

"What good would the hearing do if the evidence calls for prosecution?" I asked.

"Every man in your position has a hearing. There is generally a committee appointed to determine whether an investigation should be made. In the long run the findings of that committee are what go to the attorney-general as the evidence on which he can act. If Dan can control that committee they'll never report adversely. That'll give the attorney-general an alibi for throwing Brennan out of his office. In that case the whole thing will die—until next election."

"Forget next election!" I groaned. "I don't want to come back here, anyway. . . . And what if Dan can't control the committee?"

"Then," Zimmerman shrugged, "you'll be taking your meals in your room, but you won't get any notes on the tray and you won't have to be bothered about calling Room Service."

"Dan'll find some way to fix it," I said, voicing more the hope than the belief.

"He will if anybody can."

"It's mighty decent of you to stick with me," I said, "and see that I don't gum up anything. All this stuff is a little new to me."

"Don't flatter yourself!" Zimmerman grunted. "What you don't know is that I've talked with Dan about this deal half a dozen times in his own office. If they've got what he and I talked about, Eddie, they've got plenty!"

Nellie Smiled When She Saw Me, But Even at That Time I Saw There Was Something Different About Her Face

XIV

DAN never got to the capital until noon of the Thursday I was to make my water-power speech. I thought he was never

(Continued on Page 202)

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RIVERSIDE SNOWBALLING

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

EUSTACE GRANT came moodily up to the private bar in Flood's Club and took a stool by Martha Dring's side. She looked at him with a gleam of curiosity in her beautiful eyes.

"Is it my fancy, chief," she asked, "or are you not quite yourself these last few days?"

He ordered a cocktail. Nick of New York, famous in the criminal annals of his country, was on the other side of Martha, and Chaplain Lane was studying an evening paper a few feet away. He addressed himself to all three.

"I am suffering," he confided, "from an uncommon psychical disease. It comes on me at odd times in life. Incidentally it won me my D. S. O."

"Tell us about it," Martha Dring begged. "We forget too often that, after all, you're something of a hero underneath your villainy."

He tapped a cigarette upon the counter, and lit it. "You remember the third attack—or rather you wouldn't remember it," he began. "Anyhow, it was in 1917, and we were in a bad way. For some reason or other the German fire had slackened. Word had come down the line that all was clear. A staff officer telephoned we were to give our men a rest. It looked as though the Germans had had enough for a bit. I lay down myself, just as I was, for half an hour, but I couldn't sleep. I felt exactly as I am feeling tonight—exactly as I have been feeling all this week."

"Parrots Ain't Going Very Well Tonight," He Confided

"You're becoming interesting," the girl acknowledged.

"I got up softly," he went on. "There wasn't a sound to be heard, of any account—nothing but the distant firing down on the southern front. There wasn't a thing which seemed suspicious in any way; and do you know what I did? I had the alarm sounded, sent up flares, and called for supports. The colonel came up to me.

"'What the devil's the matter, major?' he demanded.

"'That, sir,' I told him, pointing.

"And, sure enough, there they were, working round our flank—half a division of them. We started the second battle of the rivers that night—got at them before they were half ready and gave them the worst trouncing they'd had for months; and I swear I hadn't heard a single thing when I called the men out."

"It sounds very thrilling," Nick Conklin said quietly, "but what's the connection?"

"There's something wrong here," Grant replied—"has been ever since Simon Flood was taken ill and disappeared. I don't know what it is but I can feel it all around."

"Giving me the creeps," Martha murmured.

"Let's see," Grant reflected. "Hungry John's going out tonight, isn't he? What sort of job is it? Has he told anyone?"

"He'll tell us himself directly, I expect," Chaplain Lane observed. "He's upstairs now."

"What's Mason making of him?"

"I don't know. Something marine, I think."

"His show tonight, then," Grant observed, "and yours on Tuesday, Nick. I'm going to propose that after Tuesday, before we plan our American tour, we take a long, long rest, to prevent it being a longer one. I don't mind telling you that if my plans work out I shall be a thousand miles away a week today. I've signed all the checks. Everyone will get what's coming to him, and any of you who have banking accounts abroad had better replenish them. I have arranged with Amos Grimmett to be here on Tuesday night, and the great competition can be wound up then. The lucky man can make his own arrangements as to where he has the stuff sent."

"You haven't any real cause for this wave of hysteria, have you?" Martha asked.

He looked at her with a slight curl of his cruel lips, a facial gesture far indeed removed from any suggestion of mirth. "I have no real reason," he admitted. "That is why, if I knew what fear was, I should be afraid."

"I'm getting really panicky," the girl declared, knocking the cigarette from her holder. "Nick, stand me another cocktail, please. I've just paid my account here and, with Major Grant feeling as he does about the place, I don't think I'll start another one. Do you keep accounts under our names, Charles?"

The pink and white barman shook his head slowly. "You are all numbers to me, madam," he confided. "Number seven is yours, if you want to know."

The door on the right-hand side of the bar was opened, and Frisby made his appearance. They stared at him for a moment in surprise. Then Martha clapped, and Nick beat the counter with the palm of his hand.

"Marvelous!" he murmured. "Mason's done the trick this time."

Frisby came slowly up to the bar. He was dressed in a shabby sort of blue uniform, which might have belonged to a steward on a third-rate liner. His cap was nautical, with a suggestion of the tropics in its white covering. He carried in his hand a bird cage, in which was confined a parrot. He held out two fingers, and Charles supplied him with a drink.

"What's the stunt?" Grant asked.

"There's a small liner from the Straits Settlements dropping in this evening," Hungry John said slowly. "She ain't much to look at, but she carries valuable cargo. Some of them small steamers from the East do."

Grant nodded. "It's dangerous stuff to handle."

John Frisby sipped his drink deliberately. "It's worth it," he confided, "and I've got a pull. The captain of the liner and I did a job together once. He offered to let me on board at Greenwich, but I think my way is as good."

"Shall we see you later?" Chaplain Lane asked curiously. "It's the sort of enterprise I'd like to hear about."

"If I have any luck," the other promised.

He saluted in nautical fashion, and left the room with a hornpipe step.

"Knowing what I do of riverside ways and haunts," Chaplain Lane remarked dryly, "I'd sooner dine where I am."

To the edge of civilization John Frisby ventured upon a taxicab. For another two miles he rode in a bus. Then, for some time, he proceeded on foot through a district of noisy, squalid streets where shops seemed to have given way, except at odd corners, to torch-lit stalls. There were Chinamen, and human beings of every race, in the tangled and clustering crowd. He encountered bold glances from the women, and suspicious ones from the men—alike unmoved.

Presently he plunged down a side street and turned up his collar as he met the breath of salt wind which blew in his face. At the end were dimly seen masts rising above the houses, lights that rocked to and fro as the tide swept in. A little way out in the river a tug was screaming. A small steamer was slowly being dragged into harborage. Frisby watched it for some time. Then he stole down to the edge of the dock, keeping well in the middle of the road and glancing carefully around. He knew the neighborhood. . . .

A man dropped from the steamer's side into a small boat, and sculled across. He mounted the slippery steps and tied the rope which he had brought to an iron hoop. Frisby stepped carefully forward.

"Is Mr. Enoch on board?" he asked.

(Continued on Page 47)

Specialists made it • • •
Engineers tested it • • •
Instruments proved it • •
and motorists say,
"Yes—the New Mobiloil does last longer"

A year ago, our engineers said: "Our tests prove that we've made the best Mobiloil in the history of the Company. Grade for grade, the New Mobiloil stands up better and lasts longer in comparison with other oils."

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There is a Mobiloil dealer near you with the grade of the New Mobiloil especially refined for your particular type of engine. His Mobiloil Chart will tell you which grade will most effectively help you keep the first-year feel in your engine for at least 30,000 miles.

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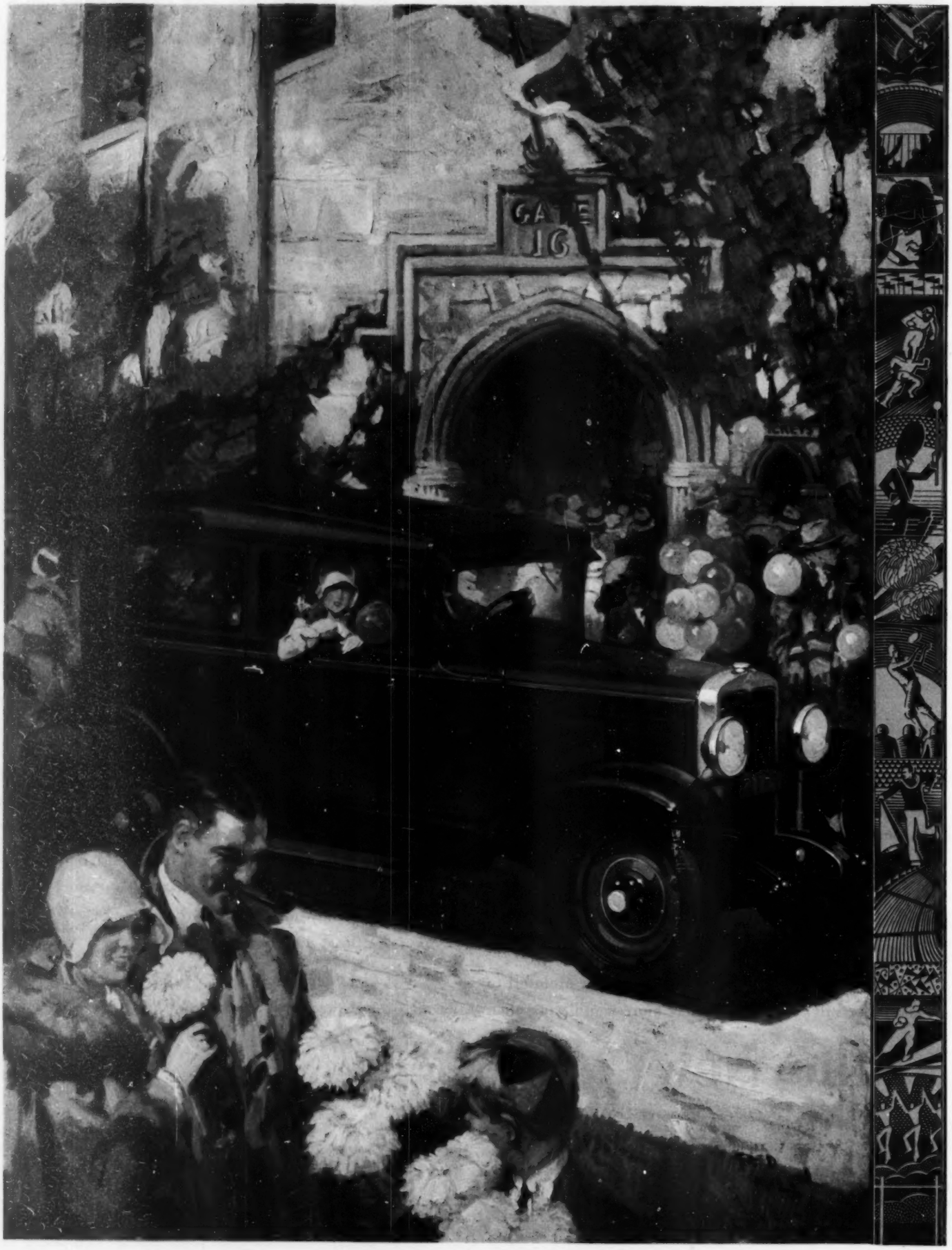
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16

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"GRANADA" Sealex Linoleum No. 5031

an Embossed pattern offering the rich effect of hand-laid tile. Immediately the new floor re-styles the entire room—brings also quiet, resilient comfort underfoot.

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(Continued from Page 42)

The man looked at him indifferently at first, then curiously. "Yes, Enoch's there," he acknowledged. "What's the sense of standing out in the middle of the dock with your —— parrot, calling for him? You know where he'll come."

Frisby nodded. There was sense in what the man was saying. He crossed the dirty street, with its fragments of rotting vegetables, odd morsels of refuse cast out from the river, to the foul corner of the wharf, and pushed open the door of the public house which occupied that salubrious position. Inside was nothing but a small taproom with one heavy, blowsy-looking man fast asleep on three chairs he had dragged together. There was no one behind the counter, but voices in the inner room. Cautiously he crossed the sanded floor, drew himself up by the counter rail, and peered over the tattered blind. What he saw was startling enough. There were three men in the apartment, and one woman. One man was lying on his side, groaning, and the woman was endeavoring, with a basin full of water, to stanch the blood from a wound in his forehead. Even more disquieting things had apparently been happening though. There, in a dilapidated chair, tightly bound to it, with a gag in his mouth, the glitter of fear in his black eyes, sat Jacky Costigan, his get-away—Jacky Costigan who should have been in that little alley they both knew of, close at hand, waiting with his forty-horse-power bicycle and carriage; and by the side of Costigan, looking extremely official, was a man in a dark suit, concerning whose calling there could be no manner of doubt—a plain-clothes police officer. Hungry John slipped back onto his feet, confident that no one had seen him. He turned to the sleeping man on the chairs.

"Hullo, you there!" he said. "Wake up!"

The man gave no reply save a stertorous groan. Hungry John advanced a few paces and looked at him.

"Shouldn't wonder if he hadn't been drugged," he muttered to himself.

He stole away, his gun was in his hand now, thinking out the possibilities of the situation. The tecs were onto the landing, then! There were probably more of them around waiting for the messenger from the Straits Settlements. Frisby's brain worked quickly. He could release Jacky Costigan without a doubt by the usual method, and the river was handy enough for the grave of an odd policeman, but why was there only one of them? There must be more in hiding. The sound of his gun would bring them around. He listened for the splash of oars. There was no sound outside. Jacky Costigan could wait, he decided. He played a brave game. With a coin from his pocket he tapped on the zinc edge of the counter. There was a slight exclamation from behind the door, a moment's pause. Then it was opened, and the woman swaggered out, large, ponderous of hip, lavishly decorated with the cosmetics of her Piccadilly sisters, her bold eyes flashing a welcome even as she came behind the counter.

"Well, you're a quiet little mouse, aren't you?" she demanded. "I never heard you come in."

"What about a drink?" Hungry John invited.

"I don't mind if I do," the woman accepted, with perfect sang-froid. "A glass of port's mine, if you can run to it."

"A chap just back from a voyage ought to run to a drink for a lady," Hungry John assured her. "Make it a double glass, and give me half a tumbler of the best whisky you've got."

"You're a customer, you are!" she declared, serving him unhurriedly, and leaning forward so as to bestow upon him the full blaze of her attractions. "Where do you come from, I should like to know, and what do you carry that bird about with you for?"

He contemplated the parrot pensively. "Thought I might sell it," he confided. "It's gray, and they're a bit difficult to pick up nowadays."

"You just landed?" she asked.

"Off the Lily Jane this evening. We got in before the City of Rangoon. Closish quarters up here."

"A nice bit of mischief you did!" she said. "The City of Rangoon was due in hours ago. I don't know anything about you, darling, but we've never had anything called the Lily Jane here before that I know of. Here's luck!"

"My love, dear!" Hungry John replied, patting her pudgy fingers. "What, no wedding ring! This may be my lucky day after all."

"You haven't forgotten how to kid since you've been away," the lady giggled.

"I forget," he sighed, "but it all comes back to me directly I see a real English girl again. Why do you let that fellow sleep there?"

"He's doing no harm. He's going off at midnight, on a barge. Some of his pals are coming for him. I said they could leave him there for a time. He's fairly stupid with booze."

"Some of his pals, eh?" Hungry John reflected thoughtfully. "How many of them?"

"Three or four. I didn't notice."

"Shall I be able to find a bed round here?" he inquired.

She looked at him doubtfully. "Well, that's asking!" she meditated. "Fact is things are upset with us tonight. Father's had a bit of a stroke or something, and cut his head. I've just been seeing to it. Mind waiting a moment whilst I go and give him another splash?"

"Certainly not," was the polite reply. "Don't keep me too long though. I'm an impatient sort of cuss."

She smacked the side of his head pleasantly, and withdrew, closing the door quickly behind her. Hungry John smelt the whisky with which he had been toying, decided that it was harmless and drank some. He heard the gurgling of water on the other side of the door. Once again he glanced carelessly at the bargeman, and with cautious footsteps made his way outside. The night was dark, but it had ceased to rain. The steamer was practically docked now, and a man was standing by a small gangway. The deck was ill lit, but one or two people were moving about. John Frisby glanced back through the bar window. The woman had not yet returned. He advanced to the end of the quay.

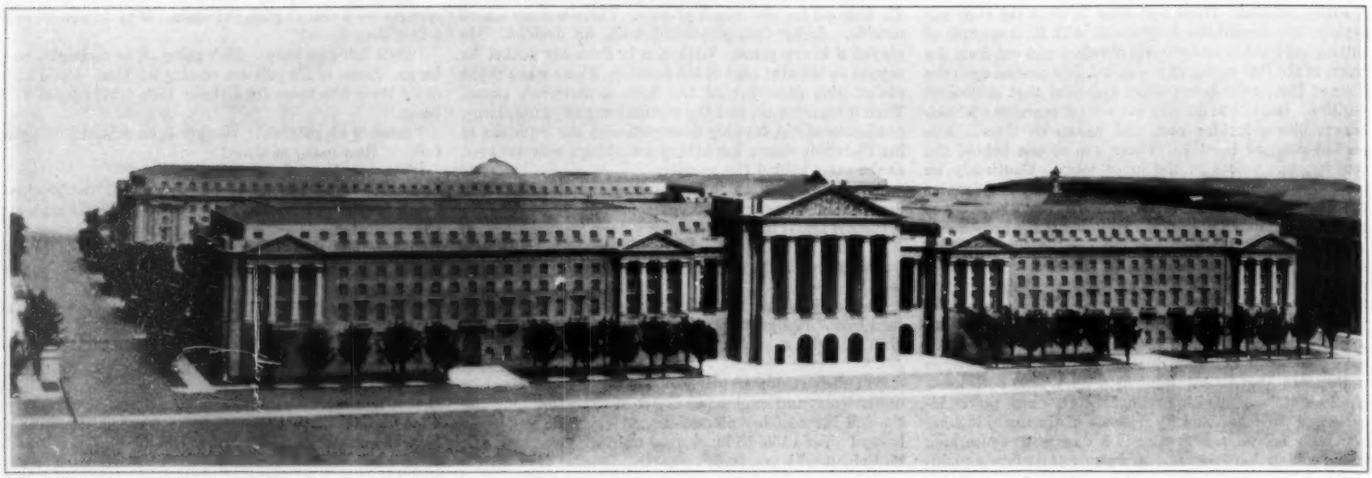
"Is Mr. Enoch on board?" he called out softly.

One of the two men who had been smoking together removed his pipe from his mouth. "He might be. What do you want with him?"

(Continued on Page 214)

"You Haven't Forgotten How to Kid Since You've Been Away," the Lady Giggled

REBUILDING THE CAPITAL



The New Department of Labor Building, Pennsylvania Avenue Frontage, With the Interstate Commerce Building in the Rear

By J. Frederick Essary

AFTER a heroic struggle of more than a century against conditions akin to physical chaos, on the one hand, and against the penury or the parsimony of the Federal Government, on the other, a new and splendid national capital is about to emerge from the artistic illiteracy and hodgepodgery of the Washington that was and still is.

We are promised the most beautiful seat of government in the world in another decade. Plans that captivate the imagination are spread before us. Designs and models of classic and monumental structures that charm, even ravish, the eye have been prepared. Plats of far-spreading parks and boulevards and vistas that cannot fail to awaken a patriot's pride have been evolved and approved.

Nor is it merely a matter of promises and plans and designs and models and plats. There is far more to it than that. Actual commitments have been made. A generous, not to say a spendthrift, Congress has authorized the initial appropriations—$75,000,000 as a starter. President Hoover, moreover, has just announced that he will ask Congress to chip in $25,000,000 more to be spent immediately. A total of $200,000,000 has been pledged. An enthusiastic Administration has put its hand to the job. The most gifted engineering, architectural and landscape talent the country affords has been drafted to assist in consummating these labors of love.

The program for the rebuilding and the beautification of the capital has gone even further. Sites for ten great departmental buildings have been fixed. Construction is under way upon four of the ten, and two more foundations—maybe three—will be laid within another year. Thirty squares in the heart of the city have been purchased or condemned or are in the process of condemnation. Steam dredges are upheaving the bed of a river, in one quarter, to make more land. And steam shovels are opening vast holes in the ground in other quarters, above which new public buildings are to rise. Hundreds of private-property owners are moving out to make way for the army of shovelers and constructors. Even the municipality of Washington is about to be dispossessed of its city hall, and, in turn, is projecting a new and elaborate municipal center of its own.

That huge and grotesque pile we call the Post Office Department Building is to go, and will go unmourned. Center Market, where generations of Washingtonians have provisioned themselves, is marked for demolition, as are the general offices of the Southern Railway, Harvey's celebrated restaurant, the old brick Capitol to which Congress retreated when the British burned Washington, and scores of other landmarks now in the path of progress.

It is a truly magnificent enterprise which the Federal Government has launched. For sheer size and cost it is perhaps without parallel in all history. Certainly it is true that no other nation in peacetime ever entered upon so colossal a construction program in a single season.

Not that it will be a matter of magic or of miracles. This remaking of the map of a city, even under Federal patronage, will not be achieved overnight. It is a trite observation that Rome was not built in a day. Neither will the newer Washington be built in a day any more than was St. Petersburg, undertaken all at once by the Romanoffs as the new capital of the Russian Empire, to be renamed, then abandoned, when the Soviet dictators transferred the seat of government to the Kremlin.

Modern Paris itself is the result of slow and painful evolution. That city has passed through many stages of development with centuries intervening. As every experienced observer knows, the Gothic Paris was as unlike the Paris of the Renaissance as the Paris of Louis XIV differed from that of the last Napoleon. It is with difficulty that the visitor of today traces the phases of Parisian growth.

Washington itself has undergone dynamic changes in these later years of its life, just as it endured countless griefs during its first hundred years of existence. Since 1900, commissions, one after another, have devotedly studied the problem of making it greater, more beautiful and more in keeping with the strength and dignity of the nation which it serves.

Until two years ago the results of these studies were unsubstantial, uninspiring. A Lincoln Memorial here, an Arlington Amphitheater there, and a cathedral-like railway terminal elsewhere added charm to the landscape. But against them still stand the concrete warehouses which shelter the Navy Department and the Shipping Board, whole clusters of abominable office shacks thrown up hurriedly in the war period, wretched dormitories and cheap apartment houses everywhere, the lot unworthy of the drabbest mill town.

Pennsylvania Avenue, in some respects the most famous thoroughfare on the continent, and in some respects the ugliest, remained untouched by the hand of artist or architect. "It is the street over which our great processions pass in triumph to the Capitol," to quote from Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon. "Yet never, in the days of either the ancient or modern world, has anyone seen before a great triumphal way bordered by gasoline stations, lodging houses and Chinese laundries."

Although Washington had a fairer start in life, perhaps, than any sister capital, surely no other city has suffered the degree of ridicule that has been visited upon it. For the better part of one hundred years it was an object of mockery and derision. Scoffers referred to it with amusement or contempt as the "wilderness city," or the "village monumental," or the "city of magnificent distances."

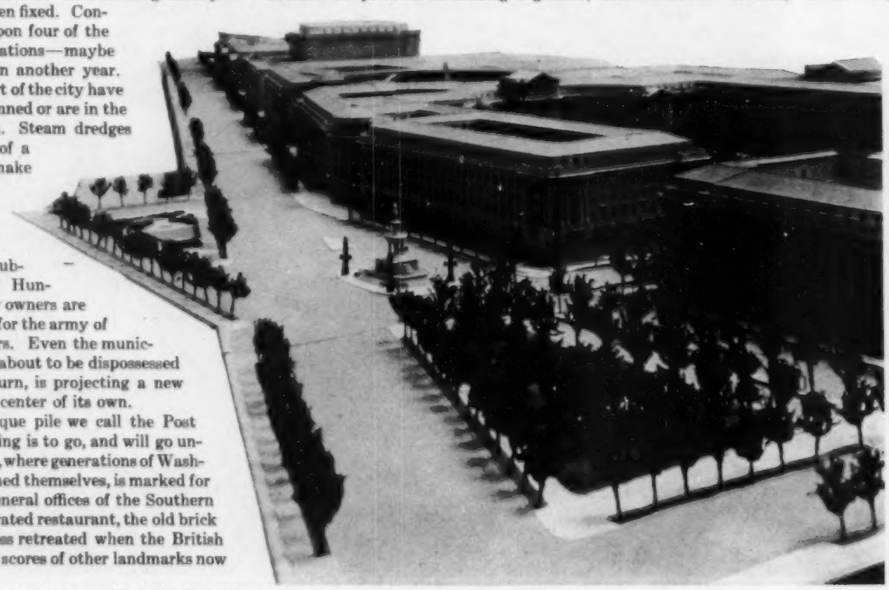
Nor were these denominations misapplied. Far from it.

As late as 1851, for example, Jean Jacques Ampere, son of the great French scientist, found in Washington "streets without houses and houses without streets." He saw in it all "a striking proof of this truth that one cannot create a great city at will."

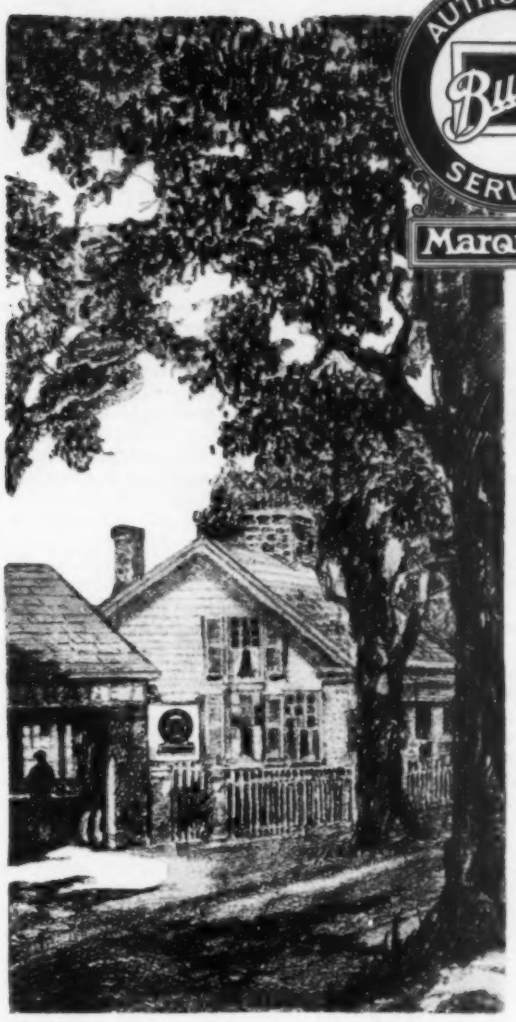
But to create a great city at will, by constitutional mandate, so to speak, is exactly what Washington's founders proposed and proceeded to do. Incidentally, it was over the need of a new national capital and over its site that there arose the first issue of sectionalism in our life as a free people. For both the North and the South demanded the seat of government. Incidentally again, this issue became tightly interlocked with the bitter dispute in the Constitutional Convention over the assumption by the Federal Government of the debts incurred by the several states in the prosecution of the Revolutionary War.

Alexander Hamilton, who became the first Secretary of the

(Continued on Page 50)



The Triangle, Looking East on Pennsylvania Avenue From the Treasury, With a Corner of the New Department of Commerce Building on the Right



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Buick-Marquette styling, Buick-Marquette performance and Buick-Marquette value have won universal favor. But there is this added reason why Buick and Marquette hold such outstanding leadership and have so many loyal friends:

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Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

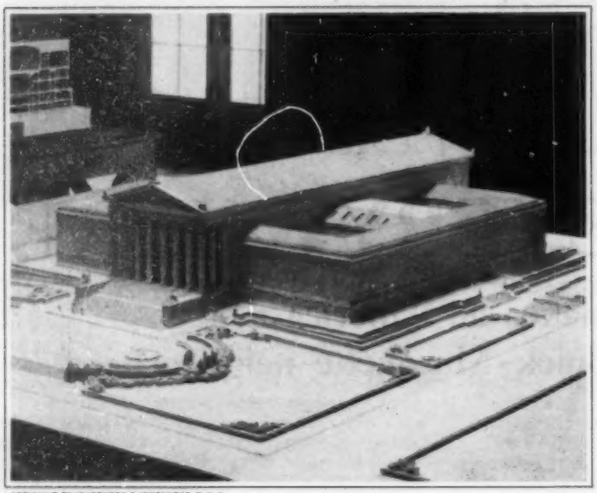
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 48)

Treasury, stood firmly for assumption, with the states having the smaller debts furiously objecting. They took the position that they would be saddled with more than their fair share of the obligation if it were spread equally over all.

The debts of the Southern States were the smaller. Their desire for the new capital, however, was the more intense. Hamilton, the strategist, saw his opportunity and moved for a compromise. He offered "a civility for a loaf of bread," proposing to give the Capital to the South in exchange for support of his assumption policy. It worked. And to seal the bargain the Southerners wrote the result into the Constitution. Constitutional changes were more easily achieved in those days!

One cold raw day in March, 1791, a few months after the famous compromise had been ratified and embalmed in the organic law, a weary traveler dismounted at Suter's Tavern, Georgetown, Maryland, threw his horse's reins to a negro hostler and sought lodging within. He had started by stage from Philadelphia, temporary seat of the infant government. But the stage had bogged on the road south of Baltimore and had given up. The traveler made his way to Bladensburg afoot, there secured a horse and reached his destination by nightfall. The next day he called upon the mayor of the town and presented his credentials. They were signed by Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. Likewise he presented papers from President Washington himself. These documents identified the bearer as Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, late of the Revolutionary Army.



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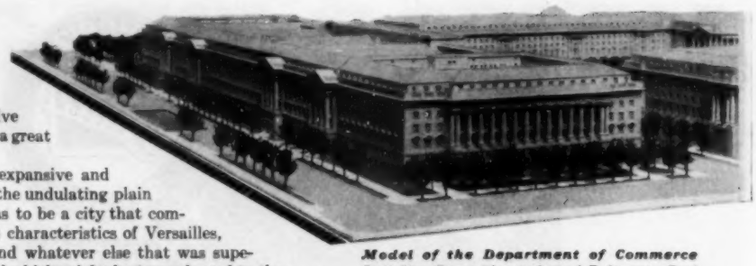
Model of the Proposed Supreme Court Building

Dream City

THIS officer had been commissioned by General Washington and his cabinet to survey the site of a new Federal city, a city to be planted within the hundred-square-mile area on the north and south shores of the Potomac, an area ceded to the Federal Government by Maryland and Virginia.

And standing upon the heights above Georgetown, now Mount St. Alban, with the valley of the Potomac spread before him, with the broad river melting into the horizon to his right, and with the distant Maryland hills forming a natural frame of the panoramic picture, this imaginative Frenchman dreamed a great dream.



Model of the Department of Commerce Building From the 13th and B Streets End

He envisaged an expansive and beautiful city upon the undulating plain beneath him. It was to be a city that combined all the superb characteristics of Versailles, of Paris, of Rome and whatever else that was superior in the Old World which might be transplanted to the new. Perhaps, even Salente, the idealistic community of Fénelon's Télémaque, was in his mind. Not only were stately buildings to arise, splendid streets to be traced, and innumerable parks to be placed, but full advantage was to be taken of the low hills for grand and lovely prospects and of the water for fountains and cascades.

"By the amplitude of its scope, the logic of the arrangements, the breadth of streets and avenues, the extent of ground set apart for gardens and parks, and the display of waters, the plan was a unique monument," said the French ambassador, J. J. Jusserand, of the L'Enfant dream, more than a century later.

But this new capital must be more than that, the dreamer felt. Aside from being beautiful and commodious, sentiment must have an all-important part in its make-up. Tradition must some day center about it. Everything that might go into it should be evocative and must have a meaning, a raison d'être. There should be handsome monuments, statues and columns.

"The grand avenue," he wrote later to Secretary Jefferson, "connecting the Palace and the Federal house will be most magnificent and most convenient." A temple was proposed for national celebrations which also would be a pantheon for the illustrious dead, "as may hereafter be decreed by the voice of a grateful nation."

A special column, as yet unbuilt, was "to be erected to commemorate first rise of a navy and to stand as a ready monument to consecrate its progress and achievements." A square was to be allotted to each state, "the center of each square to admit statues, columns, obelisks or any other ornament . . . to perpetuate the memory of individuals whose counsels or military achievements were conspicuous in giving liberty and independence to this country." This was L'Enfant's idea for fortifying the Union.

Topographically the L'Enfant plan may have seemed bizarre to some of his contemporaries, but not to General Washington, himself an engineer, or to Mr. Jefferson, the architect who drew the plans of Monticello, of Oak Hill, the Monroe house, and who designed the classic colonnade at the University of Virginia.

These two men enthused over the L'Enfant system of streets running from north to south and from east to west with the rectilinear arrangement of diagonal or arterial avenues superimposed upon the streets, avenues which radiated from the Capitol and the White House as do the spokes from the hub of a wheel.

Translated Into a City

THE axial treatment in the L'Enfant plan, which is the celebrated feature of Lenôtre's work in Paris, was to be preserved regardless of the proposed grouping of all public buildings in favorable landscape settings and regardless of the vast open spaces which were set apart as the sites for future monuments and memorials.

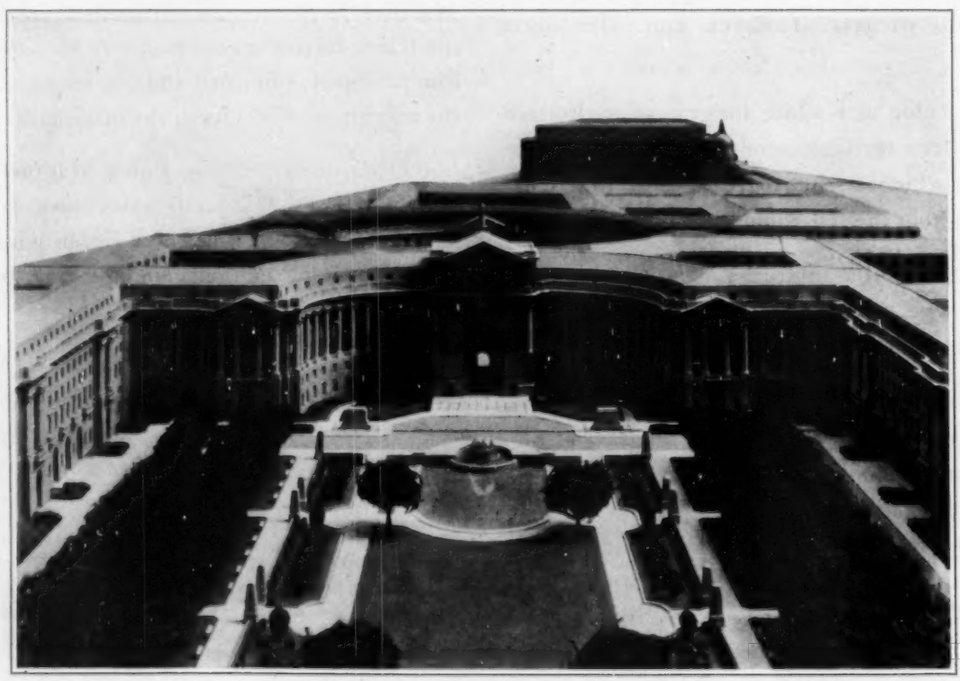
An extensive park, a mile in length, connecting the Capitol with another park south of the White House, the latter to extend to the Potomac's edge, was provided for. A broad and sweeping avenue was to border this park, along one side of which the public buildings of the future were to rise.

It was a noble plan which L'Enfant conceived—noble and yet fantastic. It was a triumph, but a triumph on paper only. To draft it was one thing, but to translate his dream into reality in a poverty-stricken country of scarcely 4,000,000 people, a country devastated by war, torn by sectionalism, and whose government was barely able to stand alone—to do that was quite another thing.

But it was profoundly impressive. It fascinated General Washington. He sent the painter Trumbull, who had visited Yorktown to do his picture of the surrender of Cornwallis, to see the city's site. He went personally to examine it with another visitor, Chevalier Jean de Ternant, the French minister.

"I would not leave Georgetown," the Frenchman wrote, "without having seen the ground destined for the Federal City. The position—it seemed to me to be a most interesting one from every point of view."

A long period of vicissitude followed. The Federal treasury being without resources, the states of Virginia and Maryland made substantial advances for the commencement of work upon the Capitol and the President's House, as the latter was called until the British burned it, and the coat of white paint to cover the discoloration gave it a new and permanent name.



The Great Plaza of the Triangle as Viewed From the Top of the New Department of Commerce Building, Looking Toward the Capitol

(Continued on Page 178)

Model 8-90
Sport Sedan
$1395

AUBURN has led the public to expect better built cars and greater values for less cost, than can be purchased elsewhere. Having won this enviable reputation, which is reflected in Auburn's rapid sales increase this year, it imposes an obligation upon Auburn to excel its own high standards of performance, endurance and economy. To be qualified for this leadership requires a comprehensive knowledge, and experience that is not limited to any one type of car. Auburn has this diversified experience, the varied engineering ability and adequate resources. There is direct assurance that Auburn DOES give greater value in the fact that Auburn also builds the costly Duesenberg cars, Cord Front-Drive cars and Lycoming motors. The knowledge and facilities necessary to these achievements, when focused upon Auburn design, construction and efficiency, mean that NO other car built comes from more expert sources. The proof of this is found in the Auburn car itself, in its record of performance and in the growing satisfaction of increasing numbers of Auburn owners. Add to this Auburn's policy of protecting the owner's investment by not obsoleting their cars, and you see why Auburn offers many exclusive advantages that warrant your investigation.

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6-80 Sedan $1095; 6-80 Sport Sedan $995; 6-80 Cabriolet $1095; 8-90 Sedan $1495; 8-90 Sport Sedan $1395; 8-90 Phaeton Sedan $1695; 8-90 Cabriolet $1495; 120 Sedan $1895; 120 Sport Sedan $1795; 120 Phaeton Sedan $2095; 120 Cabriolet $1895. Prices: f. o. b. Auburn or Connersville, Indiana. *Equipment other than standard extra.*

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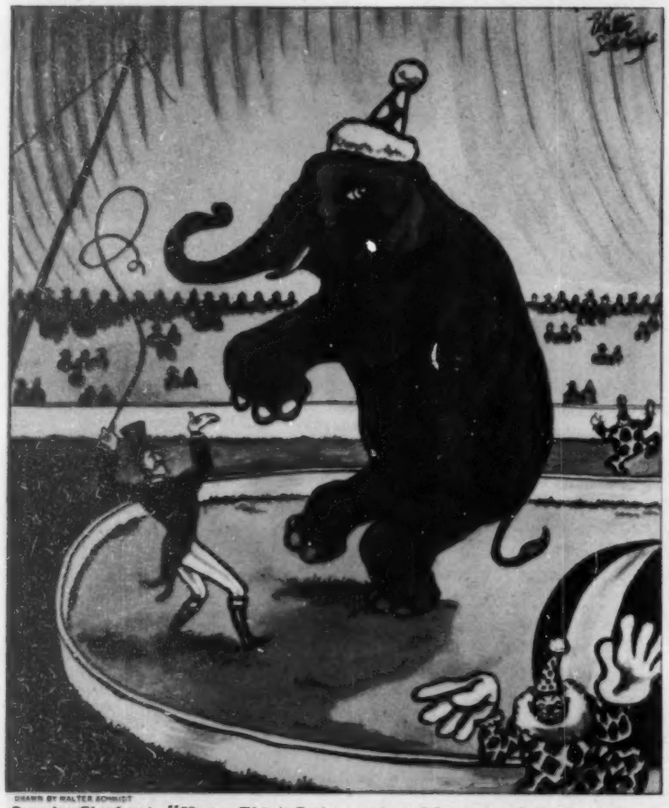
CARTOON AND COMEDY



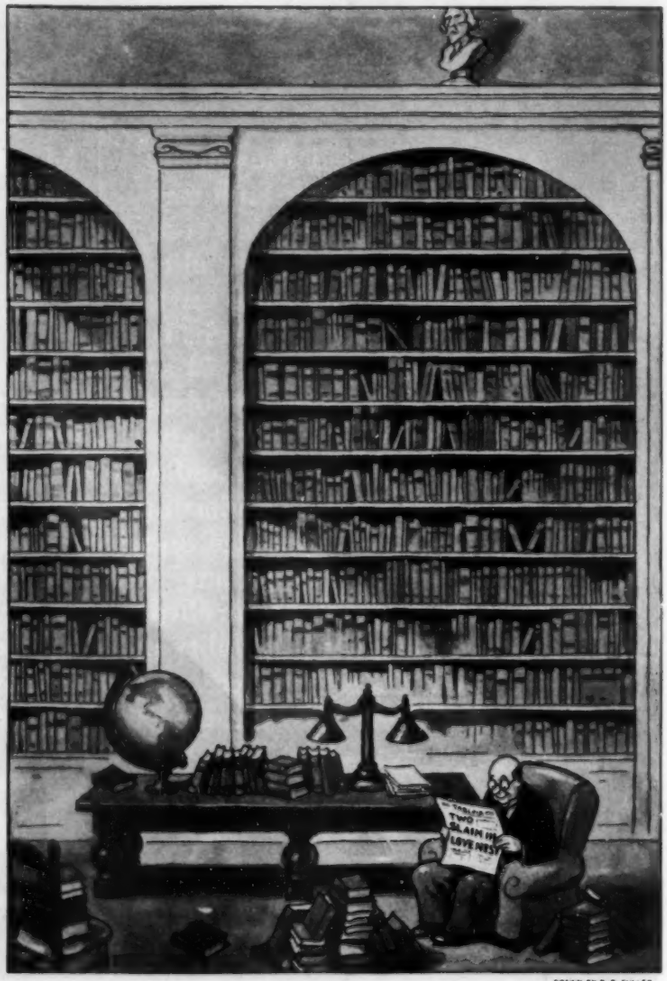
DRAWN BY WALTER SCHMIDT

Dancing Elephant: "Mercy, This is Embarrassing! I Recognize Some People Over There Who Were Watching Me Push Freight Cars at the Unloading This Morning!"

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Littérateur: "Did You Know That the Manuscript of "Alice" Sold for $75,259?" Home Girl: "Well, Those Longworths Always Did Know How to Get Publicity"

The Lady: "These Soulful Eyes! Oh, I Think He's Just Divine, Don't You?" The Brute: "Well, I Hate to Spoil Your Fun, But I Gotta Friend That Used to Live in Hollywood, and He Says This Guy Wears a Toupee and Has Flat Feet. However, Don't Hold it Against Him. It's All in the Game"



DRAWN BY R. B. FULLER

The Bibliophile

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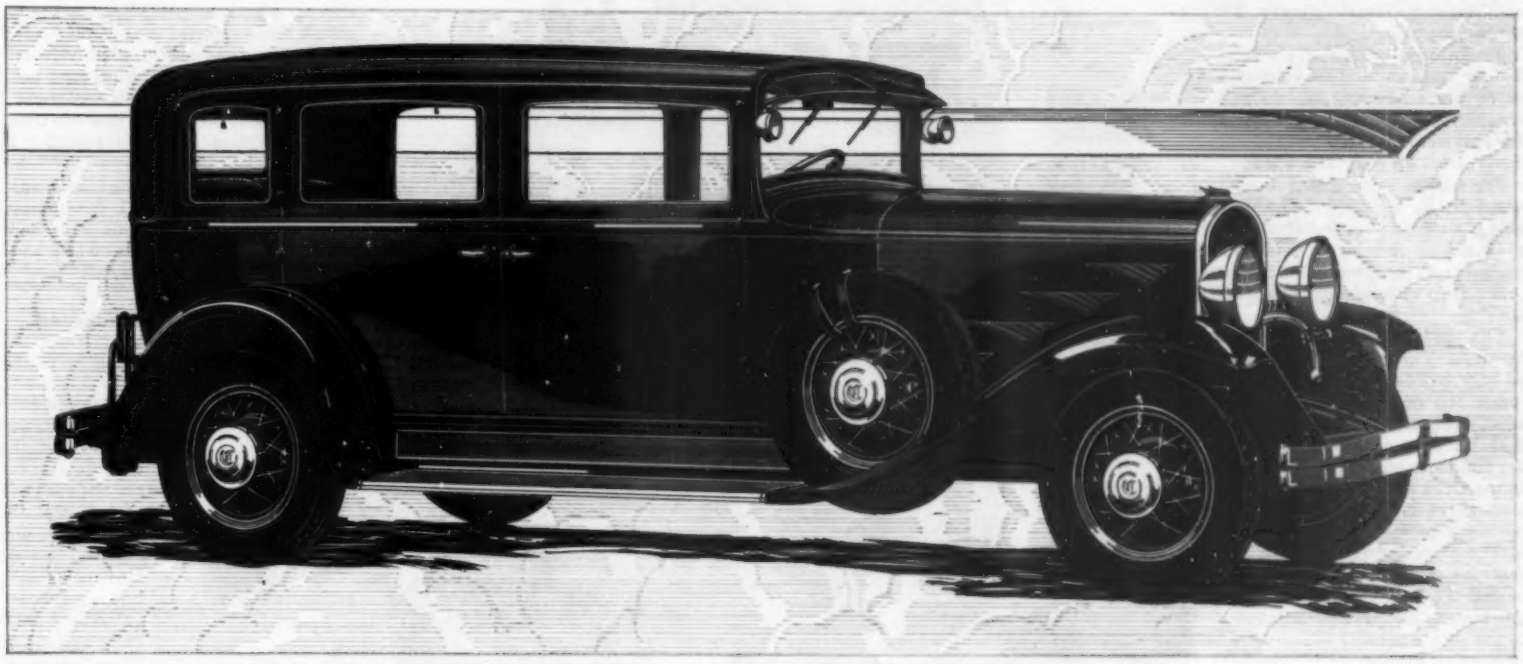
NEW CHRYSLER

PERFORMANCE THAT STANDS ALONE



New Chrysler "77" Royal Sedan, $1695 (Special Equipment Extra)

ENTHUSIASTIC endorsement of the new Chryslers is sweeping the country as added thousands learn through demonstration the new kind of performance ushered in by new Chrysler engineering features.

The new Chrysler "77" and "70" give performance that stands alone—performance obtained by intensive study and scientific research which brought into being such new and epochal developments as:

MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT—makes driving a joy and gear-shifting easy, quick and quiet;

DOWN-DRAFT CARBURETION—first adaptation of airplane fuelization to motor cars;

SYNCHRONIZED POWER SYSTEM—coordinated mechanism from radiator to rear axle;

PARAFLEX SPRING SUSPENSION—new riding comfort and road smoothness; and

ARCHITONIC BODIES—longer, wider and roomier, combining "dreadnought" strength, safety and quiet with utmost style and luxury of interior appointment.

Ride a block in congested traffic, sprint a mile on the open highway, level off a single hill—and you realize that here are motor cars that make you master of modern traffic conditions.

Arrange, too, with your nearest Chrysler dealer for a ride in the new Chrysler "66"—the lowest-priced six-cylinder car ever to bear the name of Chrysler—beautiful, rich and thrilling to drive—far and away the most astonishing six-cylinder value of the day.

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$2895 CHRYSLER IMPERIAL PRICES—Roadster, $2895; Town Sedan, $2975; 5-Pass. Sedan, $2975; Standard Coupe, $2995; Convertible Coupe, $2995; 7-Pass. Sedan, $3095; 7-Passenger Phaeton, $3095; Sedan-Limousine, $3475; Custom-built 4-Passenger Phaeton, $3855.

$1595 NEW CHRYSLER "77" PRICES—Business Coupe, $1595; Roadster, $1625; Royal Coupe, $1695; Royal Sedan, $1695; Crown Sedan, $1775; Town Sedan, $1775; Crown Coupe, $1775; Convertible Coupe, $1795; Phaeton, $1795.

$1245 NEW CHRYSLER "70" PRICES—Phaeton, $1245; Roadster, $1295; Business Coupe, $1295; Brougham, $1295; Royal Coupe, $1345; Royal Sedan, $1395.

$985 NEW CHRYSLER "66" PRICES—Business Coupe, $985; Roadster, $995; Phaeton, $995; Brougham, $995; Royal Coupe, $1045; Royal Sedan, $1065.

All prices F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS

Through Uncle Sam's Back Door

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

EVERYBODY knows in a general way that vast armies of undesirable aliens have been run into this country by smugglers who bootleg them from foreign parts. But it isn't everybody who gets intimately acquainted with any of the alien bootleggers and sees a close-up of how the game works. Such investigations, I fancy, mightn't be particularly healthy, if one didn't speak Spanish and weren't well vouched for. Luck favored me last winter in Havana. I was honored by the friendship of a Cuban in the trade, and he shot me the whole works. I'll shoot them to you.

Partly in Castilian, partly in English, for weeks on end I gradually garnered my alien-smuggling friend's thrilling lore. And here, at times in his own words to keep the Spanish flavor, I tell his story as a whole.

For a great many years, though now suffering a slump, the bootlegging of aliens in from Cuba has been a flourishing and highly profitable business. It has been thoroughly organized, with strong financial backing.

The undertaking has several branches. First, in the far-off alien country halfway round the world, comes the recruiting agent. This agent glibly explains to the prospect that his only chance of reaching the Golconda known as America is to use Cuba as a jumping-off place; that there is always ample opportunity to cross the Gulf of Mexico on smuggling boats; and that the powerful organization behind the business guarantees safe landing and transportation to any chosen point.

The Best Policy

THIS propaganda is also carried on aboard steamers from European ports, by members of crews when talking to Cuba-bound aliens. On landing in Cuba, prospects are approached by employes of certain hotels that, though apparently doing only a legitimate business, are really depots for keeping prospects bunched and ready for the first good chance to run them through Uncle Sam's back door.

We Usually Think of the Chinese as a Meek, Peace-Loving Species

In addition, free-lance recruiting agents work the various hotels and bars not belonging to the regular organization. These agents get about twenty-five dollars for each passenger they deliver aboard any of the smuggling boats.

"We, in the business, call these passengers 'melons' or '*bultos*'—which means bundles, packages," my genial smuggler told me, one balmy January evening in a little Vedado café. I'll call him Ramon Ramirez, because that's so totally unlike his name. "We take them from their hotels in the small hours of the night, and carry them to the loading places where our boats are waiting for their human cargo. These places are usually some deserted spot along the open coast or an isolated fishing port with good road communication from Havana. The big gangs, carrying on the trade in a regular way, have always paid fairly large hush money.

"Protection? Ah, yes, señor, of course. You may as well try to get pears from elm trees as try to do business without it. Yet some shortsighted smugglers do so try. These independents, because of their saving in hush money, can make far lower rates to their customers. In most cases, though, where they expect bacon they meet with broken bones. For they are caught and have their trade spoiled, not only by the authorities but also by the regulars in the smuggling line. It pays, no, to do business in the good old honest way? The best policy, as you call it, eh?"

The customers—"bootleggees," to coin a word—after crossing the Gulf, are met at prearranged places near the American coast by local motorboats. These land them in secret spots and deliver them into the hands of the final receivers, who dress them in American clothes, buy their railroad tickets, drill them so as to avoid detection, and see that each alien safely reaches his destination in the land of milk and honey.

All this, of course, if everything goes according to plan and if every crooked link in the chain is a straight crook—a good, square-shooting lawbreaker. But alas, between the cup of plenty and the thirsty alien lip, many a mischance sometimes spills the nectar. For often dishonest and conscienceless grafters upset the scheme of things entire, and even sink so low as to hornswoggle the guileless bootleggees to a fare-ye-well. As, for instance —— But I'll let Ramirez tell it himself. If his speech is a bit flavored with Spanish, never mind.

"Several years ago, in the good old days, we honest smugglers kept a severe code of honor, and so strict was exacted that unwritten law that anyone failing faithfully to comply with it was routed off as an outcast. So high were our standards that our word was considered as binding as a written deed, and once we pledged ourselves to take safely across a lot of passengers, we did every effort within our power for its protection, even when that entailed a real danger for our boats or our persons.

"Unfortunately, under the shadows of our flag and faking themselves as honest smugglers lived a host of swindlers and deceivers, just like a pack of jackals eating and tainting the meat of the kill made by the lions. Though we honest ones generally do not thrust our noses into other men's porridge—as our immortal Don Quixote says—we always, wherever possible, relentlessly punish those accursed fleas of the trade. What scoundrels, señor; what villains! Every man is as heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse. But no one can be worse than those cheating rascals! I played an active part in tracking and punishing them many times, so now I can expose their base and despicable work."

Fleeced

"I RECALL how one such gang of human hyenas took a big bunch of Armenians to an abandoned old lighter stranded in an isolated place of Havana's harbor and collected fifty dollars apiece. Then they gave a small loaf of bread and a bottle of cheap beer to every one, and told them to lie quiet and wait for the tugboat that would come soon and take them in tow for New York. Many go out for wool and come home shorn, and so it was with those miserable Armenians. They stayed down into the hold two days. Then the pains of thirst made them come over deck and cry for help.

"The skipper of a small work launch saw them, smelled a rat and hurried to the police to report about that odd happening; and soon the Armenians were rescued by a patrol boat and taken to headquarters. So they got shorn, indeed!"

We usually think of the heathen Chinee as a meek, peace-loving species. But—well, just push them a little too far, and things happen. Most Chinks know they're not wanted, and are correspondingly anxious to get in. The smuggling of Celestials is punished much more severely than that of any white nationality; being treated, in fact, with about the same rigor as dope smuggling. I've heard that more than once, in a jam, bootleggers have made no bones of heaving a cargo of Chinks overboard—if able! Nearly all Chinese are smuggled as stowaways on big freighters or hidden on passenger ships. But very few of them get in unobserved, even though they pay tremendous sums, almost always more than a thousand dollars.

In the heyday of the business, if passengers transported by the regulars were caught in the United States inside a given period after having landed, and were transported back to Cuba, the bootleggers carried them to the States again free of charge. This was, of course, before our present law ordering deportation to the country of origin. As we

(Continued on Page 57)

»»GET YOUR CAR READY NOW»»

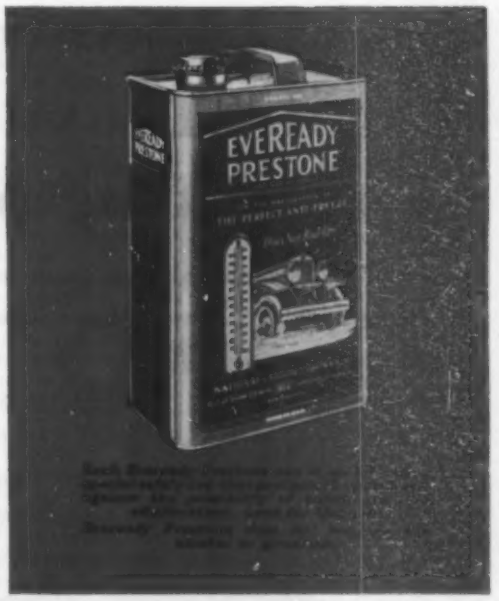
A LITTLE PREPARATION FOR WINTER DRIVING EARNS A BIG REWARD IN ALL-SEASON SATISFACTION

COLD-WEATHER driving brings continued hardships and repeated dangers to every water-cooled automobile engine. Your car—to perform as it should—requires, and deserves, some simple preparation to carry it safely through the long, hard winter months almost here.

Everyone knows how essential it is to have free-flowing winter lubricants in the crankcase, transmission and differential. The importance of vigorous, hot ignition in cold weather is obvious. But many motorists neglect the most needful of all duties—*cooling system service*. The cooling system is the most vulnerable part of every water-cooled car in freezing weather—it should be in *perfect* working order.

Rust and scale collect in radiator and water-jacket during summer driving and may hinder circulation. Have them flushed out, thoroughly—start winter with the cooling system *clean*. Then see that there are absolutely no leaks, *anywhere*, in hose and pump connections, radiator, gaskets, packings, drain cocks. All connections should be *tight* . . . leak-proof!

Now your car is ready for Eveready Prestone—the surest safeguard against freezing known. Put one supply in a clean, tight cooling system



9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1 Gives complete protection.
2 Does not boil off.
3 Positively will not damage cooling system.
4 Will not heat up a motor.
5 Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6 Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7 Non-inflammable.
8 Odorless.
9 Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

Thoroughly tested and 100% approved by the American Automobile Association.

and you can forget about freezing hazards *all winter*.

Eveready Prestone possesses *all* the properties which the National Bureau of Standards has pointed out as essential for an anti-freeze. It is a distinct chemical compound, containing neither alcohol nor glycerine. It will be wise to put in your winter's supply of Eveready Prestone *now*.

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EVEREADY PRESTONE
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FOR PREPARATION OF THE
PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE

Now HEAR Harold Lloyd in his first talking picture!

You'd think he couldn't possibly be any funnier, but you'll *hear* he is when you see him in "Welcome Danger," Harold Lloyd's first sound and dialog picture. *Twice* the laughs than ever before! ¶ You'll be all eyes and ears when you see it—it has laughs, thrills, romance, youth, gayety, *everything!* And what a treat for the children—more fun than a three-ringed circus! ¶ Don't miss seeing and hearing Harold Lloyd in "Welcome Danger." You'll laugh at every minute of it, and it will give you something to talk about for weeks after!

HAROLD LLOYD

IN

"WELCOME DANGER"

Produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Sound and Dialog Release—one of Paramount's super entertainments of the New Show World. Also presented silent for theatres not yet equipped for sound. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

TUNE IN!

Paramount-Publix Radio Hour, with your favorite stars of stage and screen on the air, every Saturday night, 10 to 11 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

(Continued from Page 54)

have seen, strict honor prevailed among the high-class lawbreakers. But the big profits made competition keen. This, and alleged infractions of the code, sometimes ended in bitter private war. One of the commonest causes of such war was the theft of a valuable bunch of passengers by the recruiting agents of a rival gang.

These agents were and are usually aliens themselves; individuals shrewder and more clever than their fellow countrymen. Landing in Cuba with the original purpose of slipping into the States, they aren't long in seeing the rich harvest ripe for the reaping; the fortune to be made by settling right in Cuba and, as it were, going into the forwarding business.

They usually work among people of their own nationality. After getting casually acquainted, or so it seems, the agent leads the conversation up to the golden opportunities in the States. Then he very confidentially divulges that he has a splendid chance to get smuggled across in an absolutely reliable boat.

"But, my dear Giuseppe," he adds, "unfortunately I haven't quite money enough for my fare. If you'll lend me a few dollars I'll connect you with the right parties to land you in Florida."

This is the so-called double-commission scheme that gets a rake-off both by touching the client with the lack-of-full-money story, and also by collecting a regular percentage from the shippers.

Another favorite method is for the agent to play the scared-party game, thus:

"You see, friend Rabinovitch, I'm afraid to go myself. Even though lots of my friends have made it and got fine jobs, as you can see by these letters telling what get-rich-quick wages they're getting—even so, I'm scared to try it. But if you dare to take my place ——"

Nine times out of ten the victim boasts that he isn't such a coward, and comes across with his passage money.

With Uncle Sam for a Tutor

WITH the development of the business, certain companies took to specializing in particular nationalities. Thus Italian, Greek, Spanish, Armenian, German and other companies were formed. Prices for men fluctuated between two hundred and three hundred dollars, with United States railroad tickets extra. Women, as more risky propositions, had to give from four hundred to five hundred dollars.

At that time no laws existed in Cuba to punish such recruiting, except that when money was collected in advance of the aliens going aboard ship, the case might be handled as a sort of *estafa*, or fraud. Skippers convicted of taking irregular passengers were punished only for a breach of the customhouse regulations, by being fined. Their vessels were held as security for the fines, and when released could, without further trouble, go right back into the same game.

"The boats employed," Ramirez told me, "were either large and rather fast cabin cruisers or auxiliary schooners, and in some cases fishing smacks with motors. The bigger boats ordinarily carried a crew of four—skipper, paid one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a trip; and motor operator, deck hand and cook, each getting about one hundred dollars, with a special bonus depending on the importance of the shipment. The big boats transported forty to fifty *bultos* a trip. Then, in addition, there were smaller and usually faster boats carrying ten to twenty passengers, and with a crew of only two men. We also used several *viveros*—that is, big fishing schooners equipped with fish wells, that could take a few aliens, hidden or else disguised as fishermen. These vessels arranged with local American fishing boats to land their aliens somewhere along the Florida coast.

"The business was often handled by crews without the knowledge of the boat owners at all. When a boat was seized in the States, skippers usually got a year and a day, while the rest of the crew had to serve six months.

"I myself, señor," affirmed my smuggling friend, not without a certain pride, "have done six months in Tampa. That is how I learn the English. A very useful half year it was, and I bear no grudges. One can always learn much. Fortune always leaves some door open, as our proverb says. And my knowledge of the English, presented me free for nothing by your good Uncle Sam, has been most useful to me in my business ever since."

Excellent philosophy! While getting free board, why not also profit educationally? Especially as one's mind is wholly at rest, knowing that all the time of one's imprisonment one is being paid regular wages, and also that one's family is being taken good care of by the alien-bootleggers' union.

About one phase of the traffic, however, skippers were and are mighty sensitive. That is, dope. They simply won't carry narcotics if they can help it. Usually they search all aliens' baggage for it with great zeal. Being caught with hop aboard means a long stretch behind steel bars. Not so nice.

"We're always very careful at sea," my smuggling friend explained. "Passengers are not allowed on deck more than two or three at a time. A wise man won't keep all his eggs in one basket, nor will a cautious skipper let all his *bultos* come up from under hatches at once. This rule is specially strict in heavy weather or when there is any delay in the arrival of the local United States boat to take the cargo off. It is necessary, to prevent any upraising of the bunch—mutiny, you call it?—and the raiding of the crew, with fatal results. Also, the aliens have to be disarmed before we let them aboard."

Good faith and submission to orders are essential in stormy weather, when the aliens are kept below under battened-down hatches, to prevent swamping. Conditions at such times are frightful for the packed-in human cargo, very much as in the old black-ivory days of the slave trade. Sometimes the bootleggees endure hellish torments for the sake of reaching the land of promise.

"And in a jam, what?" I asked. "Mutiny, always? Or do your passengers sometimes offer to help you?"

"They often help, indeed. I remember once, during the worst moments of a norther, when the fury of the gale was threatening to tear our boat to pieces, several Greek 'melons' volunteered.

"'We're sailors too! We'll bear a hand!' Which they did, and saved our lives as well as their own.

"Another time, when I was motor operator of a big boat carrying twenty passengers, the skipper was completely knocked out by sudden sickness. I decided to carry on, to steer the course, mind the engine and all, besides doctoring my sick partner. But some of the aliens offered to help. Together we finished the trip—more than three hundred miles. Oh, they're not all bad fellows, sir."

The alien-bootlegger's life is crammed with stuff for a hundred thrillers. Once my friend signed for a run across to Florida in a boat the owner of which refused to buy a new set of storage batteries for electric lights. Instead, this miser insisted on using half a dozen common kerosene lamps. To make things more interesting, a big supply of gas in drums was stowed in the cabin, as the regular tank capacity wasn't enough for the trip.

"You're crazy to take chances like that!" my friend protested; but the owner told him he was going himself and would risk it.

"And if you don't like it, stow your gab and get out!"

As there was an even one thousand dollars in it for my friend and an acquaintance of his, he decided to take a chance. See now what happened!

"A brave man carves out his fortune despite all the gods, señor, and I was determined to carve mine. Soon after midnight our passengers came aboard, thirty-four of them, including three women—far too many for such a little launch. We left Cuba very dangerously overloaded for any kind of foul weather. All went right till next noon, when a norther and a rising sea began battering us. I reduced speed, but even so we sprung a leak. By sundown we were hardly doing four knots, and the weather was getting worse; a regular *tiempo*, or hurricane. The owner was seasick, like most of the passengers. The boat was a hell hole—groans, foul air, dim light, seasickness. Horrible! Then the owner got abusive. He seemed to blame me for the storm. But I had other fish to fry than argument. I drew my gun on him and told him to shut up or get a bellyful of bullets. That quieted him, believe me!"

But the Fish Got Away

"WE LIVED through the night, though the leak gained steadily. Ill luck never comes alone, though, as we say in Spanish. About four in the morning I heard an explosion and saw long flames shooting up round the engine. Maybe an oil lamp had got smashed or somebody had thrown a lighted match into a gasoline leak. Anyhow, the most dreaded peril at sea was upon us—fire! Fire, sir, with a rotten boat in a gale, overcrowded, and carrying a deadly load of gasoline. Some of that gasoline had escaped from a drum. Now it was burning fiercely.

"'Our finish!' I thought, as I grabbed the fire extinguisher—and found it empty! I switched off the engine and shut the door from the stern cockpit to the engine compartment, as well as the ventilating hatches through the cabin roof. Thus I tried to smother the blaze. Meanwhile my pal was helping the howling aliens up on deck. Quick as he got them out he shut all openings. Our only hope was to stifle the flames by exhaustion of the air before the drums exploded. A race with death was on.

"That was a hard sight, señor—our boat staggering through the seas with her frenzied cargo bunched on deck, screaming, gibbering prayers in half a dozen languages. The floating nightmare was too much for me, so I signaled my friend and we managed to slip our tender overboard and get into it. Unnoticed in the darkness and confusion, we rowed away from that blazing death trap. Every second we expected the roar of a terrific explosion that would blow the boat and cargo to atoms. It would probably mean death for us, out in a small boat in the tempest. The strain was horrible. But the explosion did not come. Something like a miracle happened. The fire died out!

"We rowed back and got aboard once more. I yelled orders at the crazed aliens and cowed them. We set a rag of canvas on our mast and ran south before the wind. Cautiously I opened the engine-room door and found the fire choked by lack of oxygen, and more than two feet of water up round the ruined engine. All we could do was try to float till picked up.

"This we did. At nine we were overhauled by a south-bound steamer, a big American freighter from Galveston to Havana for sugar. We made distress signals.

"'Been out on a fishing trip!' I explained. 'Got fire and are disabled. Will you tow us in?'

"They passed us a manila hawser. The only thing aboard us that looked strong enough for towing was the base of our mast. But when under way they didn't pay off enough line, so we hung under their stern with the propeller blades churning half out of water just a few feet ahead of us, covering us with spray. This didn't last long, though, for all at once—crash—our mast and part of our stem flew away, jerked out by the tremendous strain."

One Liner That Fell to Pieces

"THEY stopped again, lowered a boat and took the women and some of the men aboard. This time they gave us plenty of hawser, which we led round the engine. Then off we started again for Havana.

"Well, señor, the captain of the steamer was wise to our kind of fishing, and I knew he had wirelessed it to Havana, so we decided to dodge trouble. As night came on we gave all hands aboard plenty of *mojo*—rum, sugar and lemon juice—and pretty soon they couldn't see straight. Then we lashed empty gas cans into the tender, so she couldn't sink. We put oars aboard her, and two bailing pails. Darkness fell. We spotted, on the far horizon, the glow of Havana's lights. As the steamer drew in, two tiny gleams bobbed toward us.

"'One of those is the pilot's launch,' I told my friend.

"'And the other?' he asked.

"'A police boat—for us. *Vamos!*'

"We launched the tender, jumped overboard and swam to her. Lucky for us no sharks got there first. We rowed and bailed, and went away clean. When we got near the coast we couldn't land on account of a tremendous surf. Heading into port would have meant arrest. So we took a chance through a reef. A big roller threw us ashore half drowned. We got home, more dead than alive, and next morning read in the papers all about the capture of the aliens; also our own death by drowning. Sad, was it not? Ah, very!"

A bunch of newly arrived aliens agreed to pay two hundred dollars each to a smooth-mannered and finely dressed Cuban who introduced himself as the owner of a Havana-New York passenger steamer. This suave person explained that though he would have to use secrecy in taking the aliens aboard, everything was fixed in New York for a safe landing with the legal passengers.

He took the lot, one dark night, to a place down the coast. Sure enough, there was the steamer waiting for them. Offshore, its lights were plainly visible. And moreover, presently a boat with two uniformed sailors came pulling landward.

The owner asked these sailors a few questions, then began signaling with a pocket flash light. The steamer immediately showed three answering red flares. Said the owner:

"All O.K.! Any time you boys want to pay your passage money, you can go aboard." The aliens forked over. "Correct! Now I'll send the ship's boats ashore for you."

Whereupon he got into the small boat with the two sailors and faded away into the night. Question: "Did he ever send any boats?" Answer: "Don't be so naïve!" Question: "Did the aliens want to see him again?" Answer: "Oh, no; certainly not!" If they had, they surely would have given him many beautiful bouquets. And the steamer? There wasn't any steamer. There was just an old motorboat lengthened out with spars and built up with flimsy woodwork and canvas, sporting a fine array of lights. This bit of stage setting had a single man on board to answer the signals from shore. The owner and his sailors helped this man heave all the camouflage swiftly overboard. Then all four of them contentedly chugged back to Havana to start another racket.

(Continued on Page 342)

FLYING KITES—By Boyden Sparkes

THE great space under the vaulted ceiling of Grand Central Terminal in New York City catches and echoes the sounds of many journeyings. Yet the true destination of a smartly clad, middle-aged traveler who approached the gate of a train platform there, one day some months ago, is not printed on any of the tickets sold within that vast chamber. Even the traveler was unaware of that destination, except as it was foretold by a dreadful foreboding that had long been troubling him. His ticket, held as a passport for the eye of the gate tender, bore the name of a town in Connecticut; but he was going much farther.

The change in the character of his journey happened swiftly. Two detectives, who had been awaiting this man, stepped from the throng about the gate as he appeared. One of them tapped him on the shoulder. Probably it was not a vigorous tap, but because it had been feared and experienced many times in fancy, it fell on the traveler like a hammer blow. The two detectives took their places, one on each side of him, and then escorted him to a police station. There, before the prisoner had so much as answered a single interrogation, he complained that he was smothering. Then he became unconscious, and in fifteen minutes he was dead. The doctor who was summoned said that his heart had failed.

The newspapers, in reporting this sudden death, said that the man was a broker; but he was not a broker. It would be difficult to say, without writing a lengthy obituary, just what he was. Fundamentally, though, he was a crook, and the pattern of one of his frequently committed crimes is known in banks as check kiting. With his other affairs, his gambling, his deals in bootleg liquor and his operations in Wall Street, we need not be concerned except as they indicate his need of money to finance quick deals, deals that would not bring anything but a negative head shake from any banker to whom he might have presented them as excuse for negotiating a loan. Usually he needed the money for a day, or two days at the most. This is the way he got it:

He maintained accounts in two banks, one on Long Island and one in New York City. The one in New York City was ostensibly the account of a business concern which may be identified here as the Manhattan Loft Agency Corporation. It was a one-man business, and he was the man. But there was a woman secretary who signed all the checks. Similarly pretentious names are commonly used to screen the activities of adventurers of commerce. The actual balance in this account rarely exceeded a few hundred dollars. In the Long Island bank this particular adventurer also had a balance of a few hundred dollars.

Hauling Down the Kite

In New York this man would deposit to the account of the Manhattan Loft Agency Corporation a check for $5000 drawn against his personal account in the Long Island bank. Then, by means of a check signed by his woman associate, he would draw against this uncollected credit as much, perhaps, as $4000. He knew that it would take two days for the $5000 check to find its way through the channels of the Federal Reserve Bank before it could be presented for collection at the Long Island bank. He had, therefore, slightly less than two days in which to swell his Long Island account with a fresh deposit. Often he turned his deal, in bootleg whisky or contraband drugs or whatever illicit material he was handling, overnight. Although it would take his check two days to reach his home bank, he knew that he could reach there in person, either by train or in an automobile, in something less than two hours. In the course of several months he had occasion many times to race out there with cash to beat his check home. At times when his deals hung fire he had to take the chance of meeting disaster by depositing in his Long Island account an equally worthless check on his New York account.

The checks drawn on this Long Island bank in time attracted the notice of a specialist in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. This man is a kite expert and watches constantly the stream of out-of-town checks passing through the big wholesale bank for collection. There is such an expert on duty in all the banks of the Federal Reserve System, and many an unheralded trip of the national and state bank examiners is made as a result of tips from these kite hunters.

An Account With No Margin

In this case the suspicious checks increased rapidly in size and number. They came along, at intervals of a few days, for $30,000, for $40,000, and sometimes for larger amounts. Tabulations were made and the case became more and more interesting, and more and more suspicious to that impersonal watcher posted in the channel through which pass all out-of-town checks originating or terminating in the area of the New York Federal Reserve Bank district. Comparisons were made with the checks of approximately similar size which were flowing from the Long Island bank to the New York institution.

"This," dogmatically asserted the Federal Reserve Bank expert at last, "is a kite." He addressed himself to a superior in the big bank, and this man in turn passed along the word to the national-bank examiner. This official sent deputies to the New York bank and the Long Island bank.

"You fellows," they warned, "should stop giving credit on uncollected items."

The New York bank officials were grateful to discover the risk they had been taking. Soon afterward the Manhattan Loft Agency Corporation ceased to have an account in their bank. The Long Island bank officials, however, were not so well pleased with the warning.

A woman relative of the check kiter, they said, had a $60,000 interest account in their bank. She maintained it, they said, because of the influence of this man. Consequently, they did not wish to offend him. They did promise, however, to scrutinize his account more closely in the future before honoring his checks.

For some time thereafter the operations of this individual were curtailed. Then again large checks bearing his signature were observed passing through the clearing-house section of the Federal Reserve Bank. Sometimes these had been cashed for him at night clubs, sometimes in hotels, but most of them had been honored by a Wall Street brokerage house. How did this concern the Federal Reserve Bank? Simply because they were bad checks, and as sponsors of the present mechanism of collecting all out-of-town checks in the United States at par, the officers of the Federal Reserve System are anxious to make every piece of paper moving on its financial highways precisely as good as a piece of currency.

This time a representative of the Federal Reserve Bank went to the bank of the brokerage house. The man's record as revealed by the previous investigation was laid before an executive of the brokerage concern's bank. This banker carried the information to the brokers and gave it with a personal warning.

"Nonsense," protested the broker partners. "His checks have always been good."

"Sure," conceded the banker—an important one this time. "He is making them good with your money."

"Show us," retorted the brokers.

"All right, I will. He gave you recently a check for $10,000. Find that item in your ledger and let us see what it was for."

The cashier of the brokerage concern was called into the conference. Quickly he returned with the necessary records. The $10,000 check had been given to margin the customer's account. The brokerage house had then purchased for him several hundred shares of a blue-chip stock. Twenty-four hours later the stock had been sold after advancing eight points in a sensational rise.

"Did you give him any money then?" asked the banker.

"Yep. We gave him ten grand. We were in the clear. Why shouldn't we? He left a nice trading balance of several thousand dollars."

"Let me show you. I have here a tabulation that has been made of this man's transactions with his bank out on Long Island. Just about six hours before that check of his was presented there for collection from his scanty and insufficient account, he telegraphed his bank a money-order deposit for $10,000. He bought the money order with the proceeds of your check."

The brokers grinned at each other. Then one of them informed the banker that they were not disturbed.

"We had an indorser for that check. A woman relative of this man is carrying a big trading balance with us. He brought her here. If his check had come back we could collect from her."

Not a Happy Ending

The brokers were much too confident. When this man dropped dead in a police station, there was nobody to skirmish around and replenish his feeble bank account. In due time the last check that he had written—for $8000—was presented for collection at the Long Island bank. There a teller stamped on the back a protest symbol. "NFX" it read. What it meant was "insufficient funds."

Back through the channels of the Federal Reserve Bank it found its way once more, to the bank where it had been deposited by the brokerage house to which it was payable. The brokers were expecting it. They had already sent a suitable floral emblem to the funeral of their late customer. The member of the firm with the most polished manners was elected to go call on the woman who had indorsed the checks of the dead man.

She was sniffling and red-eyed from weeping.

"He fooled me too," she said. "I was the one who sent the detectives after him. He gave me a bad check recently and would not make it good."

"Yes, yes," said the broker in a tone intended to be sympathetic. "But you indorsed this check."

"Let me see it," demanded the woman. Her eyes were dry now. "That's not my signature," she said positively. "After I had that trouble with him I refused to indorse any more of his checks. It's my name, all right, but it is not my writing, and I can prove it is not. He must have forged it."

The brokers are suing her now, but they have slight hope that they will ever recover anything.

It is impossible to estimate the extent to which check kiting is practiced in the United States, but it is safe to assert that many millions of dollars are lost by the banks every year through the various forms of this fraud. Yet it could be stopped overnight if all banks were to agree never to allow depositors to check out against uncollected funds. Competition for depositors being what it is, however, bankers are going to be slow about making such an agreement. Nevertheless, in theory, all bankers are willing to concede that when a bank permits withdrawals against an uncollected check, it is violating a sound banking principle; and they know that a kite cannot exist unless some bank pays against uncollected items.

Checks Raised on Wind

The name of this practice is a punning allusion to the paper kites of children, which are raised on wind. Mr. Jones, who gives checks to the tradesmen who dun him on Saturday and plans to deposit in his account on Monday sufficient money to make those checks good, remains for the week-end a kiter of checks. His offense is described in banks as the single-barreled kite. Even so, it is related to the more elaborate kites by means of which individual borrowers have defrauded banks of as much as $1,000,000. All these schemes take advantage of the delays that occur before a check deposited in Bank A can be collected from Bank B.

A good many check kiters begin with the same store of good intentions possessed by most embezzlers. They hope to gain the use of some money for a short time, either for the relief of some pressing emergency or else to take advantage of what they think is an opportunity to make a lot of money. In the end there is always a reckoning to be paid, as in the case of Mr. X, a director of a New York state bank. He kited some checks in his own institution because he thought a winter-resort acquaintance was going to help him make a lot of easy money.

One day the man who watches for kites in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York became aware that an aggregate of $15,000 in checks, drawn on the bank of Mr. X, had passed over his desk on their way back from a seaport town in Florida. These homeward-bound checks from Florida continued to attract the attention of the Reserve Bank watcher for some days. Then he began to wonder if there was not a similar traffic going from Mr. X's bank to the Florida institution which was forwarding X's checks for collection. He quickly discovered that there was and realized that he was on the track of something suspiciously like a kite.

As a result, an officer of the Federal Reserve Bank, accompanied by a bank examiner, paid an unannounced call upon Mr. X's bank. Mr. X was reported to be away—in Florida. They instructed the cashier to show them Mr. X's ledger account. His balance as shown by the ledger was $30,000, but an analysis of the account showed that this balance existed only in case a total of $110,000 of uncollected checks which had been deposited in the account should be honored by the Florida bank upon which they had been drawn. They had been drawn in favor of the director, X, by Mr. Y of Florida.

In the midst of this examination another check for $15,000, signed by X in favor of Mr. Y, arrived from Florida. About this time X returned to his bank and was, at first, indignant at what he termed an intrusion. His indignation, though, was compounded with embarrassment.

"What's this all about?" asked the examiner coldly.

(Continued on Page 60)

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A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

(Continued from Page 58)

"Well," explained X, "Mr. Y in Florida buys and sells second mortgages. I'm financing him and he splits his profits with me. I advance the money when he buys a mortgage. He resells the mortgages in five or six days. There is a good profit in them."

"What does he give you?"

"He gives me his check for the amount I have advanced plus my share of the profit. I mail that check home for deposit."

"Special delivery, I suppose," commented the examiner.

"Oh, yes," agreed X.

"And your check given to Mr. Y travels home much more slowly through the Jacksonville Federal Reserve branch and the New York Federal Reserve? Takes about four days, doesn't it? So that his check normally gets here to swell your apparent balance before the check you gave him is returned for collection from your deposit? The Florida check washes out your check?"

"Um-m, yes," conceded Mr. X.

"Do you know what we call this kind of business? We call it check kiting."

X began to protest vigorously, and his cashier, thinking to help, explained that X was scrupulous about paying interest to the bank on the money thus informally—and improperly—borrowed.

"You are misjudging both Mr. Y and myself," insisted X.

"We hope so," chorused the bank examiner and the Federal Reserve banker. Then they gave instructions that any further checks of Mr. X from Florida were not to be honored until there was enough cash in the X account to pay them. The last $15,000 check of X was held up as the first step in the cycle of clearance. In the meantime word came through the usual channels that $20,000 worth of Mr. Y's checks had been paid in Florida by the bank on which they were drawn. But there were still $60,000 in the air, so to speak—$60,000 worth of checks signed by Mr. Y—and these never were paid. Mr. Y skipped. He was a confidence man. There never had been any second mortgages. Talk about rich profits in them had simply been the bait with which he had lured Mr. X into a swindling racket.

Flying High on a Dollar Bill

In the end Mr. X's bank received back from Florida an accumulation of protested checks bearing Mr. Y's signature. The Florida bank had lost nothing by the transaction. Mr. X's bank was out $60,000 because it had honored these credit instruments before they had been collected from the bank on which they were drawn. Because he wished to avoid disgrace and continue to be on the board of the bank, Mr. X raised that money as quickly as he could, by selling securities and by mortgaging his home. Then he wrote out a deposit slip for $60,000, placed it on top of a pile of currency and good checks and pushed it through the teller's window. He had bought $60,000 worth of bitter experience.

In a surprising number of cases big check-kiting scandals involve some officer of a bank. One that occurred in Los Angeles a few years ago was operated by means of the knowledge of check-collection schedules possessed by the corrupt manager of a branch bank. He prepared a chart which enabled the head of the swindle to know every morning where he would have to deposit checks to cover checks scheduled for payment by the bank on which they were drawn. Eight bank accounts, two sets of books, and three distinct corporations were instruments in this extraordinary check-kiting scheme.

The man at the head of it had $1.05 when he arrived in Los Angeles from San Francisco and went into the used-car business. When he fled into Mexico he was reported to have taken with him $200,000 in cash. State bank examiners found that his overdrafts in various banks had amounted at one time to $387,000. Fifty employes, guiltless of all this, had given verisimilitude to the operations of their employer. A few of those employes had signed blank checks at his command. Bad checks of one company were deposited to wash out the bad checks of another. This swindle could not have been perpetrated if the banks had strictly enforced a rule prohibiting depositors from drawing against uncollected items.

A New York bank—one that recently surrendered its identity in a merger—lost $320,000 some time ago because of the check kiting of officials of a Pacific Coast building-supply concern. A bank on the Pacific Coast would have suffered an even greater loss except for the fact that when the tangle of bogus paper was uncovered by bank examiners, it was able to seize all the assets of the building-supply company.

Drafts of the Pacific Coast concern were being deposited in the New York bank in amounts of from $80,000 to $100,000 a day. The kite hunter in the Federal Reserve Bank began to watch that paper as it crossed his desk, and made a record of it. In his mind he saw similar drafts being signed by the treasurer of the building-supply company out on the Coast. In fancy, he saw other slips in transit across the continent. Then he multiplied the amount of an average draft by the number of days required for a draft to make the round trip, from the desk of the drawee, east for deposit in New York, and then west for collection from the drawee's bank account. The result showed that more than $1,000,000 was afloat in that cycle.

Properly, each draft should have been linked with tons of westward-bound freight. The kite hunter endeavored with his imagination to translate each draft into an equivalent amount of ship or train cargo. His common sense told him this would be an extraordinary lot of materials. It would represent the needs of a building boom in the Coast city. He had heard nothing of any such boom, so he began to look for some westward-bound paper in that flow of checks and drafts across his desk. With astonishing ease he succeeded in matching the drafts from the West with other drafts from the East. After passing through one New York bank account, the money was simply being routed back to the building-supply company. It was a kite.

The tabulation was turned over to the national-bank examiner. He carried it to the New York bank in which the drafts were being deposited.

"Until you have had word from the Federal Reserve Bank that these drafts have been paid on the Pacific Coast," he warned, "do not credit them to the account of the concern which deposits them. That concern is washing out those drafts, not with freight shipments but with other paper."

The vice president of the bank which received this warning apparently concluded that it was a stupid piece of bureaucratic interference. At any rate, he allowed the kiting operations to go on and lost his job as a result.

This happened two months later, when the Federal Reserve Bank's kite hunter succeeded again in matching an immense volume of drafts from the Pacific Coast concern with an equal amount of paper from the Eastern concern which was conniving with it.

Riding High Before the Fall

"Pay against no more uncollected funds," ruled the bank examiner. This time he spoke to the bank's president. From that moment the paper which was afloat in the cycle began to drift into unsympathetic ports. The New York bank discovered after about a week that it had given its New York depositor credit for $320,000 of uncollectible paper. The money was gone. From the day the New York bank ceased, prior to collection, to honor the Pacific Coast drafts, the bank at the Pacific Coast end was obliged likewise to refuse payment. The Western bank suffered a big loss, but was able to mitigate this by seizing all the visible assets of the building-supply company. Lawyers of all concerned are still trying to apportion the losses of money and honor in that affair.

Naturally, the length of time required for a check drawn on the West Coast to find its way east, or vice versa, and then back for collection, is tempting to men educated in the mechanism of kiting. For nearly two years one such operation was carried on between a bank in the Northwest and banks in Pennsylvania. A recreant bank officer connived with the officials of a jobbing house to give them more credit than their condition warranted, by means of a series of kiting operations. The affair began when the banker agreed to allow them to draw against uncollected checks for $51,000 which were deposited in their account in 1926. After that he never was able to muster the courage to face the loss which was inevitable.

In that first month the withdrawals totaled $50,000, and then $40,000 of the checks deposited earlier were returned unpaid. At that stage of the proceedings the bank might have taken the loss without serious harm, but the jobbing house would have been forced into bankruptcy. The interests of the banker were closely tied up with the affairs of the jobbing house. He wished it to survive because he was a stockholder.

In succeeding months, with the connivance of the banker, the jobbing house continued to finance itself by means of unsecured loans which did not appear on the books of the bank as loans. There was an apparent balance of substantial size credited at all times to the account of the depositor. That balance represented nothing more than bad checks. These transactions continued until last year, when they were uncovered by a bank examiner. A jobbing house, which should have been permitted to fail two years before, then went into the hands of a receiver. Then the bank failed. Its losses were $700,000, and the men responsible had the alternative of jail or suicide.

Always the wrench in the machinery of the check kiter is the decision of some banker—whether voluntary or not—to withhold credit for checks deposited until those checks have been collected from the distant bank upon which they are drawn. Such a decision wrecked the scheme of a gentleman who was known as the produce baron.

He bought produce from growers in half a dozen counties. Naturally, the drafts with which he paid for his purchases of carload lots of produce were familiar pieces of paper in the sight of bankers of the counties where he traded. One day a bank examiner observed a number of drafts in one of the banks in which the produce buyer had an account. He discovered there was not sufficient money in the account to pay the drafts, but when he called this state of affairs to the attention of the cashier, that official seemed not to be disturbed.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "There will be funds to pay those over from Blankport sometime this morning. We get them every day."

Investigation revealed the existence of a triple kite. Blankport was getting checks from Oville. Oville was getting checks from Whiteville, which in turn was remitting to Blankport. At each place there was an acknowledged representative or a confederate of the produce buyer. Each transaction seemed on its face to be a legitimate echo of another transaction, but only a few were real; few represented money for produce actually bought or sold. The first bank in that chain which decided to pay no more uncollected items was the only bank which suffered no loss in the crash that followed. When the produce buyer decided to vanish, $400,000 vanished from the apparent assets of two of the banks which had accommodated him.

Check kiting invariably flowers where bankers are neglectful or dishonest. It is not always the work of professional swindlers. Much too often it is the result of a lenient attitude by a banker toward some business concern staving off financial disaster by this illicit form of borrowing. Within the past year there have been several cases in which this sort of leniency has made serious difficulty for the bank involved. Sometimes the newspaper reports of these affairs speak of irregularities in the books of the banks, without explaining what those irregularities were. The truth is that in almost every case some pet customer of a weak-minded banker has been flying kites.

Nevertheless, the chances of carrying on such operations successfully for any length of time are very slender. Not only the Federal Reserve Banks but all well managed commercial banks are constantly on the lookout for check kiters. When they catch them, they generally manage to put them in jail.

KOSKINEN

(Continued from Page 17)

"O. K.," said Father Joe, "if Wily guarantees you aren't one of these here bridging water nymphs. Come out tomorrow."

Of course Jim gave me Hail Columbia, Happy Land.

"What a swell skipper you turned out to be," said Melchizedek. "Fifty miles from the bay, and you run up the white flag. He don't like to get nasty wet spray in his face no more. What you gonna take up now for exercise—lawn bowls or tatting?"

"I've taken up bridging," I came back. "When you fitted up old Sal with chenille curtains, boudoir cushions, a rocking-chair and a baby-grand piano, I went to work. Whatever hope I ever had of making Conowahnitee roar 'uncle' went glimmering after that. You broke Sal's heart. Never again will she hold up her head in the rough stuff after that. I'd be afraid to try her in the paddle-wheel waves behind a river coal barge now."

And I pulled out the property bandanna and wept into it.

"Liar by the clock," said Jim. "Old Sal is just as good a man as ever she was. And well you know it."

And he left our little camp and me, disgusted, heading, I noticed, toward the Four Mile Island colony.

Next noontime then, my first day on the job, Father Joe visited the men and made his strange pronunciamiento. But he never would have had to make that rule for me. Old Conowahnitee was too close to the bridge. Just below, where the river curved around the lower end of Four Mile, you could hear her snarling. Of course the water, as is generally the case above the barrier which forms a rapid, was very smooth and still, and it was no job at all to swim in it with scarcely any drift downstream. But just the same I'll take my swimming more than a couple hundred yards above a brink like that.

As for Koskinen, this is true: If Wily had been making it a practice to fall off bridges, no edicts to the contrary would have stopped him. Finns are obstinate, no end. Beside a Finn a mule is a canary bird for tractability. All this, most times, in honest cause. Stayers. When almost everybody else is licked, a Finn has just spit on his hands. But Wily Koskinen was

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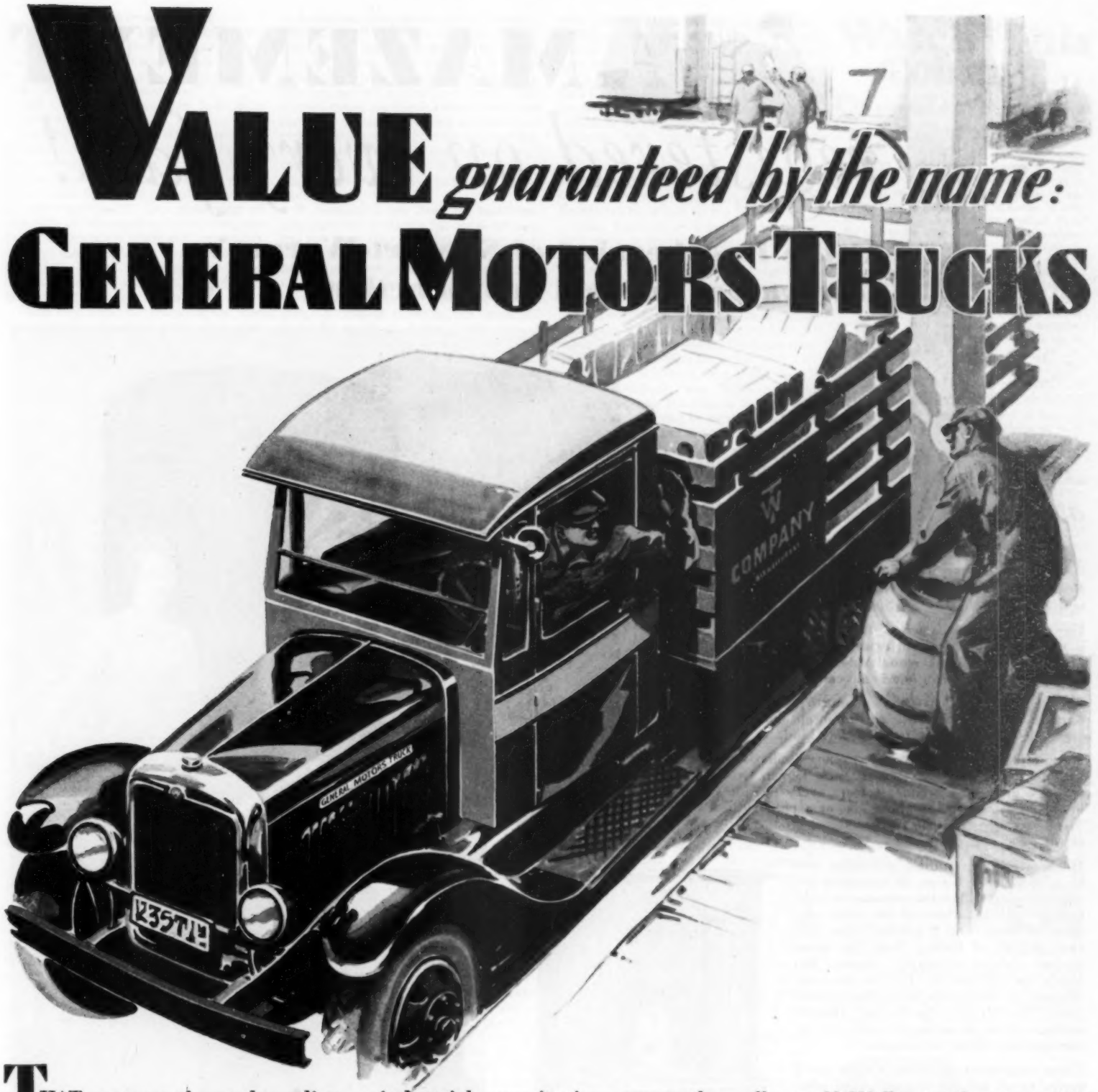

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A charming adaptation of English Sheraton period design. American walnut with Australian lacewood sliding doors. Finished in durable lacquer, hand rubbed to lustrous beauty. Height, 52⅛ in.; width, 25⅛ in.; depth, 17 in. Furnished with the new Stewart-Warner Radio and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinets by Louis Hanson Co., Chicago, and Burnham Phonograph Corporation, Los Angeles. Approved Jacobean model illustrated above, $142.50. Other models from $89.75 to $154.50.

**All prices slightly higher west of Rockies*

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

STEWART-WARNER RADIO

Screen Grid Circuit or Balanced Bridge Circuit

▼

(Continued from Page 60)

not obstinate in this particular case. For Wily had a respect that was even greater than my own for that which lay in wait for whom it might devour, just around Four Mile Island's downstream bend.

And yet, the very next day, both of us broke Father Joseph's rule.

Next day the boss sent Wily up to splice a timber in the traveler's frame while work went on, as usual, below. A ten-by-ten in the top framework had showed a crack, and a couple steel splice plates had been got out to strengthen it. One plate went on each side of the suspected ten-by-ten, and through holes in the plates and corresponding ones that had been bored horizontally through the timber, bolts were to be driven and pulled up firm and tight. I went aloft with Wily to help do the job.

From that high vantage point the view was beautiful. We stood a minute, watching it. To north stretched mirror water, mile on mile, the verdant banks, the fleece-white morning clouds, the wide, breath-taking azure of the sky as clear on that unruffled surface as they were above it. Far islands, past the long Four Mile's upstream end, bedecked the river like bright emeralds, jewels in a scarcely broken string that reached clear to the Glimmerglass. To north all was as tranquil as a monastery garden. But 'ware the Susquehanna. She is a dimpling, smiling vampire and has many a Lorelei in her train.

We looked to south, and there was raging deviltry. Almost beneath us—so it seemed from our high place—Old Conowahnitee, terrible as an army with banners, marched inexorably upstream, as she had marched, a foot a century, conquering the rocks, through ages.

Then the whistle on the hoisting engine shrilled below us, and we went to work. But just before I took up the splice plate that I was to hold in place, I caught a glimpse, upstream, of something most familiar. It was old Sal herself, afloat upon that placid mirror, her lovely lines as much a part of that enchanting picture as were the clouds, the islands and the sky. Jim—bless his sun-scorched hide—was out to get an early morning swim, unhampered by any bathing suit; an encumbrance which, however scant, robs swimming of its ultimate luxuriousness. I watched him, jealous, as he tumbled overboard.

"Hey!" said Koskinen. "How I'm go'n make dem hole, you no hold up more steady on dot 'late?"

So I held up more steady on "dot 'late," which was the plate. Koskinen's lips and tongue never could seem to get together on that *pl* sound. Soon we were jamming tight the nuts, drawing the steel and wood and steel together.

It came my turn to drive a couple of the long bolts home. I stood wide-legged on the ten-by-ten, facing downstream; the bolt, just entered, standing out from the plate below my feet.

"Hah!"—and the good sweat sprayed from my hair.

"Hah!"—it was good to let the pent breath go, explosively, each time the hammer landed. It was good to make a living with your hands; good to know that a year in school had not spoiled your technic with an eight-pound maul.

"Hah!" But, alas, pride goeth before.

Perhaps sweat had run stinging in my eyes. Perhaps, just as I struck, the traveler had lurched a fraction of an inch, picking a heavy girder from a car. At any rate, with that last stout "Hah!" I hit the bolthead skew, got jerked off balance, and in a second, swift as a pelican that has spied a mackerel, I was headed for the river.

It wasn't really hazardous, that plunge; the height not dangerous, the swim to shore not difficult. Hard to say why I grabbed at the bolthead that I had been striking. Perhaps it was the uncontrollably instinctive gesture of a falling man. Maybe, back in my head was Father Joseph's edict; and I didn't want to lose my job. At any rate, I grabbed that bolt as I plunged down, hung to it, somersaulted, turned out my shoulder joint, lost grip then with the stab of pain, and hit the water stunningly, in the ludicrous fashion that kids call a belly-whopper. A very king of belly-whoppers, this one, but not ludicrous—tragical. Now I could check my physics studies with experience. Water, so the book said, was well nigh incompressible. Hitting the river flat, from the best part of a hundred feet aloft, the breath was knocked from me as thoroughly as though I had landed on a sand bank.

A moment I lay floating, breathless, gaspless even; so hard a jolt my diaphragm had got from that deceitful, smiling, dimpling hussy, Susquehanna. And when, at last, gasping was possible, half dazed I took aboard a load of water ballast which must have made the level of the river sink an inch. A drop of water in the lungs will make for panic, or if not panic, then at least a terrible distress, a coughing, choking effort to expel that drop, which no man can control, no matter how well he can swim. Good swimming is good breathing. It took a little while to clear my lungs enough to strike out coolly. But when I tried to bring my right arm forward I nearly fainted in the water from the pain.

Meanwhile the boys all cheered me lustily.

"Hey, new guy!" bellowed Stormy Gus—he who had started the falling epidemic. "Atta old independence! If we want to fall off bridges, we fall off! But you should 'a' waited till the afternoon! It's more fun then! It's hotter!"

And little Pete Clausen, the rivet heater, yelled, "Nice diving, guy! I'll run right in now and tell Father Joe, so he can have the boot all polished up and ready for you when you wade up the bank!"

So they shouted raillery while I, with my lungs too fouled to cry for help, fought one-armed for the shore. I had drifted fifty yards downstream before the badinage died down. Then quiet came on that great, noisy bridge, and I saw men running swiftly back toward the island, where small boats were moored.

They would be too late. Already I imagined I could feel a little quickening of the current. But the irony of it all was this—that one small boat, one gallant little fighting craft, already was afloat. Just beyond the bridge my terror-widened eyes could see old Submarine Sally. She was floating high, unloaded. Jim—whom I could not see—was swimming somewhere close beside her, hidden by her hull. He would be clambering in her soon. He would not swim beside her past the bridge. But that would be too late. Now I was sure—dead sure. There was a little quickening of the current!

And so I turned in desperation square upstream. I knew now that there was no chance to make the island. Only one thing to do then—keep out of them to the last, hoping that help would reach me. I could hear now the roar of Conowahnitee, which generally goes, strangely, unheard, overhead, when one is low down in the water, swimming upstream from her. And back across my shoulder as I swam, one-armed, I could see Old Conowahnitee fling ghostly hands up from below the level where I struggled—white, clutching hands uptossed in a wild *danse macabre*, waved in a ghastly beckoning for me to come and join it.

My lungs were pretty clear now for that grim and hopeless grind. I took a deep breath. I would spare one precious lungful for one great "Hey, Jim!"

I took that great breath. But, thank God, I did not have to use it for a shout. Instead, I pulled it deeper down inside of me and made it send clean blood out to my lunging muscles. For I had seen a thing. Just as old Sally floated underneath the bridge, I saw a brown arm curve across her stern. Jimmy, as I had known, was using the bridge for his dead line for swimming. He was going to climb aboard. But it wasn't this that brought the warm hope flooding back into my icy heart. Jim would have been too late, even if he had seen me, even if he could have understood the frantic shouting from the men who now had reached the island shore. Jim never could have reached me, all alone.

But Jim, by all that makes men risk their lives for men, would not have to do it all alone! With a great, bellowing shout that came to me above the voice of Conowahnitee, Wily Koskinen leaped from the traveler top.

He landed huddled, sitting. He scarcely went beneath the surface. The water geysered twenty feet beside that small canoe. Koskinen's hand was on the bow.

What Koskinen said to Jim—what one swift word in broken English brought the lightning action—I do not know. Jim does not know. He says he did not understand it. I think perhaps it wasn't broken Engligh after all; some valiant, crackling Finnish word instead, brought many a thousand miles out of the boiling torrents of the Oulu, to be hurled, defiant, down the roaring gullet of Old Conowahnitee.

Whatever the word, one thing that it said unmistakably was, Fight! And it brought Jim over the stern of Sal and onto his knees with a paddle tight in his hands in one smooth effort. Koskinen, that squat, compact-muscled man, matched Jimmy, speed for speed and grace for grace. Flat on their bellies like a sleek, slithery pair of seals; one over bow, one over stern. Scarcely a waver of that lightly balanced craft. Not a drop of water shipped save what came in on their bodies. Watermen, those two, I write this to say! Down on their knees, bent forward, two bodies tightened simultaneously their supple sets of muscles, and the buried paddles made the water boil.

The way she charged down on Old Conowahnitee, that Sal! The way she hurled herself, headlong, defiant, straight at water "bad, like Pyhäkoski"! But no long tar boat, Sal. A tiny, frail canoe. Light cedar ribs. Thin cedar planking. Canvas. Heart of oak! I see her coming; straining like a live thing. What a boat!

She got me.

But Koskinen hauled me overside out of water that had started in to stretch like pulled molasses taffy!

The maple in Jim's hands creaked, so desperately he backed water while Koskinen dragged me in. He shoved me underneath a thwart, and as I hooked my good arm over it I saw him look at Jim. It only lasted—that keen glance—the hundredth of a second. I only hope that if sometime somebody looks as far down into me as that glance looked down into Jim, there may be found that which Koskinen found back there in the stern of that canoe. When he swung his eyes about to face Old Conowahnitee, I saw flame dancing in them. He knew, Jim knew, I knew, we had to run them. Under a pair of mighty paddle strokes old Sal, head up, jumped into them, hell-bent!

I knew how these two felt. Driving down on Old Conowahnitee, they knew the queer, chill joy that comes to men who look into the bright face of danger. But just the same, their spines were cold. They were two little human men, facing the awful might of many waters, and they were afraid. But when the first plunge came and the first high comber lashed a whip of spray across their faces, fear, for them, was gone; the ice of it now melted in the heat of battle, in the warm flame of ultimate exertion.

But I—I lay there. About me tossed and roared a dozen rivers—the Chenango, the Chemung, the Lackawanna and the great West Branch, the Juniata's yellow flood, Wappasening, Wyalusing, Mahantango, Conedoquinet, Conewago, Octorora; wild names all. About us lashed and boiled the wild conflux of them, the summed-up power of these rivers, the added strengths of a hundred broad-banked creeks that would be rivers in a less-watered land than Pennsylvania. A million springs poured down on us the watershed of a vast, noble country. We faced the might of many rains.

For me no battle warmth, no heat of action. And so fear's icy fingers kept hold of my heart. But if I could not help those

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

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WATCH for the Universal Talking News-Reel at the theatres in your locality, and note the name of the newspaper that is sponsor for it there. Wherever you see it, it will mean another thrill for you in the animated news of the whole world. Sixty of America's greatest newspapers have joined with Universal in this excellent enterprise, and we have their vast news-gathering facilities added to our own corps of cameramen who are distributed throughout the world to record for the screen the daily happenings of all peoples. It is the only talking news-reel with up to the minute news. Watch for it.

—C. L.

"*Tonight at Twelve*" is not only a three-star picture but it is also a picture of stars whom most of you know and admire. MADGE BELLAMY, ROBERT ELLIS, VERA REYNOLDS, GEORGE LEWIS, MARGARET LIVINGSTON, MARY DORAN and others. The play is from Owen Davis' Broadway Stage Success and is a comedy-drama of intense interest and a rapid succession of highly dramatic situations. Direction by Harry Pollard whose "*Show Boat*" has created a sensation throughout the world.

Madge Bellamy in "Tonight at Twelve"

At last we can give you definite news of the PAUL WHITEMAN picture entitled "*The King of Jazz Revue.*" John Murray Anderson, famous Broadway Stage Director who produced "The Greenwich Village Follies" and other musical successes, will produce the picture with PAUL WHITEMAN as the major star who will be surrounded by the best obtainable singing and dancing talent.

John Boles in "La Marseillaise"

Lewis Milestone has been engaged by Universal to direct the new Picture, "*All Quiet on the Western Front,*" the astounding story written by Erich Maria Remarque. The scenario is being prepared by Maxwell Anderson, director of that splendid picture "*What Price Glory.*"

Laura La Plante in "Hold Your Man"

How many of you have not seen Universal's great pictures, "*Show Boat*" and "*Broadway*"? If any, please write and tell me why and how you missed it. Incidentally, while you are about it, tell me what other Universals you have seen lately and what you think of them. Let's you and I correspond.

Carl Laemmle,
President

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men that had gone into this for me, they could help me to meet with gameness that which must be met. And so I watched them. There was Jimmy, back of me. The nakedness of him was sheer perfection. That's how it should have been. That's how a man should pit his strength against Old Conowahnitee. And under Jim's wet silk skin the muscles of him writhed, fighting for that sweet life that let them slip and swell; and power fairly sang its way all up and down his body. And when the combers stung his eyes with liquid shot, he blinked—that man—and bared his teeth in what was actually a grin.

And up ahead of me, a man named from the Finnish *koski*. A name, that one! Koskinen—rapids man!

I could not see his face, only the wide back of him, bent like a thick bow, head thrust forward, eager; battle rapture radiating from that stubborn occiput as clearly as it flamed in Jimmy's eye. Clothes were upon him, but five seconds in Old Conowahnitee and they were wetted to his skin, and I could see the strength go rippling up from loin to shoulder that fairly hurled that small boat through the pouncing combers that tried so to engulf it.

He never had been inside a canoe before. Long tar boats with a huge sweep were his craft. But he knew white water, and he knew instinctively what a maple blade was made for. How he used it, that veteran waterman! In white stuff it's the bow man leads the team, and the things that Jim Cossack could do with the front end of Sal would make you want to pin a row of medals on his chest at the foot of every rapid. But in Old Conowahnitee that day, the wide-backed man who knelt ahead of me and Jim showed us bow practice that started in where Jimmy Cossack's know-how ended.

A dozen times, by very sheerest cunning, with a crafty paddle touch, he made that savage water work to save our lives. A dozen times, paddling to port, Koskinen reached across to starboard with no change of grip and by the sheerest brute strength dragged the bow squarely sidewise out of dragon jaws. I still can see him work his hundred wily tricks, his hundred bursts of giant strength, his thousand cunning readings of white-water signs. I still can see that squat torso up ahead of me; the spreading shoulders brazenly at rest, entirely relaxed, one hundredth of a second, and swung the next into swift, terrible effort.

Old Conowahnitee is bad. Old Conowahnitee has notches in her rocks—scores of them; hundreds likely, if we knew. I do not wonder. I went through her. In her are sudden plunges no canoe can take. In her are towering combers, quartering in, that no canoe can meet, bow on. In her are sudden, sucking draws, so sharply angled no canoe can turn them. In her are wicked maelstroms no canoe, however ably manned, can skim. Unless—unless Koskinen!

Old Conowahnitee has this for record. No canoe has ever run her. But we made it. Jim can prove it. He can show you his paddle, with his finger prints still in the handle. But however valiantly Jim shoveled water, it was Koskinen brought us through. With Jim in his place, me in Jim's, as Sal's crew regularly worked, Old Conowahnitee would have two more notches on her rocks than she can show today.

I often wonder, looking backward, how Koskinen did it, with odds so overwhelming. I guess it must have been that there rode with us in our little boat that day a bigger thing than even Conowahnitee. A Book says that there is a thing which many waters cannot quench. That thing, I guess, put strength and craft into Koskinen's arm greater than all the strength and craft that years upon his native, savage Oulu had given him. Men, when they name that thing at all, say it is friendship. The Book calls it love.

Oh, sure, I know—I know! You speak to a bridgeman of that thing, and call it love, and you will get crowned with a snatch block. But just the same, Koskinen, Jimmy eating spray in back of him, got through the many waters that the Susquehanna hurled down over Conowahnitee that day.

When we were through them, we were sunk—that's true—and so the record of Old Conowahnitee remained unbroken. But Jim rolled out when Sal filled up, like the good river horse he is; as did Koskinen; and somehow, through that final buffeting they clung to Sal and would not be clawed loose. High, boiling combers flung themselves down on us, cudgeling. Black currents seized those two by the legs and tried to drag them off. Vortexes opened in the water at the side of Sal that sent dread to my heart. We were under water half the time—and I mean under. Not merely inches—feet, yards, fathoms—Sal, and all. I couldn't have got out if I had tried. I didn't try. I held breath to the bursting point and hung tight to my thwart. To swim against such water as roars down over Conowahnitee is madness. Do not exert. Keep the lungs full. Breathe when and if you can. Hang on to anything that will float—the swamped canoe, a paddle, that old corncob pipe, a match box, an air bubble—anything! And pray!

We floated in calm water. Jim took a deep chestful of Pennsylvania air. That stuff, hard to believe, was free. Full of sunlight and everything. Jim took another. Then a couple more. At length he had enough. Whereupon he let his feet sink, turned, and looked upriver; and at the white and deadly welter piling down that slope he very reverently thumbed his nose.

"That's done!" said Jimmy.

"Hallelujah, brother!" And no old-time Methodist revival ever heard the good Lord thanked and praised more fervently. Then I told Jim how my shoulder was.

"Stay put," said Jim. "I got on my best swimming suit. I see a boat moored over there along the shore. You can take care of him, eh, old Father Neptune, till I fetch it?"

Koskinen answered one word, "Sure." But Jimmy hadn't waited for it. He was already crawling smoothly for the far-off shore. It seemed to me Koskinen gave that word up grudgingly. Then I heard him gasp his thick chest full again. So we drifted for a long time, waiting Jim's return; I, stretched out, half afloat in the swamped canoe; Koskinen resting up ahead so quietly that I looked a half dozen times to see his big hand lying lightly on the bow.

And so they fired Wily.

"Boy," said Father Joe to me, "that dislocated shoulder saves the day for you. You tried not to fall off, I'll say that for you. But you, you big hemp-head"—this to Koskinen—"out you go on your ear! You took a drop deliberately for that fool canoe ride and a swim. So you are fired, unconditionally, with pay, till whistle time next Monday! Maybe you'd like to spend the week-end with the wife and kids, or go up to Columbia and get stiff on Lancaster County red-eye over the Sabbath day—or something nice like that. Anyhow, shake. Good man I got to call you! The timekeeper's got a pay drag ready for you. So now get out. You're canned till Monday next. Got anything to say against it, Delicate?"

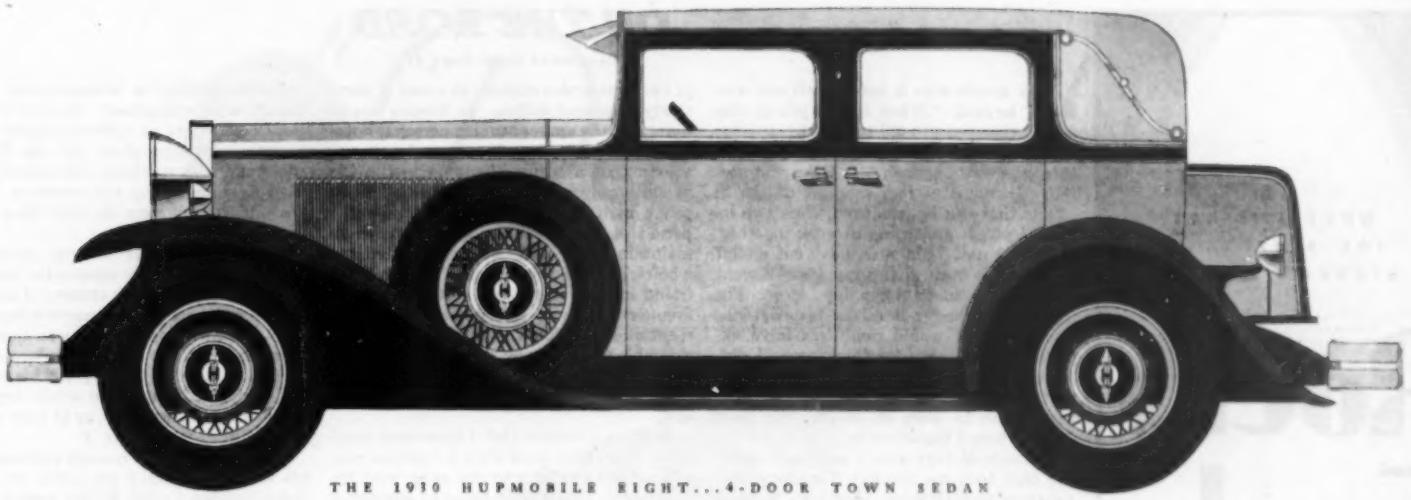
Delicate! A Finn! If you're delicate you're dead, in Finland.

Finns seem a little shy on humor. Too busy being bull-headed, maybe, to develop less important traits. But they've always been great athletes. And Wily Koskinen smashed that day a standing-broad-smile record which America had held for years.

"For canoe ride, dot's all right," grinned Wily. "For dot can fire me. But for swim, no."

Speaking of national traits, remember this: Finns are as honest as they are obstinate. If they say something's so, it's so.

"But for swim, no," grinned Wily. "Dot's no be right, you fire me for dot. I don' know how to swim!"



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THE NEW 70 HORSE-POWER HUPMOBILE SIX

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70 miles per hour . . . 70 horse-power. Acceleration from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds; 5 to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds . . . The famous Hupmobile Century Six engine improved with counterweighted crankshaft. 4-wheel Hupmobile steeldraulic brakes . . . A big car, 50¼ inches across rear seat, 49 inches across front seat . . . Standard equipped Sedan (5 passenger) $1060, f. o. b. factory . . . Custom equipment available at slight extra cost.

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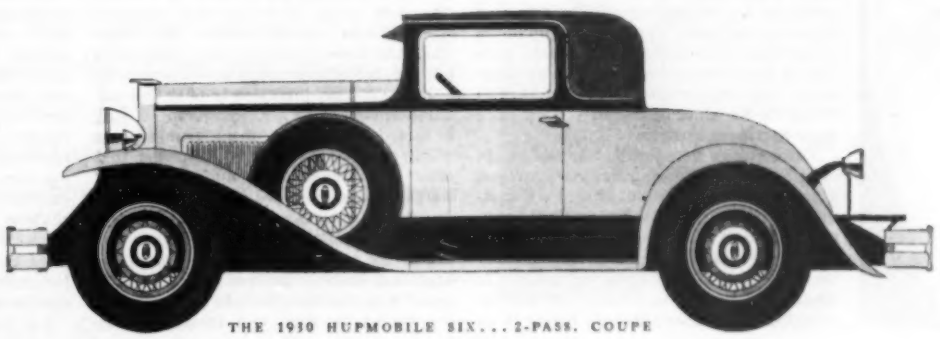

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ON THE ROAD

(Continued from Page 31)

"I'll decide who is safe to sell and who isn't," he said. "When I want you to stop selling that concern I'll tell you!"

I have a thousand times since thought of this interview between Mr. Brice and myself. It was a perfect example of the ill effects that can be produced when two irritated people are trying to work together. He would not, I am sure, have cut me off so abruptly from giving my views except for the little set-to of the day before. For myself, if I had not felt a bit edgewise toward him I would doubtless have explained my reasons for thinking as I did. As it was, I merely remarked to Mr. Brice that he was the credit executive and if he wished me to keep on selling the New Orleans firm I would do so.

A couple of days later I went out on my trip that took me through Tennessee and Arkansas to Galveston, then back to New Orleans, where I would spend the week preceding Christmas Day. Many retail jewelers do a fourth of their entire year's business in the ten days before Christmas; and it is the custom of Maiden Lane salesmen to locate themselves in large cities at that season in order to take care of the last-minute wants of their customers. I suppose there were twenty-five Maiden Lane travelers in New Orleans when I arrived there that December, and others were in such important centers as Atlanta, Memphis, Louisville and Richmond.

The concern about whose credit I had spoken to Mr. Brice may be called The Diamond Palace, which was not its real name. Nor was its proprietor Harry Ellsworth, though it will be convenient to give him that title. It was one of those peculiar cases where a man who has been reasonably successful suddenly begins to go downhill without apparent cause. His financial statement, made a year previously, showed his assets to be more than double his debts. He had a beautifully appointed establishment in a good location and personally was exceedingly popular. The trade generally had the impression that though he might be slow in his payments, he was good for all requirements. But a few traveling men who had been calling on him regularly seemed to think he might be skating on thin ice. It was because of conversations with some of these men that I had asked Mr. Brice's advice as to the wisdom of selling him.

How can a traveling man, with no figures to go on, judge of the responsibility or otherwise of business firms? It is a hard matter to set down in words. Perhaps it may best be described by saying that a salesman must be sensitive to his customer's moods. A salesman learns to judge human nature by small bits of evidence. In the case of Harry Ellsworth it had been patent for some time to the traveling men who called on him that he was laboring under some sort of mental load. Formerly the most genial of men, he had developed a temperament. He might receive a salesman in the morning with open arms and in the afternoon treat him like a suspicious character. Instead of staying at the front of his establishment to make himself agreeable to people who entered, he kept to his private office at the rear. Then he had spells of joviality that bordered on recklessness. When in one of his expansive moods he would accept a salesman's invitation to luncheon and spend two or three gay hours in one of the cafés of the neighborhood, paying no attention to frantic telephone messages from his employes asking him to return to his store to attend the wants of some particular customer.

These things were not lost on the astute members of the salesman fraternity. When I arrived in the city ten days before Christmas several men told me they did not intend to call on Mr. Ellsworth, though none could give a specific reason. The cause of his strange behavior came out later. It seems that a year previously he had remodeled his Diamond Palace, fitting it up in the most lavish manner at a cost of some thirty thousand dollars. To finance this he borrowed the amount on his personal notes from a private money lender, and as it was a loan that a regular banking institution would hardly have made he was obliged to pay a high rate of interest. There was a period of dull business, and in order to maintain his credit with Maiden Lane wholesalers Ellsworth talked his financial friend into further loans. Eventually the financier began to worry over his investment and demanded payment. After considerable wrangling he agreed to wait until after the holiday trade of that year. If the notes were not paid then he was to bring suit.

It was a situation that I have seen come about more than once when a business man allowed his ambition to run away with his judgment. It is a good thing to remember that a project which an experienced banker refuses to finance is very likely to turn out disastrously. Mr. Ellsworth was beginning to realize this, and it was worry over his affairs that caused the temperamental actions noted by the salesmen who were in the habit of calling on him. However, as I had my orders from Mr. Brice I went to see him the day after my arrival in the city. The Diamond Palace was on a corner. Business seemed to be brisk and I had to wait some time before I could speak with a clerk, who went to the rear and brought back word that Mr. Ellsworth would see me in his private office. He was in one of his expansive moods, though nervous and fidgety, constantly getting up to pace the room or to peer out into the store through a little window above his desk. There was a bottle and glass in a cabinet at the side of the room and during the quarter of an hour I was with him he took several drinks of raw liquor. He said he needed some of my merchandise. I suggested that as he might not care to take the time to go through my stock during business hours, it might be better for him to come to my hotel that evening.

He arrived at the hotel at about eight o'clock. I had engaged a sample room and had my goods set out on tables for his inspection. That day I had received by express from the house an elaborate diamond necklace, along with a letter explaining why it was sent to me. The house had made it up specially for a Fifth Avenue dealer, but through some misunderstanding he had not bought it. In a city like New Orleans there was always the chance at holiday time that one of the big firms might have a customer for such an article. Its price was ten thousand dollars, a big sum for those days. It contained something like seventy-five small stones, but the principal feature was a magnificent seven-carat gem that hung at the front. This was a Premier diamond, blue almost to purple. Many stones from the Premier mines are flecked with tiny black spots of carbon, but this one was absolutely flawless. In addition, it had been cut in twentieth-century shape—a style of cutting that was enjoying a brief vogue at that time. Instead of having a flat table on the upper side, the diamond was cut to a faceted point at both top and bottom. It was claimed this shape gave greater brilliancy, particularly to Premier diamonds with their peculiar purplish tinge. Under a strong electric light especially the stone in my necklace threw off a purplish halo shot through with little sparks.

It was not my intention to offer this valuable ornament to Mr. Ellsworth. I had, in fact, left it in one of my trunks so he would not see it. But it happened that after he selected a few hundred dollars' worth of popular-priced merchandise I had occasion to open this trunk. Mr. Ellsworth caught sight of the morocco case that contained the necklace and insisted on seeing what was inside. He was in an excitable mood from the stimulants he had been taking during the day, and at sight of the valuable trinket he became quite beside himself with enthusiasm. He held it under the electric light at different angles to enjoy the sensation given by the Premier stone and then suddenly ejaculated:

"I'm going to buy this necklace. Bring it around to my store the first thing in the morning!"

I thought at first he was joking, for though he had a fairly substantial clientele, it did not include many citizens of the class able to purchase ten-thousand-dollar necklaces. Not wishing to get into an argument, however, I set the necklace to one side as though I intended to carry out his instructions. I half believed he would forget all about it by the next day, or at least change his mind.

But there was just enough seriousness in his actions to make me think he might mean business; after he had gone I sent a night telegram to Maiden Lane in which I stated there was a possibility of selling the necklace to Mr. Ellsworth and asked if the house wished me to do it. Along about eleven o'clock the reply was delivered to me, reading as follows:

PARTY GOOD FOR ANYTHING HE WANTS TO BUY WHY DO YOU ASK WALDO BRICE

After this there was only one course open. I went to Mr. Ellsworth's office and asked if he was of the same mind as the evening before. A man was in the office with him who I afterward learned was his financial backer. Mr. Ellsworth was quite sober at this time, though visibly ill at ease. He sat fidgeting at his desk for several minutes before giving me his answer. Finally he said he would buy. I delivered him the necklace and made out the invoice at our regular terms, 3 per cent discount in ten days or four months net.

I left for New York Christmas night, and as I had two or three stops to make en route, did not report in Maiden Lane until just before New Year's. Mr. Brice greeted me morosely. He had a report from the Jewelers' Credit Bureau's Southern office that he showed me. The Diamond Palace, Harry Ellsworth proprietor, had been thrown into involuntary bankruptcy two days after Christmas. It appeared that the merchant's financial backer had forced the issue, as he had been threatening to do for some time. Ellsworth's peculiar behavior, noted by the members of the salesman fraternity, was caused by worry over what the merchant knew would happen if his holiday sales failed to bring in enough cash to pay his notes. He had bought recklessly, wherever he could get credit, in hopes of stimulating his sales.

It will not be necessary to go into the painful details of the conference between Mr. Brice and myself. He blamed me for involving the house in a bad situation, and I was not willing to be blamed. One word led to another, and the conference ended when I demanded that Mr. Brice accept my resignation. Perfect candor compels me to state that I did this just in time to forestall a request to that effect on the part of Mr. Brice.

VIII

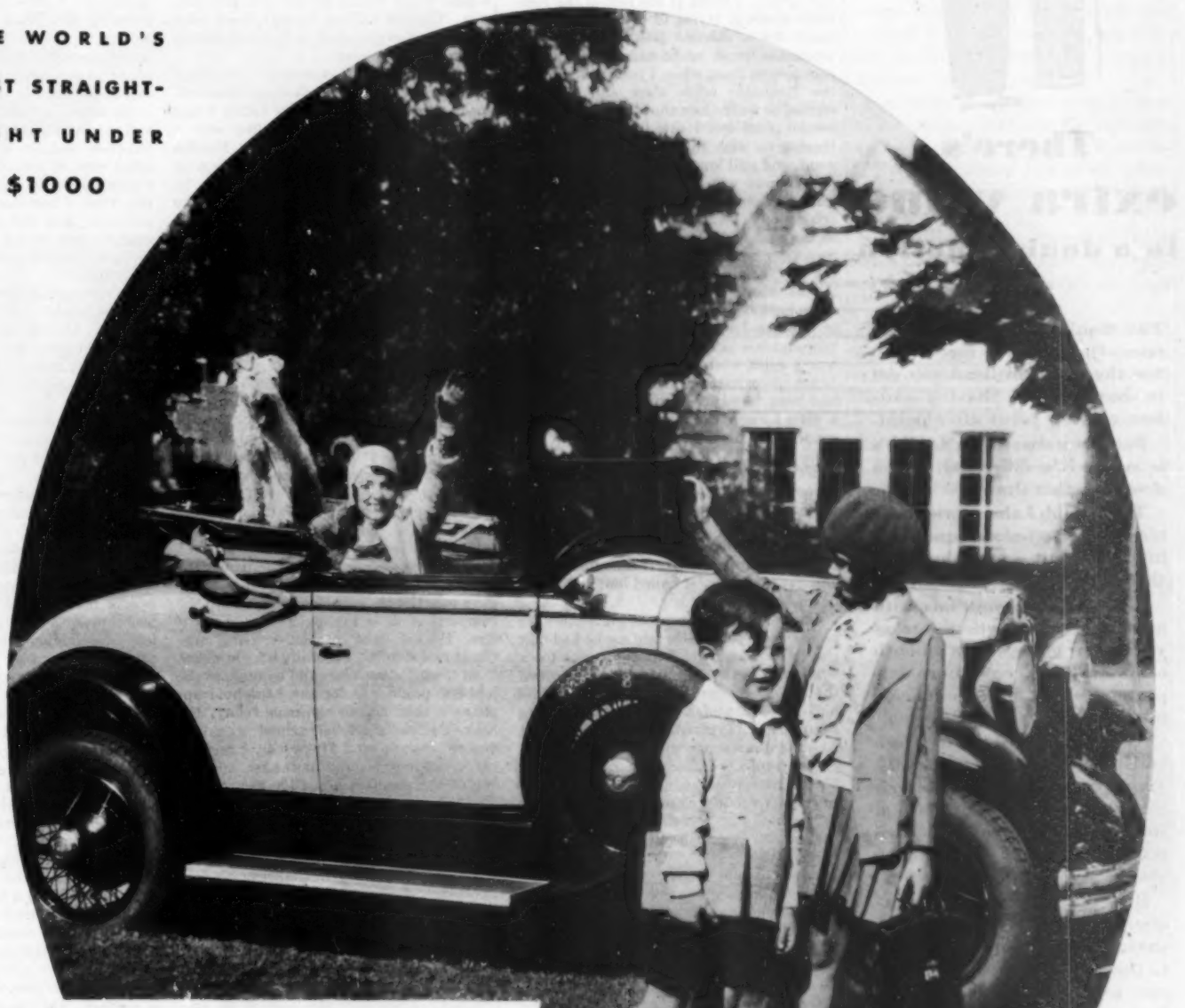
WHEN I resigned so abruptly from the employ of the Charles H. Rennolds Company I had no thought of leaving the wholesale watch-and-diamond industry. After my interview with Mr. Brice I walked down the stairway into Maiden Lane with the half-formed idea of calling on some of the other wholesale houses to see if anything might be open. I was not particularly worried, because with three years' traveling experience I felt confident of finding some kind of selling job. If nothing else turned up there were always plenty of chances to take lines out on a commission basis. A good many manufacturers confined themselves to certain specialties, as for example, thimbles, gold pencils, lorgnettes or watch fobs. No one of these lines

(Continued on Page 68)

N Roosevelt

A CAR FOR ALL

THE WORLD'S FIRST STRAIGHT-EIGHT UNDER $1000



MARMON-BUILT

SMART TRANSPORTATION FOR THE THRIFTY

If you want a trim, easy-to-handle, sturdy car, you will like the Roosevelt . . . It alone, of all $1000 automobiles, is a straight-eight (70 h. p. Marmon-built engine). This one fact stamps it as the super-value of the year among lower-priced cars. The difference is not vague or technical—one half hour's drive will prove its positive superiority—a new ease, a new confidence at your command. Convertible coupe (illustrated) is $1095. Four-door five-passenger sedan, $995. Prices at factory; group equipment extra.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY ✦ INDIANAPOLIS

There's
extra value
in a double-action
shave

TRY Squibb's Shaving Cream once—just on its face value. See the extra dividend you get in shaving ease. Shaving comfort goes up point after point.

For now a shave with Squibb's is new. It's different! It's a *double-action* shave!

The Squibb Laboratories have recently perfected a unique shaving ingredient—a rare balm for the skin which has two actions.

First, it shields your face with a soft coat of protection—makes your razor glide with a smooth easy stride. Then—more important—it restores the delicate oils essential to the skin.

Nature keeps your face fresh and healthy with these vital oils. They guard the skin from irritation. They keep it supple and smooth. The first action of soap is to remove them and thus rob your face of its natural comfort.

But science has now conquered this. The *double-action* shave restores the oils essential to the skin and leaves your face just as soothed and pliant as Nature herself. That's the extra value in a shave with Squibb's.

Buy a tube of Squibb's Shaving Cream tonight. Reasonably priced, 40c for extra large tube.

© 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

SQUIBB'S
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 66)

by itself would warrant the expense of sending out an exclusive salesman, so the manufacturer usually made an arrangement with some traveler to handle his goods on commission, along with other noncompeting lines. Several men I knew were doing well at this. From the salesman's standpoint the only drawback was the fact that he had to finance himself. However, this was no problem in my case. From the time I first went to work in Maiden Lane I had regularly saved a portion of my wages, and at this time I had a balance of more than two thousand dollars to my credit in the savings bank on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

As has usually been the case during my life, a ridiculously trivial incident changed my career. I stood at the foot of the Rennolds stairway trying to decide whether to apply for a salaried position with some wholesale house or to take a chance on commission lines, when I heard the door of the Rennolds office slam and someone started to walk down the stairs. Out of the corner of an eye I saw it was Mr. Brice. Having no wish to meet him at that moment, and still less wishing to appear like a jobless man who loafed on the street for want of something better to do, I started briskly off. I knew Mr. Brice would turn to the east and go to the bank on Nassau Street, as was his custom at that hour of the day, so almost unconsciously I turned to the west. Broadway was only a few steps in that direction and when I reached the corner I continued my walk up that thoroughfare as far as City Hall Square. It was a mild winter's day and I sat on a bench to cogitate on plans for the future. I had been there perhaps five minutes when a man I knew came walking through the square from the direction of Park Row. His name was Charlie Pook. He was a few years older than I and had been a bookkeeper at the Jewelers' Credit Bureau when I first went to work in Maiden Lane. Charlie was one of those slow-going, stodgy characters, dependable as an old work horse, who appear to start life middle-aged and never change. I hailed him and he sat down beside me.

Charlie and I hadn't seen each other for two or three years. He told me he had quit the bureau and was keeping books for a wholesale electrical-goods concern called the Blake-Ogilvie Company. When I told him I was out of a job he became quite sympathetic, apparently believing I must be quite down in the mouth and in need of encouragement. After a bit he seemed to have a brilliant thought, for he spoke in an enthusiastic manner quite unusual for him:

"I know just the thing for you, Dick. I'll bet you can get a job with my concern right now."

He went on to say that the Blake-Ogilvie Company was in need of a city salesman. His chance meeting with me in City Hall Square was in fact a result of this need, because he had been over on Park Row for the purpose of putting an advertisement in the help-wanted column of one of the morning newspapers. He was sure I could qualify for the position. I thanked him for his interest, but said I knew nothing about the electrical business. To this Charlie made an astonishing remark that I often thought about during the years that followed:

"You needn't worry because you don't know anything about the electrical business," he said earnestly. "No one seems to know anything about it."

We talked a while longer, and finally, more to humor Charlie Pook than with any idea of getting into the electrical-goods industry, I said I would go with him to the headquarters of the Blake-Ogilvie Company. At that time there was a considerable colony of so-called electrical-goods wholesalers in the district west of Broadway and south of Chambers Street. The Blake-Ogilvie Company occupied a store on the ground floor of an old office building just beyond the Sixth Avenue Elevated line. It was a six-story structure, built in the style popular during the 70's, with an enormous entrance hall, where a cast-iron circular stairway led to the upper floors. At the back of the entrance hall there had been installed in more recent years a slow-moving combination freight and passenger elevator. The Blake-Ogilvie office and showroom occupied the corner ground-floor store; at the other side of the entrance was a retail hardware concern; and on the upper floors were firms that specialized in such varied merchandise as leather belting, dog collars and harness, barbers' supplies and awning frames.

Charlie escorted me into his employers' place of business. Just at the left of the front entrance there was a small private office into which he entered, and directly came out again with the message that Mr. Walter Blake would see me in a few minutes. Then he told me he had to get back to his bookkeeping desk, which was behind a counter at the rear.

Left alone, I had a chance to look around at the merchandise handled by electrical-goods wholesalers. The only article I had ever sold in the electrical line was a rheumatism ring stocked by most Maiden Lane jewelry jobbers. This ring was of some kind of dark gray metal, said to be charged with electricity, and when worn on the little finger was believed to be an antidote for rheumatic ills. I think most old-time jewelers and electrical-goods dealers will remember them. After a person wore one of the rings for a time there would be a dark line around the finger, and this was supposed to be proof that the ring was "drawing the rheumatism out of the system."

The Blake-Ogilvie Company carried a stock of rheumatism rings. Other merchandise of a more commercial nature was material used by building contractors. Speaking tubes and whistles for apartment houses and factories were important items. Though in 1905 domestic electric lighting was general, electric bulbs did not figure largely in the sales of jobbers. The reason for this lay in the fact that in most towns the local electric-light company gave bulbs gratis to its customers. When a bulb gave out, the householder carried it to the company office and exchanged it for a new one. Electric-light companies, using large quantities of bulbs, naturally bought direct from the manufacturers and eliminated the jobbers' profit. As for the household appliances that are so common today, the Blake-Ogilvie stock contained a rather meager assortment. There was, I remember, a sewing-machine motor featured on one of the counters alongside a large colored lithograph that showed a young lady in a white waist and dark skirt sitting at her machine, freed from the necessity of working a foot treadle. On another counter was a small electric grill that was called a "portable stove," and near this was an electric water heater, guaranteed to "heat one pint of water or other liquid in a few minutes."

Yet meager as was the stock of household appliances carried by the Blake-Ogilvie Company, these were the basis of my employment in the electrical industry. After what seemed an interminable time Mr. Blake stuck his head out of the door of the little front office and signified that he was ready to interview me. He was a man of about thirty-five, small and wiry, with a high, bulging forehead and nearsighted eyes hidden behind thick spectacles. I was not particularly taken with him at first. He made no attempt to be agreeable; beyond pointing to a chair, he said nothing until he had read two or three letters and adjusted a pile of documents on his desk to his own satisfaction. When he finally did speak, it was with a sort of nervous abruptness:

"What makes you think you can sell electrical goods?"

My first impulse was to tell him that I had no desire to sell electrical goods or any other kind of goods for the Blake-Ogilvie Company, and then to take my leave. Perhaps I would have done so except for the thought that such an action on my part might make it disagreeable for Charlie Pook. Controlling my irritation, I explained I was not particularly in need of a job and only came to see him at the solicitation of his bookkeeper. He interrupted me with the same nervous abruptness as before.

"Never mind how you came to be here," he said. "You are here, and that's enough. Tell me what you've ever done in the selling line."

I told him of my road experience with the Rennolds Company, what my annual sales had been, and even explained in detail the unfortunate transaction in New Orleans that had been the cause of my quitting. He listened patiently enough, and at the finish remarked quite agreeably that the fact of my having sold a luxury line was an item in my favor. A little later on, when I spoke of knowing Mr. Pook at the time we both worked for the Jewelers' Credit Bureau, he made a similar remark to the effect that credit experience was a valuable asset to any salesman.

He asked a number of other questions and at length said he would consider my application and let me know the next day what sort of an offer the Blake-Ogilvie Company would make me, if any. Up to this time I had not taken the interview seriously, and still being a bit indignant over his first abrupt manner toward me, I thought I would give him some of his own medicine.

"You're going too fast, Mr. Blake," I said independently. "I haven't applied for a job yet. All I've done is to tell you about myself. Before we proceed, suppose you tell me why it might be to my advantage to accept a position with the Blake-Ogilvie Company."

Instead of becoming offended at this, he broke into a laugh.

"So you want me to sell you the job, do you? Well, that's fair enough, only I'm not much of a salesman. I'll call my partner. He's the salesman member of the firm."

He told a clerk to get Mr. Duncan Ogilvie, and that gentleman came into the office a few moments later. He was a big, hearty man and, as his name implied, a Scotchman. Though he had lived in America since boyhood he still talked with a touch of accent.

"Here's a young man, Duncan," Mr. Blake said, "whom I've been talking to about selling electrical goods. He wants to know why he should work for us."

In later years I occasionally heard Duncan Ogilvie alluded to disparagingly as a mere handshaker, a man of small ability aside from a natural flair for good fellowship. This was not my own opinion after I came to know him. He did capitalize his personality, and his natural exuberance sometimes gave the impression of superficiality. Beyond a few detective stories, I doubt if he ever read a book in his life, and his newspaper reading was confined to headlines and the sporting columns. But he did have the power of transmitting his enthusiasms to people with whom he came in contact. He was a master salesman.

When his partner introduced me as a man who wanted to be sold on the electrical business, Mr. Ogilvie laughed and said this would be easy. He talked to me a little while about my former employment and then escorted me to the sales floor to explain the scope of the merchandise carried by an electrical jobbing house. It was here that I began to realize his power as a salesman and, in spite of myself, began to catch something of his enthusiasm. He said he had a fresh thrill every day to know he was in a business that was just beginning to be felt and that was bound to grow to enormous proportions. He was particularly eloquent of the future of the household-appliance business. He said that while it was still in infancy, the time would soon come when it would revolutionize the lives of people everywhere, when household drudgery would be done away with. It is beyond me to quote his precise language,

(Continued on Page 70)

• • • WHEN THE CHIEF'S ALOFT!

Aerial view of Concrete, on Baker River, Washington . . . In a Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane, you can put a vast field of varied operations either into the perspective of a small relief map or a large close-up. The earth may be studied leisurely and safely from an elevation of 15,000 feet, or with swift comprehensiveness at 150 feet. . . .

●

Features of Ford Plane

All-metal (corrugated aluminum alloys)—for strength, uniformity of material, durability, economy of maintenance, and structural safety.

Tri-motored (Wright or Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engines, totaling from 900 to 1275 horse-power)—reserve power for safety.

Speed range—55 to 135 m. p. h. Cruising radius, 580-650 miles.

Disposable load—3670 to 5600 pounds.

High wing monoplane (single, streamlined, cantilever wing)—for strength, speed, inherent stability, visibility, clean design . . .

17 *capacity* (including pilot's dual-control cabin)—Buffet, toilet, running-water, electric lights, etc.

Durability — Uniform all-metal construction is insurance against deterioration.

Price, $42,000 *to* $55,000 (standard equipped at Dearborn)—Exceptionally low because of multiple-unit on-line production methods.

THE broader and more diversified the field, the more lofty should be the point of supervision! . . . Telephones, stock-tickers, fast automobiles and railroads, telautographs, and radios are utilized to the utmost to maintain supervision and control. *But nothing gives the high executive so comprehensive and clean-cut a picture of field operations as an airplane.*

The character of a city may be judged accurately from the air by a comprehensive view of its industries, its traffic, its communications, its buildings and suburbs. Entire railroad systems may be inspected in a day from the windows of the conference chamber itself. Extensive dams and other industrial works, taking on the proportions of toys, may be studied as critically as perfect scale models. . . .

That is chiefly why such great industrial organizations as Standard Oil of Indiana, Standard Oil of California, Curtis Publishing Company, the Texas Company, and Reid Murdoch Company are using Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes as flying executive offices.

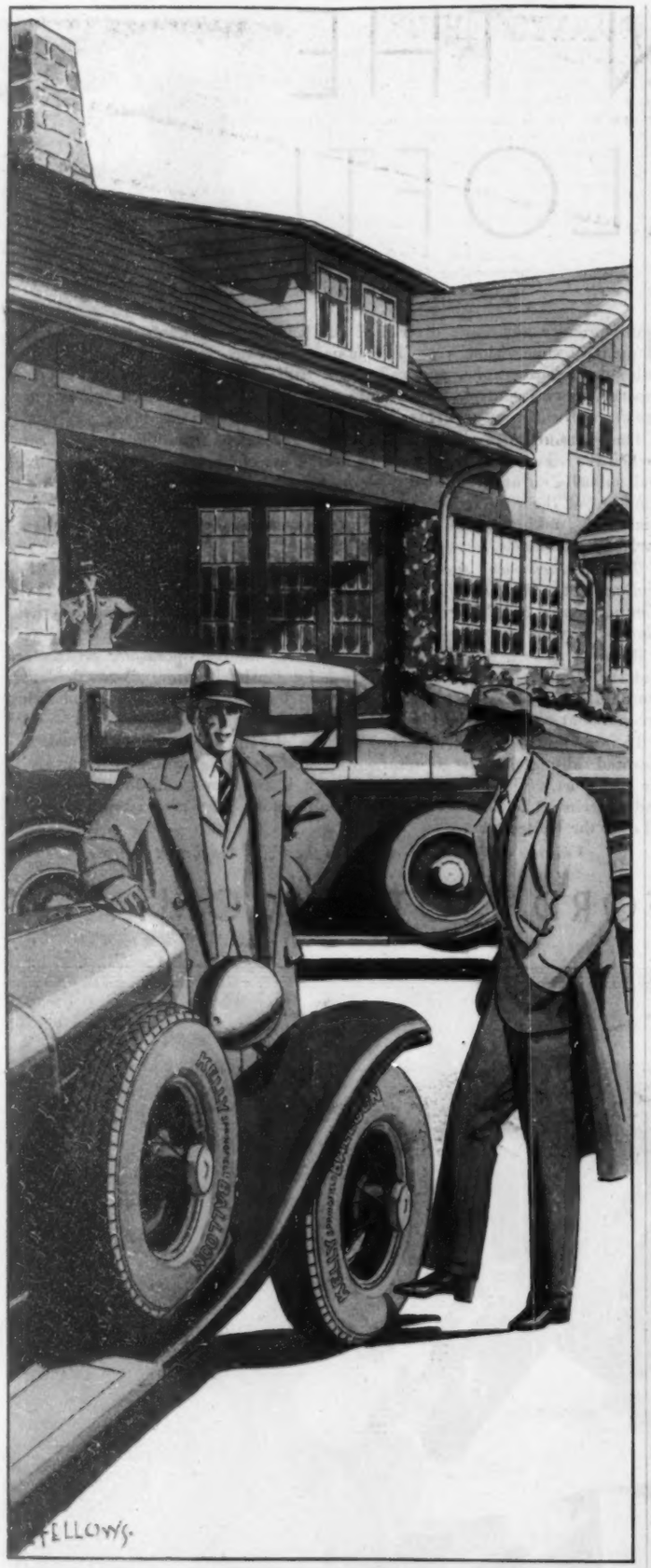
Railroad executives, tax assessors, oil men, lumber operators, prospectors and surveyors . . . all have special use for Ford tri-motor, all-metal planes. Durability, speed, safety, and spaciousness for desks, instruments and living accommodations make the Ford plane an ideal flying headquarters. . . .

The air-minded American public has already accepted the Ford tri-motored, all-metal plane as representing the highest standard of commercial air transport. The highly efficient design is the result of continuous study and experiment . . . Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes are in regular service all over the United States.

Visitors are always welcome at the Ford Airport at Detroit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Interior view of one of our customer's planes. . . as clean and stable as a yacht . . . twice as fast as an express train . . . and, when tri-motored, equally as safe.



"Sam, you're always telling how good Kelly-Springfield tires are—how much mileage do you actually get out of a set?"

"Couldn't tell you—I've never kept a car over two years, so I haven't ever had a chance to wear a set of Kellys out."

(Continued from Page 68)

which was punctuated with shrewd Scotch phraseology, or to convey a sense of the exuberant optimism he radiated; but by the time he finished I was pretty well sold on the electrical-appliance business.

When we went back into the office, Mr. Ogilvie turned me over to his partner and the latter explained the reason for their wanting an additional salesman at that time. Like other electrical jobbers, the bulk of their business was in the line of electrical equipment, their customers being among building contractors and industrial corporations. No one was making especial effort to popularize the use of household appliances. These articles had to be sold through retail stores, and Blake-Ogilvie wanted a specialty man capable of convincing retail merchants that they might profitably push such merchandise.

At the time I wondered why the partners took so much pains to convince me, whose only recommendation came from their thirty-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, that it might be to my advantage to get into the electrical business. Months afterward I asked Mr. Blake this question. His explanation may be of interest to a great many salesmen, particularly at the present time, when changes are constantly occurring of such a radical nature that almost overnight an entire industry may find itself as outdated as the manufacturer of cigar-store wooden Indians.

Every experience that a man gains in one industry can be put to use in some other industry, no matter how apparently dissimilar they may be. For example, when I was selling goods on the road for a Maiden Lane watch-and-diamond house, I had no idea I was getting experience that would fit me to sell electrical appliances. Yet both partners of the Blake-Ogilvie Company realized it, and that was the reason they went to some pains to interest me in their line. I had been selling luxuries, and at that time electric appliances for household use were considered luxuries. None of their regular salesmen, trained to sell equipment to building contractors and industrial plants, were fitted to do business with retail merchants. This work required an entirely different technic.

There was another angle that made my experience in the jewelry trade particularly useful. Department stores and other important retail establishments were not handling electrical appliances, and did not generally do so until some years later. It is an axiom of business that large-scale merchandisers seldom take up a thing until it has been so thoroughly popularized that selling is easy. As the Blake-Ogilvie partners figured it, small shopkeepers—those who already handled a few electrical articles—offered the only channel through which electrical appliances could be popularized. But most of these small shopkeepers were very poor merchants. The majority were mechanics who had set themselves up in business as repairers and handled a few electrical items as side lines. The task to which the Blake-Ogilvie Company set itself was to make real merchants out of these mechanics. As it happened, this was along the lines in which I was experienced, for most of the small-town jewelers whom I had called on for the Rennolds Company were watch repairers who had turned storekeepers. I knew the mechanic type of mind. I knew what arguments to use to convince them that selling merchandise might be more profitable than working at the bench.

There was still another advantage that my Maiden Lane experience gave me—namely, a knowledge of the importance of commercial credit. This was impressed on me during the time I worked for the Jewelers' Credit Bureau, and later on when I went on the road for the Rennolds Company. A salesman in the jewelry line had to be his own credit manager to a certain extent, because he actually delivered the merchandise that he sold. This was important in the position that the Blake-Ogilvie Company wanted to fill. Few of the small electrical dealers at that time had credit rating of any sort. They bought whatever materials they used on a C. O. D. basis. But if they were to be changed into merchants they would have to be extended credit, and the salesman who called on them had to judge who were good credit risks and who were not.

Every new industry seeking an outlet for its products has to face problems such as I have described. All unconsciously I had gained experience in an old industry that was particularly valuable in a new one. When I left the office of the Blake-Ogilvie Company, it was with the understanding that they would make me a definite offer. A couple of days later they wrote me saying they would pay me a flat salary of sixty dollars a week to call on the New York City trade, and I accepted the job.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

"Why Not Take Home a Tabloid to the Kiddies?"

Why Experiment with Dentifrices?

...*it's risky*

You can't go wrong if you use the world's most popular dentifrice—Colgate's. It cleans best, because its penetrating foam, in addition to polishing, goes deep into every tiny crevice and washes away the decaying particles which cause trouble.

COLGATE'S is a cleansing dentifrice, not a dental "cure-all." Colgate's has never claimed to cure pyorrhea; to correct mouth acidity—but Colgate's *does* claim to clean teeth better.

Millions of sensible people realize that when you brush your teeth with Colgate's, you do *more* than merely polish the outer surfaces. Colgate's active foam possesses a remarkable property (called low "surface-tension"). This means that it can penetrate deep into every tiny crevice in teeth and gums, where ordinary toothpastes cannot reach. There it softens and dislodges decaying impurities which cause trouble—washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists, which safely polishes the enamel to a brilliant lustre.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the teeth beautifully, but—because it contains the *world's greatest cleansing agent*—it cleans the crevices where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

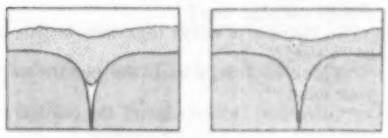
If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

Only 25c

The famous 25c tube of Colgate's is economical. It contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter.

The function of a dentifrice is to **clean** the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. These are things which only a dentist or physician can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is false and misleading.

***How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start**



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decaying particles may cause trouble.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1634, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York, N. Y. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." **FREE**

Name .....

Address .....

THE EYES OF THE SHIP

(Continued from Page 9)

watching the funnels of what the forepeak calls "the great Empress ships" lying at rest between voyages to Manila and Hong-Kong. Alaska loomed—at least a glimpse of it—but before that a chance opened to go out with one of the crack pilots of the Empire House, whose interests ply all the oceans at once.

Captain S. Snoddy was taking out a Frenchman from Vancouver to Race Rocks. No fog, no wind; just a long northern summer twilight with hazy incense from a timber burning on the breeze. The Notre Dame de Fourvières of the French Line, laden with Nos. 1 and 2 Alberta wheat, bound for Havre. She had just been coaled. Tarrying ships in Vancouver Harbor are not allowed to throw ashes and galley refuse overboard.

"You will forgive—oh, please—the dust, the feelth on everysing! It is most dir-tee. Tomorr', if you could only be wis me, you would see a clean ship"—from Captain Blanqui, who was really distressed. Above the doorway in which he stood was a plate marked, Bureau Commandante.

"Has the pilot, Captain Snoddy, come aboard?"

"*Oui*—yes—that is he below!" The captain pointed to a youthful though gigantic figure standing with the first officer on the main deck. The umber-mellowed face that turned up with a greeting showed little trace of thirty years of sea.

The two masters were presently on the bridge together, but the transfer of authority had not yet taken place. Captain Blanqui cleared the Notre Dame from the Wheat Pool Terminal Dock, directing his officers, forward and astern, by means of a pocket whistle and signals of his own. With the lines cast off, the master of the Notre Dame turned to Captain Snoddy, shrugged his shoulders, held out his hands, palms upward, and the invisible scepter of command changed hands. The pilot turned forward on the bridge and said: "Half speed ahead."

Striking Each Note

As the Notre Dame entered the Narrows a West Vancouver ferry appeared at the other end.

"As soon as that fellow gets out of the way, so he won't think we're talking to him, I'll show you how the whistles work in the Narrows," Captain Snoddy said.

The deep-sea brass of the freighter briefly intoned its "Om-m." Three or four seconds of silence and the echoes ripped back from either side.

"Close together like that, we know we are in midchannel; and we know how far we are from the cliffs by the length of time it takes for the sound to return. From rising land a mile away eleven seconds are required—five and a half to go, the same to come back."

"Wouldn't a strong wind interfere or change the echo time?"

"In the case of heavy fogs there is little or no wind."

"The echo brings back the picture to your mind?"

"Of course. Knowledge of the coast is necessary. The sound visualizes it. For instance, if a low sandy beach which would give no sound stretched out from that headland and I didn't allow for it, I'd be home to stay thereafter, navigating a motor truck, or the like."

"Does the tone or quality of echo differ according to the shape of the wall or cliff that resounds it?"

"Sure. A bald cliff has one sound, a mound fuzzy with trees another. We are familiar with each contour and the sound it makes, and put the two together when we're in the thick of it. Often we have to sound our way into dock, reading the water front by the sound recoil. 'That's Pier D, that's Pier H, that's the Ballantyne Pier or Hastings Mill'—we know by the echo. But the kind of whistle has everything to do with it. This deep-sea horn of the Notre Dame would be mean to deal with in close work. What we want is sharp, shrill, short blasts. Gulf and sound ships carry the right sort nowadays. A whistle that warms up slowly and is tardy in get-away confuses the pilot. Some horns, for instance, belch right down on the bridge with such a close shock that a man on watch is too deafened to be ready for the echo. Lots of times, in close work such as is necessary in the narrow channels of the Alaska run, if the sound dragged, the echo would be back before the whistle ended."

The Notre Dame was out of English Bay. Captain Blanqui came close with winsome apology:

"You will be so good to dine in our poor way wis us here on the bridge?"

His Grand Coup

A small board was propped up from the wall in the pilot house and for two hours thereafter courses were served for three, standing, from *potage* to sweet, with frequent animated punctuations, novel to the American, habitually stressed by governmental vigilance and police intervention, and innumerable "*Oui-oui's*" from the swift-slippered steward. Old familiar faces—Demerara, Martell, Bushmills, and at last a stumpy container, rattan-wrapped, that would hold its own, erect as a gyroscope, in a typhoon; only to be produced by the captain's own keys. This was said to be the "veree own of Empire House."

"I have to stop and think I'm not on vacation on a night like this," Captain Snoddy said. "Worse things could happen than to be imprisoned on this ship to Havre."

Though it was after nine, the northern twilight still lingered, the sea in a bridal mood. The bleat of a buoy sounded astern. No one had heard it before or as we passed.

"We're supposed to hear that squawker as we come up to it"—Captain Snoddy smiled—"but it's operated by the swell of the sea. When no swell is running, like now, or when fog is thick, she sleeps."

"But it's sounding now. Why is that?"

"The rollers from our ship set it going. We go by and wake 'em up. Then we know they are there. . . . They're funny as a crutch—those fog signals. As a whole, they work better when you're not listening for them. Sometimes you can hear them ahead or behind, when not a whimper reaches you from straight abeam. Then, again, a man aloft will get them when they're silent to us on the bridge. Then there are the submarine signals, only to be heard below the water line."

He moved to the far side of the bridge. The way was now intricate, but the passage lights he was working with stood out like rubies and diamonds. Captain Blanqui approached the passenger, whispering, "You know zis brave *commandante?*"

"Who?"

"Captain Sno-dee?"

"Of course."

Eyes turned to the lanky figure in a crushed felt hat beyond the two open doors of the pilot house.

"I mean," persisted Blanqui, "you know his deed, that gran' coup, his magnificent coureezh—the saving of the lives of the liner Alaska?"

That had to be filed for reference, as Captain Snoddy now approached. "You may as well send a wireless now to the pilots' office in Victoria saying to watch for us off Race Rocks at two in the morning," he said.

Captain Blanqui left to attend to the matter. The rest was full dark on the bridge, the silence occasionally broken by low-voiced changes of course, until, at two in the morning, the lights of Victoria were on the starboard beam and the single white flash of a power boat showing ahead. The engines of the Notre Dame had stopped; the ladder was overside from the main deck, the launch swung to. Captain Blanqui stood like a host at the corner of the bridge as the pilot and the passenger climbed down.

"It's all a lighted boulevard now, all the way out to Swiftsure," said Captain Snoddy as the launch cleared and the bells of the Notre Dame sounded full speed ahead for the engines.

The next afternoon, returning to Vancouver, the story of the Alaska's disaster was brought out from the angle of the man who played the part of saving a hundred and sixty-eight lives. "His deed, that gran' coup," which Captain Blanqui spoke of, occurred in an August night of thick fog in 1921.

The Alaska, from Portland to San Francisco, with passengers and crew numbering two hundred and eleven, struck Blunt's Reef off Cape Mendocino and began sinking at once. Captain Harry Hobey was below at the moment of the stroke, which was followed by an explosion in the engine room and a hideous belch of steam blending with the fog.

So far as he was concerned personally, Captain Hobey had faced the issue by the time he reached the bridge. There would be no explanations from his lips. There was no explanation. He was off his course or he would not have fouled. Above the screaming of the passengers and the sucking and gurgling from the hold, he megaphoned from the bridge:

"Do as I tell you! Don't crowd! Take it easy to the boats! If you all do as I say no one need go down—but myself!"

Meanwhile his radio operator was busy. Twenty miles away the steamer Anyox, towing a barge, Captain Snoddy commanding, plucked the message out of the ethers of the fog: "Alaska foundering . . . Blunt's Reef . . . passengers . . . boats now going overside . . . ship rapidly settling . . . sinking . . . passengers!"

"I was on the bridge and happened to know our exact position," Captain Snoddy said. "I told our operator to answer: 'We're coming.' There were others about, but the night was very thick. It's a rotten feeling to turn inshore off Mendocino. A man has to think of his own. I had a barge in tow, too—had to watch out for that. My whole crew was on deck as we felt our way in." An authentic report states that Captain Snoddy made for Blunt's Reef with his engines at forced draft. "'Sinking . . . sinking . . . sinking!' sounded at intervals from the liner's apparatus, with interpolated words and names: 'Steamship Alaska . . . Blunt's Reef . . .' and always the word 'passengers' until the silence. Within two hours after the first message, we were among the voices."

Among the Voices

Captain Snoddy referred to the cluster of boats milling around in the fog near the place where the liner had gone down.

"That's what got to me most—the voices, and—oh, yes, as we shot a light on him—one black man riding a skylight alone. You see, the Alaska was an oil-burner, and blowing up, one of her tanks gummed the sea. This chap came up through a plaster of it and scrambled onto a set of floating window frames. Some were strangled in that oil.

"Another thing that cost lives that night—the old-fashioned life preservers that fasten round the waist. The point of balance is too low. It humps the head forward or back. People drowned in them, slapped by the breaking waves with a coating of fuel oil. They make them now to go over the head like ponchos, and they hold a body well up out of the swell.

"I can hear the voices yet—delirious boatloads of folks that clung to the gunwales; had to be torn loose. Then we couldn't get them up the ladder in their life belts—had to cut them free. We had a lot of trouble with the barge, too, of course. She was continually climbing up on us from the weight of the hawser, but we got most of them—a hundred and sixty-eight—and landed them safe in Eureka next day. They ate us out of the last crumb on board the Anyox. . . .

"And Captain Hobey made good on the immemorial code, probably shutting the door of the chart room on himself when the last boat was lowered, for his body wasn't found. It doesn't happen to all of us—a night like that."

These were the few remarks of the man whose night's work goes down as a "deed of unparalleled heroism." During the further hours of the easy passage back to Vancouver, Captain Snoddy casually discussed his work and the work of his brother pilots.

"The pilot knows his district but cannot know at once the peculiarities of a strange ship—how she answers to her helm or to the engines. For instance, turbines, as a rule, have not so much power in reverse as reciprocating engines; they carry their way after the stop. The master is at hand to put and keep the pilot wise. There are vessels of notorious reputation and scandals about certain liners which passengers seldom hear of. Two steamers built on the same specifications, in the same yards—sisters—one sweet and orderly, another with a homicidal or suicidal mania."

The Captain's Relief

"'How's she been doing, captain?' you might ask, boarding an inbound Australian.

"'Doing? I haven't had a peaceful night's rest since we left Sydney. The minute I get to sleep, this she-wolf thinks up a new one. Yesterday and today and forever she's a murderin' novelty.'

"Or it might be the other way: 'Doing fine. As sweet a little ship as you ever stood on. She'd find her way into Seattle alone.'

"In surrendering his command after a long tough voyage, the Old Man is inclined to relax a little; especially if he knows you rather well. He takes the position of host, adviser, second, but without ever for a moment surrendering final authority; it is he who has the owners to face.

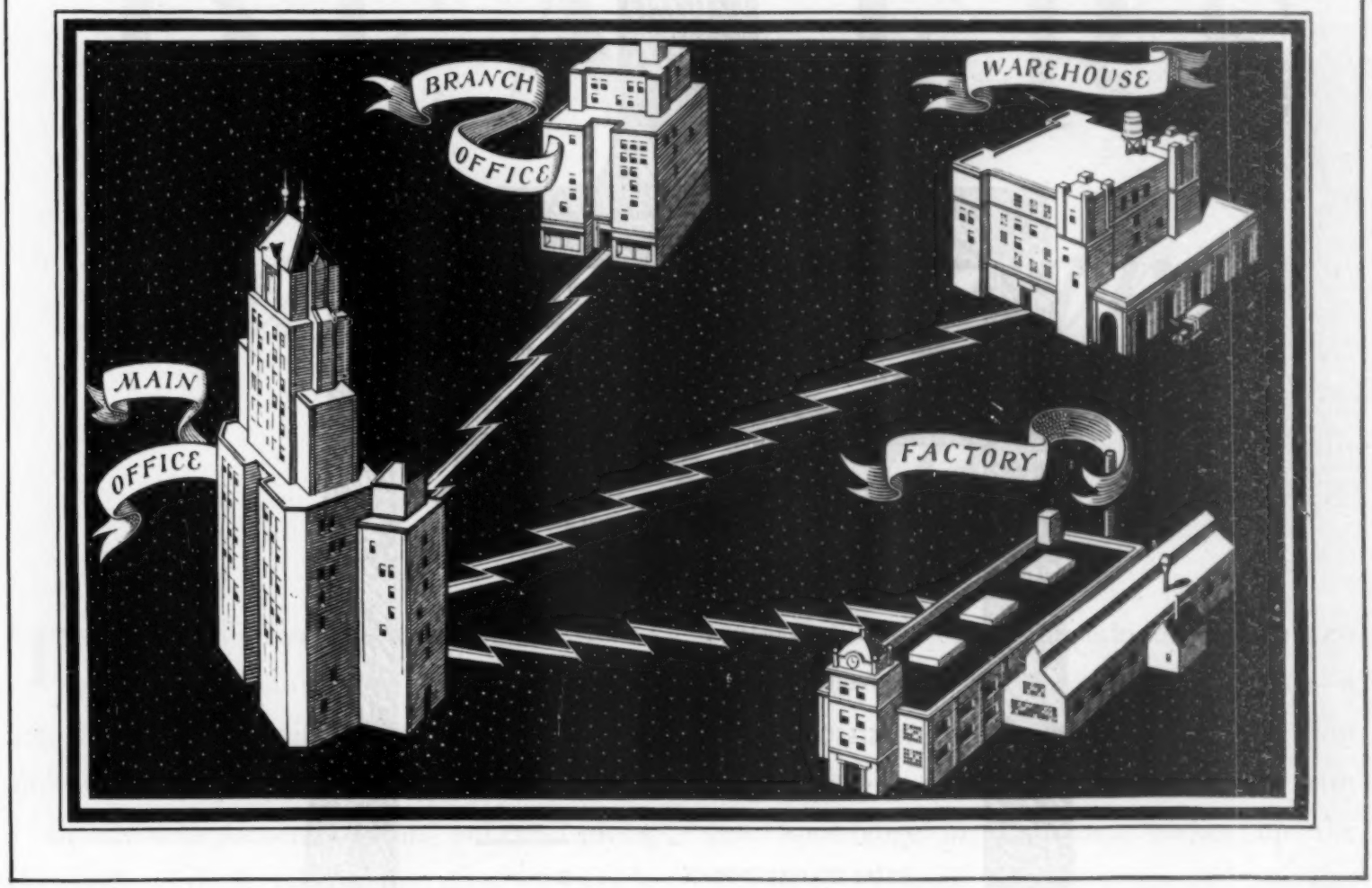
"Yet something happens to a captain with the pilot's arrival on the bridge. I've thought about it a good deal, though it's hard to put to words. You take the positive authority; the skipper becomes negative, receptive. He finds it easy to let the burden slip a bit, harder to hold himself up than when he's alone. You seem to lift the spine out of him. That's not very clear.

"Frequently, however, a foreign master—a Japanese, a Norwegian, an Italian—coming into Puget Sound or the Gulf of Georgia, is entirely at sea in a fog. Though he may not say so, he walks up and down, helpless as a passenger. The pilot may be an absolute stranger to him, of another country, language. In fact, frequently the orders I give to the helmsman have to be translated or I may be called to verify my own orders constantly at the compass, even at the wheel.

"You understand the captain's position fully. You've been through it yourself perhaps. It's only right that you give him all you have, without any rattles in the head. You can't blame the strange captain for grabbing your hand when you've safely docked, though I don't encourage being kissed on both cheeks, as one Italian rose to do recently. He meant no harm, as was proved by the drink he brought to the cuddy before letting me go ashore. It was a time to enjoy the best."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Comfort and Mr. Lucas. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

2 or 22 connected offices receive the message Simultaneously



SPECIAL arms of the telephone service are being called into use more and more by business concerns. These Bell System private wire services have been developed to fit the varying needs of business.

Telephone Typewriter Service, one of these special arms, is a quick, accurate method of inter-office communication. It connects main office with branch houses, factories and warehouses for instant typewritten communication. It is just like having all of your units under one roof. As large a number of points as desired can be reached at the same time on the same circuit.

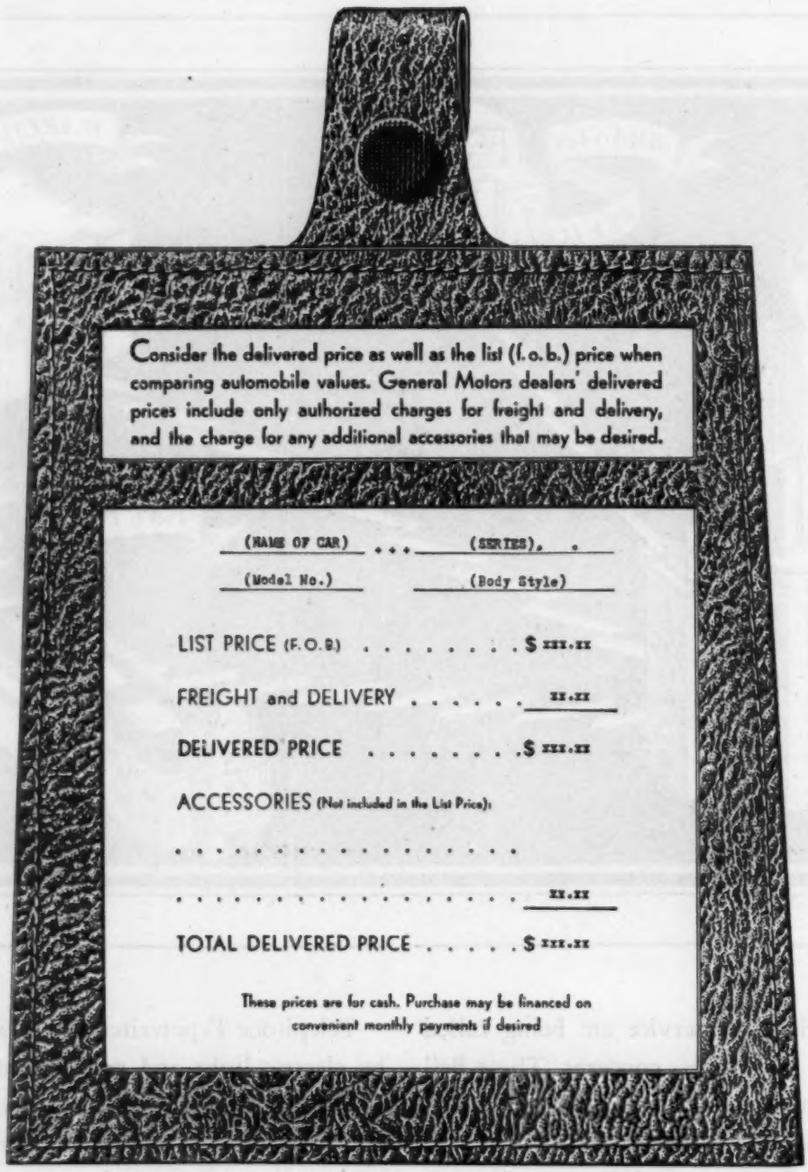
Telephone Typewriter Service is being used increasingly by electric light and power companies, trust companies, manufacturing firms, newspapers, press associations, investment security houses, brokerage and bond concerns, banks and government departments.

Would this special arm of the telephone service bring development and profit to your business? It can be tailor-made to suit your special needs.

Your local Bell Telephone Business Office will gladly discuss it with you. Bell Special Services are *Convenient . . . Economical . . . Universal.*

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

GENERAL


Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. General Motors dealers' delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery, and the charge for any additional accessories that may be desired.
(NAME OF CAR) ... (SERIES)
(Model No.) (Body Style)
LIST PRICE (F.O.B) . . . . . $ xxx.xx
FREIGHT and DELIVERY . . . . . xx.xx
DELIVERED PRICE . . . . . $ xxx.xx
ACCESSORIES (Not included in the List Price):
. . . . . .
. . . . . xx.xx
TOTAL DELIVERED PRICE . . . . . $ xxx.xx
These prices are for cash. Purchase may be financed on convenient monthly payments if desired

THIS is the standard price tag used by General Motors dealers to show what makes up the delivered prices of their new cars.

List Price. The f. o. b. price advertised by the factory.

Freight and Delivery. An authorized amount to cover the freight charges paid by the dealer and the cost of unloading, inspecting, supplying fuel and oil—preparing the car for delivery to you.

Accessories. A charge for any additional accessories that may be purchased.

MOTORS DEALERS *adopt standard price tag*

THERE is a difference between the list (f. o. b.) price of a new automobile and the price you actually pay. This difference consists of certain additions made by the dealer.

In line with General Motors' policy of giving the public all the facts, its dealers show you exactly what their additions are. They are using the standard price tag illustrated at the left. It is attached to new cars displayed in their showrooms.

Everything is set forth frankly. Every charge is fair and reasonable. Nothing is hidden. There is no extra charge to permit a *seemingly* better trade-in offer. No extra charge for advertising, etc. You are entitled to buy a General Motors car with full knowledge of just what makes up the difference between the list price and the delivered price. The tag tells all.

Study this tag. Make it your guide in comparing car values. Find out exactly what goes into the *delivered price*—for that is the price you pay.

STANDARD price tag adopted by General Motors dealers to let you know exactly what charges make up their cars' delivered prices. The General Motors cars are

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC

"A car for every purse and purpose" · All with Body by Fisher

ALAGAZAM

(Continued from Page 27)

The receipts depend only on the size of the crowd and the doctor's persuasive powers. Its principal object, of course, is to clear out all stock before the next jump. It cannot be employed where the medicines cost the operator a reasonable fraction of his selling price, which they not infrequently do.

Compare this with Walter Besant's description of Horn Fair in The World Went Very Well Then, and believe that human nature is a pretty constant substance. Besant's story is fiction, the time about 1700, but its basis is fact.

"This was the stage of the Great High German Doctor," he wrote. "There were tables on the stage, and beside the musicians there were the doctor's zanies who tumbled and postured and danced the tight rope; and his shell grinders and compounders, every one of whom, in turn, harangued and bamboozled the mob. As for the doctor himself, he was not at first on the stage at all. But presently a fellow dressed in yellow and black blew a horrid blast with the tin trumpet and bawled out, 'Room for the doctor, gentlemen! Room for the doctor!' Mounted on a black steed, that learned person rode slowly toward the stage. The saddle was covered with red velvet and provided with a kind of lectern on which was a big folio volume which the doctor was reading, paying no heed to the crowd, as if no moment could be spared from study. He wore a gown of black velvet and a crimson velvet cap, like unto the cap of a Cambridge medicine doctor. A fellow in crimson led the horse.

"Then the man with the tin trumpet hung out a placard upon which was the great man's styles and titles—Physician to the Sophy of Persia and the Grand Mogul, Tooth Drawer to the King of Morocco and Corn Cutter to the Emperor of Trebizonde, the Grand Turk and Prester John. Seventh son of a seventh son, seven days before he suckled, seven days before he cried, seven years before he uttered a single word.

"The doctor spoke. 'Gentlemen all,' he said. 'I congratulate you all on your good fortune in coming to Horn Fair this day, for it is my birthday, and on this anniversary I give away my priceless medicines for no greater charge than will pay for the bottles and boxes. On other days they are sold for their weight in gold. I have here"—he held up a plaster—"the Cataplasma Diabolicum or Vulnerary Decoction of Monkshood, which heals all wounds in twenty-four hours if applied alone; if taken with the Electuary Pacific—show the electuary, varlets!—it heals in a couple of hours.'" There is more of it in the Besant novel, if you are interested. Or if you prefer fact, read C. J. S. Thompson's The Quacks of Old London.

The med show at its worst is when operated as a blind and a come-on for a consultation office, the usual practice of the jamb pitch doctor. This being the practice of medicine, a graduate physician must be carried. His medical license is a "look-see," from the frequent demands made upon him by the authorities to produce it.

Diagnosis by Code

He may be a competent, even a splendid physician, and capable of giving the soundest medical advice, but that is not what he is there for. Though his diploma may, and sometimes does, bear the seal of one of our best and most reputable medical schools, the object usually is to exploit the patient for the last cent. I have known $1000 a day to be taken in by such an office. I have seen an old woman dying of dropsy persuaded to mortgage her home to pay for worthless treatment.

"Don't tell us what's the matter with you. Let us tell you," is the greeting of the office doctor. "Your local doctors may have to be told; we know our business." Whereupon, without asking a question, the doctor makes a quick, shrewd diagnosis. He can do this by two methods. Most chronic ills stamp their marks upon the sufferer and any diagnostician can read them. But if he is a code worker, he makes doubly sure.

Two adjoining rooms are rented in a hotel. The doctor's office is the inner room. In the outer sits his employer, greeting the patients. The arriving patient is told that the doctor is busy at the moment. As he waits, the med-show man leads him into a conversation that soon veers around to his health. The patient loves to talk about his ills and rarely finds a new listener. As he complains, the showman seems to play with a pencil while he listens sympathetically.

Problems for Pitchmen

Actually, he is marking a diagnosis card, and when he has extracted the desired information, he rises, saying, "I think I hear the lady ahead of you leaving." He vanishes into the inner room, where he gives the waiting doctor the card, adding any oral information that may be useful, and when the patient is ushered in, the doctor begins almost at once to recite the caller's medical history, to the latter's dumfoundment. Such operators do not always carry a show, but depend upon newspaper advertising.

No love is lost between the jamb worker and the orthodox pitchman and med-show man. The jamb man, to whom one dollar won by his wits has a sweeter flavor than ten dollars honestly earned, looks upon his more scrupulous confreres with contempt, while he is hated by them for the trail of closed towns, exorbitant licenses and public suspicion he leaves behind him. Today many more towns are closed than are open. Some entire states are closed by state laws, and there are others in which the open towns may be counted on one hand. So serious has the situation become that the National Pitchmen's and Salesmen's Protective Association has been organized for "unity, coöperation, and defense," to restrain the jamb worker and to protect the square shooter. The first national convention of the body was held in Cincinnati in 1927. All flaming individualists, pitchmen come to organization reluctantly, but they are coming.

In my time every town was open and the fee for a reader was nominal except in the South. Texas was highest of all then, with an eighty-dollar state tax, a county tax of half that, and a municipal fee of one quarter the amount. Prohibitive county licenses of $1000 and similar state and town taxes are found in parts of the South today, though exceptions sometimes are made for ex-service men who carry proper credentials. The local merchants, hostile to any enterprise which takes money out of town, have seen to this legislation, morally supported by the jamb worker.

Yet there are exceptions. Two or three years ago the Sa-tan-ic Medicine Show played a week in a town in Kansas, under the auspices of the local merchants, pitching their platform in the middle of the principal block on Main Street. I have heard of other modern instances of merchants sponsoring a med show in the expectancy of profits from the crowds attracted.

The small boy is any free show's problem. He is the show's best advertiser through his habit of spreading the news like a Paul Revere the instant his sharp eyes spot its arrival. But he is noisy, he sits or stands as close as he can get, he buys nothing, he attends in unrestricted numbers, and his relatives always may be present to resent a correction. So for him a fixed and patient smile is kept. Not so the drunk and the village Smart Aleck.

It is policy to ignore the Smart Aleck's first few interruptions. He may subside if unnoticed, but if he persists, the first treatment calls for an ironic courtesy: "I beg pardon. My friend over there has asked a question and I fear that I did not hear him. Perhaps he will be so good as to repeat the question." Attention thus attracted to them, the minor nuisances are silenced.

If they continue, the lecturer, an old hand at rough-and-tumble interchange and heavy sarcasm, is prepared. He may stop his lecture, look steadily in the direction of the village wise-cracker and say reminiscently: "I beg your pardon, sir, for my seeming failure to recognize you. I know you quite well." Then to the audience: "Yes, I know this pretty fellow. I knew his father. His father was a cooper. Made very good barrels, some kegs. This keg he left incomplete; he failed to put any head on it."

A Small Med-Show Outfit of Today; Doc William H. Bailey, His Wife, Dog and Car

Botany at His Finger Tips

Amid the howls of the audience the nuisance usually slinks away red-faced, but if he should repeat the question, there are many stock answers. One of them is: "I really don't know, but may I say that the nature of the question suggests an inquiring mind seldom found outside childhood, a retarded development. For children we recommend"—whatever vermifuge is being sold. "Most children have worms. Have you?"

The drunk is not so easily shamed. Doctor Yellowstone, a quiet, decorous worker, was making a pitch one day under the spreading branches of an old tree in a courthouse yard in the South. A drunk crowded in, planted himself on feet unsteady, and listened with alcoholic gravity for a while. Suddenly he broke into jeers.

"Calls hisself botanist?" he scoffed. "A erb'l'st. Rats! Bots without nists. Don't even know what kind of tree he's standin' under."

This continuing, Doc Yellowstone paused and gazed benignly on the drunk. "My friend," he said, "there seems to be some doubt in your mind as to the truth of some things I've been saying. You seem to entertain the idea that I am not familiar with the name of this tree. Of course, you know. I take this for granted. You but wish to satisfy yourself that I know. Well, the tree we are standing beneath, and a handsome specimen it is, is an Elyria Dendum Tulipa Fera Americanus."

Gleeful whoops from the crowd and a muttering exit by the drunk. The drunk did not know, the audience certainly didn't, perhaps not Yellowstone, but the rejoinder served its purpose.

Among Our Millionaires

The pitchman may never have opened a book on psychology, yet inherently or by observation, he has learned the formula of: First, attention; second, interest; third, suggestion; fourth, imagination; fifth, desire; sixth, decision. It is a wise salesman who knows enough to stop talking at the decision signal on the faces of his push. With the gentlemen of the keister or platform this is termed "making the joint." Follows the Hurry-Up of band, words, gestures and a constant reiteration of "A gentleman over here takes two bottles; this lady will try the remedy." Suggestion, autosuggestion.

Few med-show men have made riches, and it has been easy come, easy go with most of that few. There are notable exceptions. Percy Williams was one. Jim Ferdon is another. The late Lee Cooper, of Dayton, Ohio, made a sizable stake with his med show, then multiplied it to a fortune in patent-medicine manufacturing. He owned a racing stable and a good deal of downtown Dayton before he died in 1927. E. J. Burke, reputed to be one of the wealthiest real-estate operators and bankers in Houston, Texas, made his first $12,000 with a med show. Yellowstone Jack—Gordon Sage—of St. Louis, who dates so far back that he used to move by pack train, has the name of being a millionaire.

A rep-show manager opening in a Virginia town, inquired of a native if Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde ever had played the town. The native mused for a moment, then turned to a neighbor.

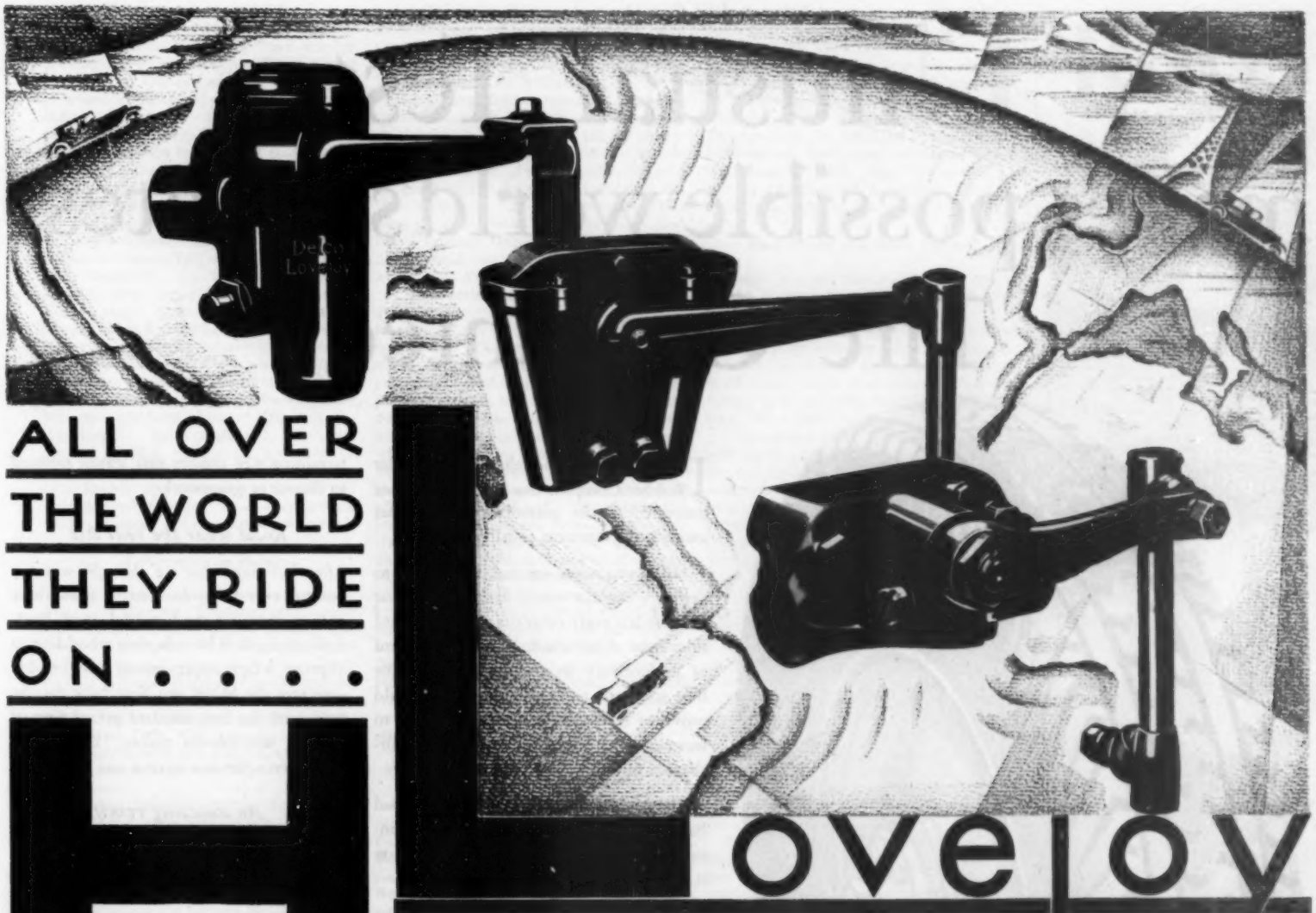
"Sam," he asked, "what was the name of that last medicine show that come to town?"

Like all other forms of merchandising, the med show is affected by changing modes and vogues. They vary so, one from another, that generalizations are unsafe, but in the main they differ greatly from those of my time.

Many carry a line almost the equivalent of a modern drug store, and come down heavier on toilet and beauty preparations than on internal remedies. A number deal exclusively in beauty stuffs. Almost all sell prize-package candy as a side line; a tip they have taken from the tent rep shows. These side lines, including Most Popular Young Lady contests, often produce the difference between the success and failure of a stand.

The best comparison between the old and the new days is that there no longer is anything comparable to the Kickapoo, Hamlin's Wizard Oil or Dr. Frank P. Horne's German Medicine Company of Cincinnati, which operated up to one hundred units. Horne sold out eventually to his secretary, Eddie Seyler, and started a successful Cincinnati stock company, but the business went trippingly on until the war, when Teutonia and Germania Oil found it well to be rechristened. I never encountered Horne and

(Continued on Page 79)



ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY RIDE ON . . .

Lovejoy Hydraulic SHOCK ABSORBERS

So widespread has become the popularity of Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers that motorists in all parts of the world are experiencing perfect riding comfort. ● This preference for Lovejoys is due to the fact that Lovejoys are designed to meet the requirements of modern high-speed driving. They eliminate sidesway, pitching and front-end "shimmy"; they make it possible for the driver to have perfect control of the car at even the highest speeds; they are conducive to greater comfort and greater safety. ● And Lovejoys, because of their patented design and their hydraulic operation, never wear out . . . nor do they need adjustment, winter or summer. Always, they keep the spring action under uniform control . . . turning the roughest highways into boulevards. ● Now standard equipment on more than three million automobiles at home and abroad—and with the demand increasing every day—Lovejoys are unquestionably the world's most popular hydraulic shock absorbers.

Spring suspension, car weight and chassis design are factors to take into consideration in selecting the proper shock absorbing equipment. Three different models of Lovejoys (pictured above) offer a sufficient variety of types and sizes to meet the particular requirements of each car, truck or bus.

DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

Unusual Test makes possible world's greatest Tire Guarantee

IT has long been the belief of The Miller Rubber Company that the public is not interested in tire guarantees but in what makes tire guarantees possible.

Miller engineers set out a year ago to perfect a tire that would definitely outwear and outclass every other tire in the Standard Price field. A tire which, by its actual record of performance in competition with the best standard tires of 13 makers, would prove so conclusively its superiority as to leave not the slightest doubt in the purchaser's mind.

The new Miller Geared-to-the-Road Balloon is such a tire. It justifies the unsurpassable guarantee we have placed upon it. It justifies every claim made for it.

Consider the method by which Miller perfected this new tire and arrived at this unsurpassable guarantee. A method of determining tire quality that leaves nothing to chance or guesswork.

Road wear the real test

After building what we thought was the best tire ever made—and testing it for three million miles on the beautiful, swift, hard-surfaced roads of Florida, then rebuilding to improve where improvement was possible—we sent the Miller test fleet back on the road, with the best standard priced tires of thirteen well-known makes. Each make was given a fair test against our own.

An amazing result

In every case the new Geared-to-the-Road Balloon outlasted and outwore the competitive tire. And at the end of the entire test, not one Miller tire failed. No matter how well satisfied you are with standard priced tires, this one will do more for you. **It is guaranteed to do so.** You cannot lose. In your own interests—see this tire now at your Miller dealer's—and let him give you all of this unusual story.

Available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard 4-ply, for ordinary service conditions; Special 6-ply, heavy construction, for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

MILLER

How the New Geared-to-the-Road Compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

Tire No. 1 ran 93.9%	Tire No. 4 ran 67.0%	Tire No. 7 ran 51.4%	Tire No. 10 ran 38.5%
Tire No. 2 ran 85.7%	Tire No. 5 ran 61.5%	Tire No. 8 ran 45.8%	Tire No. 11 ran 36.6%
Tire No. 3 ran 68.0%	Tire No. 6 ran 58.7%	Tire No. 9 ran 40.3%	Tire No. 12 ran 33.9%

Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance. *Ask your Miller dealer for further particulars.*

TIRES . TUBES . ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS . DRUG SUNDRIES . BATHING WEAR
SHUGLOV FOOTWEAR . RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS . MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

(Continued from Page 76)

I often have wondered if he was White Cloud, an early Indian herb doc; that wonder growing out of the fact that White Cloud had a broad German accent. One of the principal imitators of Kickapoo was Dr. Martin Campbell's—Texas Mark—Umatilla Indian Medicine Company. Campbell quit the business to buy and manage the Empire Theater, Detroit, where the Detroit News building now stands.

Today Jay L. Van Cleve and his Universal Medicine Company, of Portland, Oregon, operate several large shows; P. A. De Carlo, of Iroquois Indian Remedies of Harlem, sometimes has three truck shows out, but they are exceptions. A Johnny-Come-Lately, H. B. Maxey, conducts the biggest of all, though he has one unit only. His is the only troupe of any kind to carry an elaborate public-address-amplifying equipment by which a crowd of any size—and they run as high as 20,000—may hear his open platform show of fifteen negro entertainers. In Norfolk last fall, while playing the Billy Sunday lot, for which he paid seventy-five dollars a week in addition to a weekly city license of $100, he had a page display ad in one of the Norfolk dailies, another unique med-show record.

A Pitch on a Ferry

Some of the veterans remain. At eighty-five, Doc Rolling Thunder keeps open house for pitchmen at Quaker Bridge, New York. Whitespear—Dr. Jim Long—once of Kickapoo, still takes a show out of Granite City, Illinois. His more famous brother, Dr. Diamond Jack Long, is dead. They were a Philadelphia song-and-dance team, their name Dale, who from med-show entertainers became med doctors, a transition many other entertainers, myself included, underwent.

Jim Lighthall, Yellowstone Kit, Doctor Yellowstone, Lone Star, White Cloud and Diamond Dick have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. The latter was the original, I always have understood, of the celebrated nickel-novel hero of that name. His true name was George McClellend.

Out in Springfield, Illinois, Dr. Charley Willard continues in his late eighties to operate his Herbs of Life Company. He was a pitchman with Texas Charlie Bigelow in Baltimore in 1873, and writes to Billboard:

"You Johnny-Come-Latelys notice. In the fall of 1873 the following pitchmen were working in Baltimore: Soapy Grant, soap; Quinn Brothers, toothpaste; Frank Anselme, jewelry; Charlie Bigelow, herbs; Billy Simpson, now of New Orleans, Rad De Hanio and myself, worm wafers. Talk about tough pickings. We all lived for three months in two rooms that cost us four dollars a week. The bunch would go out and pitch at different corners. One would get thirty cents, another seventy-five cents, and if a fellow made as much as $1.25, he would hold out part of it on the bunch. I was the treasurer."

In the same department, Pipes for Pitchmen, you may read: "Doc El Vino—Lord Dietz—reports that he closed his platform season at Boyd, Wisconsin, after a run of bad weather, and is taking to the halls with his Old-Fashioned Indian Missionary Medicine Company. He tells this one: A lady came to me the other night, and says she, 'After hearing you talk about your herb packages, I was wondering if the herbs wouldn't do something for my daughter. She has fallen arches.' I said, 'My dear madam, I am sure I can't say. I have never tried the herbs for that affliction. 'Well,' she insisted, 'I am going to try it anyhow. Give me two boxes.'"

Or this: "Plenty of kale in the fish and oyster district this spring, E. R. Rosser reports from Portsmouth, Virginia. 'I have been working with the sheet over the Eastern Shore. Met Doc Ed. C. Andrews in Cape Charles, going big with his meds, and we came across the bay together. Big crowd on the boat and doc's six rattlesnakes got the passengers interested. The doc saw the skipper and opened with the snakes and a few magic tricks, then made a red-hot oil pitch and got twenty-three dollars right there in the middle of the bay. Regards to the bunch. Would like to hear from Doc Whitmore and Les Williams."

The Widow Rollins pipes: "I am going to work through Virginia with my lodge emblems for a little while. I think I am the only one who ever got a free reader in one town. How come? First, the officials would not grant me the permit. So I said to them, 'Aw, now, you nice gentlemen wouldn't want me to say, when I get back South, that the Virginians threw the Widow Rollins down, would you? My word, of course you wouldn't.' And they didn't."

Tom Kennedy has his moments of misgivings and writes: "Just at dusk I stopped to change a tire on the outskirts of an Indiana village. The owner of the place came out to chat, even offering to help. The tire changed, I asked if I might step over to the pump and wash my hands. This friendly soul called to his wife to fetch soap and towel and then invited me in to supper. After a substantial meal, which a farmer's wife sure knows how to prepare, I sat on the porch and chinned with my host until long after the stars were out. Thoughts of the jamb argument, closed towns, hostile officials and flukum workers faded beyond the pale of things significant as I sat there and surveyed that peaceful scene. I compared this man's lot with my own and others I know in this racket and asked myself if the end justified the means—if the game really is worth the candle. A nice home, staunch friends and the love of a good woman belong to him. I know the wiseacres would refer to this man as a chump. Who was it once said, 'It's the wise guy that's the lobster after all'?"

The Well-Known Blanket Indians

The Indian show still outnumbers the others. Wa-Ne-Gah, Washaw, Lone Wolf, Oklahoma Karl, We-Ko-Ta, Chief Bear Foot, Indian George, Princess Iola, Princess Light Moon, Chief Red Horse, Doc Moon, Ba-Ha-Na and Doc Little Beaver are some of them. There even are Indian tribes unknown in my day, vide the following from the McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, News:

"A party composed of Kit Carson, nephew of the famous Kit Carson of history; Chief Sheet Lightning and Princess Pikiti, real Indians of the Blanket tribe, with a nurse, Miss Howard, and a chauffeur, spent from Sunday to Wednesday in town, and because of Mr. Carson's gentlemanly Christian characteristics, and the interest that every understanding person has in the American Indian, they were received with a very friendly spirit. On Tuesday evening Kit Carson and Chief Sheet Lightning entertained a goodly audience in the Fulton Theater. The chief's dancing and singing and Mr. Carson's address, especially on the work of the missionaries among the Indians, were most pleasing and instructive. These folks, who come from the Indian reservation in Arizona, are en route home after a season of work in New York, Philadelphia and Coney Island. Kit Carson, who is in charge of the company, has been a government interpreter for many years, especially between the Blanket tribe and missionaries to the Indians."

In Billboard the party is reported as "the Winona Company of the Sioux tribe," setting out for a med-show season in Cuba. The mistake may have been the McConnellsburg reporter's.

There are many women in the trade today. Madame Anivo Miller is the owner and her daughter, Babetta, the lecturer-manager, of the Babetta Medicine Show. Ferdon has left several imitators of his Quaker Medicine Company still active, and the Wizard and the Magic oils, heirs of Hamlin, still are with us. Idaho reports a novelty in Prince Eric Zulong's Torture Chamber "exposition of the weird customs and religious rites of the South Sea Islanders," with a company of eighteen, including six natives of the South Seas.

In Canada the med showman is plentiful, but usually remains on his side of the border, nor do his American fellows often cross to his side. Under the Dominion proprietary act, the formulas of all medicines must be registered with the internal-revenue office before the pitchman can sell. Dr. Thomas P. Kelly, the Irish Professor, and his Shamrock Med Show have been a fixture of Canada for forty years. He spends his springs and falls on a country place at Peterboro, Ontario, his winters in Miami.

Men From the Med Shows

Wages have not risen much in fifty years, I take it, from the classified ads in Billboard. Here is a recent one:

"Wanted: B. F.—black face—comedian who can play string or other instruments. Change for week; know acts. Playing small towns; open year round; salary ten dollars a week, table board and sleeping tent. No tickets."

"Change for week" calls for a repertoire sufficiently varied for a stand of one week, the bill changed daily. "No tickets" is a notice that railroad transportation will not be provided to enable performers to join the troupe.

Another ad reads: "Motorized show wants dramatic people for medicine company. General business team doing specialties. Actor musicians, novelty act. Make salary low. You get it. Best of accommodations and cook house. We carry workingmen, but all male members must assist on moving days. Be truthful. State all in first."

The last sentence is a demand that those answering the ad lay their cards fully exposed upon the table in their first letter. Among the At Liberty ads I find: "Dr. F. C. Kries combines med lecturer, office worker, straight in acts, singing, talking and yodeling specialties. Sober and reliable. Go anywhere."

And another: "Team at liberty for Tab., Rep. or Med. Change strong; real specialties for two weeks. Man: Age 36, A-1 comic, any character; eccentric, acrobatic dancer; produce concerts, tab. review, bits, bills or negro acts. Wife: A-1 small soubrette, aged 25, height 4 feet, 10 inches, weight 105 pounds. A-1 voice, all styles dancing. Experienced tent show troupers. Wire top. Tickets? Yes. Ed and Dolly Baxter."

"Wire top" does not refer to a high, tight-wire act, but is a request for a quotation on the top salaries paid.

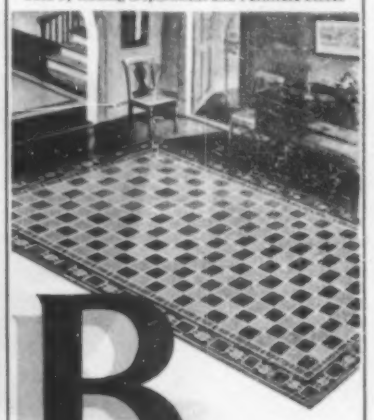
The med-show performer is of two kinds, regular and incidental. The regular rarely if ever ventures into other theatrical fields. Master of no act, perhaps, he is the jack of many; versatility is his greatest asset. He is the stand-by of the street show which demands an endless change of bill. Frank Golden, still living in Center Moriches, Long Island, was the best performer I ever had. He did twelve specialties, and did them well, besides carrying more than a hundred colored acts in his memory.

The incidental is a stock or tent repertoire actor, black-face minstrel, musical tabloid or small-time vaudevillian who turns to the med shows when no other work offers, or is attracted by curiosity or the picaresque life. Pay and working conditions in the larger med shows are similar to those in tent rep and ordinary stock troupes. The actors famous in legitimate, pictures and vaudeville who have, in their time, passed out the Indian Prairie Flower and the Buffalo Salve, are many more than the records show. Few have chosen to mention it to interviewers.

David Belasco, however, is credited with a med-show interlude in his California youth. Hal Skelly, star of both the stage and film versions of Burlesque, once trouped with Doc Rucker in Texas and passed out Karo-A No. 1. Rucker carried a stock company comparable with anything south of the Red River, and gave a full dramatic repertoire, playing in a tent the size of a circus big top. Glenn Tryon, of the movies, was a Toby comedian with med shows for

RUGS

Bright surfaced—felt base
Up-to-date patterns
Easily cleaned · Moderately priced
Sold by leading Department and Furniture Stores



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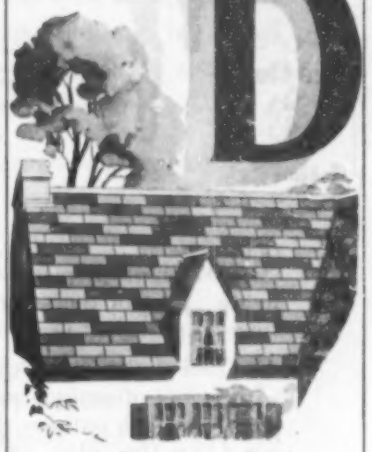


Asphalt-slate surfaced
Varied colors
Fire-retarding · Minimum expense
Sold by leading Lumber and Building Supply Dealers

ROOFS

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

BIRD & SON, inc.
EAST WALPOLE, MASS.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

In Canada
BUILDING PRODUCTS, LTD.
Montreal

~ In the living room

Red Lion Cabinets

FOR ATWATER KENT RADIOS

MODEL RL 55C
Console type,
walnut finish

Red Lion Cabinet Co. MAKERS

THESE beautiful pieces of furniture are decidedly in the spirit of the smart but rather informal settings so prevalent in modern living-rooms.

The deft designing of the grilled satinwood panel, with frame of antique metallic finish; the graceful molding which outlines the arch; the artistic molding down the sides; and the English turned legs merely serve to emphasize the general effect of charming simplicity inherent in these masterpieces of cabinet craft. The walnut finish harmonizes nicely with other finishes of the same tone or lends a contrasting note which is always effective. Sound construction and excellent workmanship insure the permanent beauty of these Red Lion Cabinets.

Ask your Atwater Kent Dealer to show you Red Lion Cabinets especially designed for Atwater Kent Radios.

RED LION CABINET COMPANY · RED LION · PA ·

Makers of the Famous Red Lion Furniture

three years. "Toby" is the freckle-faced, snaggle-toothed, red-wigged, loutish, low-comedy boy without which no tent drama is genuine. The Weaver Brothers, famous on the radio and in vaudeville for their Ozark act, gained their experience from the tail of a medicine cart. Frank Evans, as well-known a booking agent as there is on Broadway, once was in the business and, incidentally, my manager for a contemplated road dramatic show. With this he made the record of booking an unknown star for fifty-two consecutive weeks that included only three weeks of one-night stands. Pawnee Bill, Major Gordon Lillie, if found in a confiding mood, possibly could relate some personal med-show memories.

But the sweetest med-show minstrel of all probably was James Whitcomb Riley. A June day in 1872, Dr. S. B. McCrillus, of Standard Remedies, whose headquarters were at Anderson, the next county seat north, drove into Riley's Greenfield, Indiana, and when he left, Jim, then eighteen and at loose ends, went with him. Riley had been sign painting, and it was as a graphic advertising man that he hired out to McCrillus. The story may be found in Marcus Dickey's life and other Riley biographies.

The trip began in a Buckeye springboard wagon equipped with buffalo robes and a thousand dollars' worth of medicine, and led down the White River Valley. The doctor sold direct to consumers, taking produce or what have you, and stocked the druggists in town. While he sold, Riley defaced barns, bridges and fences with Go to Ward's Drug Store for McCrillus' Popular Standard Remedies.

J. W. Riley, Sign Painter and Poet

In the winter the doctor hugged the base burner in Anderson, while his sign painter shifted for himself, and a poor shift he made. By spring he owed everyone in town, and laughed, sang or sign-painted his creditors out of it. His signs never were orthodox. "Arnold & Gunder, Dry Goods by Thunder," and a great boot and shoe, a Figure 4 and the figure of a man to celebrate Foreman, Boots and Shoes. He borrowed the shirt to go home on his first visit since the previous June.

A local in the Democrat reported: "James W. Riley put in his appearance on Saturday last. He looks well." The poet remembered the doctor fondly enough to write in later times:

Wherever blooms of health are blown,
McCrillus Remedies are known.
His Oriental Liniment
Is known to fame to such extent
That orders for it emanate
From every portion of the state;
His European Balsam, too,
Sends blessings down to me and you.

Riley had a turn at peddling patent churns, organizing two sign-painting companies and reading law in his father's office. Sick of the law, his feet itching and no money to take him away, he looked out one September day in 1875 to see Doc C. M. Townsend driving his team of fine blacks to a covered wagon with side seats down the National Road from the East. The doc had been an annual visitor at fair time since 1870, was welcomed into town fellowship, helped out at church and had had The Wizard Oil Man composed in his honor by the Greenfield Adelphian Band. Townsend had fired a man at Knightstown and Riley took his place.

Townsend's band consisted of a B-flat cornet played by himself, bass horn, bass drum, banjo, violin and tuba. Riley beat the drum in the band and played a violin solo. He and all the company could sing.

From Union City he wrote: "I am having a first-rate time, considering the boys I am with. They are hardly my kind, but they are agreeable, and with Doctor Townsend for sensible talk occasionally, I have really a happy time. We sing along the road when we tire of talking, and when we tire of that and the scenery, we lay ourselves along the seats and dream the happy hours away as blissfully as the time-honored baby in the sugar trough. I made myself solid with Doxy by introducing a blackboard system of advertising. I have two boards which I fasten on the sides of the wagon and letter and illustrate through the lecture. There are dozens that stay who otherwise would drift from the fold during the dryer portions of the doctor's harangue. Last night at Winchester I made a sensation by making a rebus of the well-known lines from Shakspere:

Why let pain your pleasures spoil
For want of Townsend's Magic Oil?

with a life-sized bust of the author; and at another time a bottle of Townsend's Cholera Balm on legs and a very bland smile on its cork, making a 'Can't Come it!' gesture at the skeleton, Death, who drops his scythe and hourglass and turns to flee."

Scruples Against Labor

Sunday night at Morristown, described as a place of two stores and one church, he went to the church,

"And heard the parson pray and preach
And heard his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
For we had no other choice.

We gave them a little music in the morning in our glee at leaving, and far back in the perspective I caught the flutter of rags on a tow-headed boy. I breathed a silent prayer for my deliverance. Ah, my boy! The feeling of the breeze on my face."

Riley worked magic with his chalk on the blackboard, played the violin, recited poems of his own and improvised comic songs and ballads. "The ballads," he said years later, "came from incidents on the road. They were written on dull, hot Sundays in selfish country towns where the church bells barked at strangers while lazy men rolled round in narrow bits of shade."

When it rained, the doctor hired a hall, school or storeroom, even a church. Reaching the Magic Oil laboratory at Lima the first week in October, they worked short tours out of there until squaw winter overtook them at Thanksgiving, when they closed. When Townsend asked his troubadour to shingle a house, Riley declined. "You've tried to make a great many things out of me, doctor, but you can't make a carpenter."

"Opposed to manual labor?" inquired the doctor.

"Constitutionally."

"How about painting signs?"

"Timely suggestion. I will stain, ingrain, illuminate or bedizen, paint the town vermilion if you'll muzzle the grand jury."

He worked in the laboratory painting rimed illuminations of his own invention, all celebrating the Magic Oil, worm candy, King of Coughs and headache pills, on glass with yellow paint. He made cartons and tried to help the chemists compound and mix.

The Greenfield Democrat of December 23, 1875, reported: "James W. Riley arrived in the city on Friday last. He is looking fine and enjoying excellent health." His newspaper experience followed.

LEE of Conshohocken Tires

By This Sign We Conquer

SEVERAL thousand tire dealers throughout this country proudly hang the LEE of Conshohocken sign over their doors.

They have invested their own money in vulcanizers and other necessary equipment to serve properly their customers, and they carry a stock of LEE of Conshohocken tires and tubes.

These LEE tire dealers, known and respected in their own cities, realize that a good local reputation is their biggest asset. They make truthful statements and stand back of them. They buy LEE tires because no one makes better ones, and because no other franchise for the sale of LEE tires will be granted in their territory.

They trust us to make better tires—so much better that they can sell them to you knowing that their good-looking surfaces do not cover up hidden treacheries.

They know that tires bring about what they are actually worth, and that low-priced tires are not so low when an attempt is made to secure an adjustment.

LEE of Conshohocken dealers welcome the opportunity of buying your present tires and sending you on your way with a set of 6 Ply LEE De Luxe or 8 Ply LEE Super De Luxe.

You'll never put money into better tires. Your family and your guests will be safer, ride more comfortably, and go further on these superb tires.

GENERAL OFFICES: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U. S. A.
Factories: CONSHOHOCKEN, PA. and YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Try this Jack

Your finger lifts your car

HYDRAULIC!

THROUGH *hydraulic* power the touch of your finger on a Blackhawk "Scout" lifts your car—amazingly smooth—simple and easy to use—no kneeling, no hard working gears or ratchets.

Try the magic touch of a "Scout" at your dealer's today—lift your car with a few easy swings of the long handle. Watch the car lower itself—*automatically*. Weighs but 8 lbs. Sells at only $7.50—that's value!

Write for Automotive Circular.

BLACKHAWK MFG. CO.
Dept. P. 10 Milwaukee, Wis.
(Canadian Address: 283 King Street, Toronto)

HYDRAULIC
Industrial and Truck Jacks

Used by big bus lines, fleet owners, leading industrial and construction firms. A model for every need. One man can lift up to 75 tons. Write for folder.

Also world's largest manufacturer of socket wrenches.

BLACKHAWK

TAMING WILD OIL WELLS

(Continued from Page 20)

should have agreed to develop the field as a unit and split the returns in proportion to their holdings. Since the gas was inherently as valuable as the oil, they would have found it to their interest to wait until pipe lines were laid and a market was established before allowing it to produce itself. Since the maintenance of gas pressure underground is vital to oil production, the gas that could not be sold, at a fair price, under efficient management would have been forced back into the ground. They would naturally have studied the oil market and would have produced when it was favorable and shut down when it was off. They would have secured the maximum recovery of both oil and gas and the maximum financial return.

One of the early official acts of President Hoover was his order to the Department of the Interior to cease the issuance of permits to prospect for oil on government land and his announcement that "there will be complete conservation of government oil in this administration." This act brought discussion of the oil situation out into the open, led to a series of conferences and is resulting in a better appreciation of the public's interest in oil.

The Government, in the meantime, has proceeded to other concrete accomplishment in oil conservation. It found that the most spectacular field of the generation had just been discovered and that the oil madness had been unleashed and was scheduled to run its customary course. This field was in the Kettleman Hills, on the western fringe of San Joaquin Valley, 175 miles north of Los Angeles. Here, the department thought, an agreement might be reached among the operators under which the field might be developed as a model upon which others might base their procedure and as a demonstration of Engineer Hoover's idea of the sane method of handling such properties. Such an agreement now has been reached among the permittees and operating companies. Let us take a look at this mad field.

Here is a single wild well that produced 1,000,000 barrels of oil in the first ten months of its life and wasted enough gas to have supplied two cities the size of Washington. It is the discovery well in this district and the indications are that a thousand more just like it might be brought in by the mechanical expedient of drilling down to the productive sands.

Squeezing the Gas Dry

The oil that comes up from this well is 90 per cent gasoline, the richest ever produced from a field of major importance. There is gasoline in the gas that comes up with it. A million gallons of gasoline a month can be squeezed from the gas of this one marvelous well. The dry gas, after treatment a quite satisfactory fuel for the kitchen stove, has been discharging into the air with a roar that could be heard for miles.

If more wells were drilled the oil would be forced on a market where there is no need for it; where, in fact, there is already too much. Its output would bring inadequate returns to the producers, would further depress the general market and hurt the whole industry. The gas which brings up the oil and which, in fact, with its gasoline content, is much more valuable than the oil at current prices, would be wasted, because provision for handling it and a market for it have not been developed. A great oil and gas field, a heritage of the ages, in being exhausted, would have done harm instead of serving a useful purpose.

Since oil is an exhaustible resource there is no question but that a time will come when the output of this rich new field may serve a purpose which is helpful to the public and profitable to its owners.

Kettleman Hills oil field, including its three domes, is to be withheld from production or worked as a unit, according to the needs of a developing situation. The wells will be shut in as long as there is no need of production, and operated coöperatively when oil and gas are needed. Every effort will be made to prevent waste of oil or gas. Though agreements on that subject have not yet been taken up, the logic of the situation forecasts that, when the time is ripe, the field may be operated as a unit, the profits equitably divided among the parties interested and the greatest possible return secured for both owners and the public from this natural resource.

A Mile and a Half Down

These agreements for coöperative action or coöperative suspension of action are the result of insistence on the part of the Government under the Hoover oil conservation policy. They mark a long and unprecedented step toward the proper handling of oil fields as natural resources in which all the people have recognized rights. Here are business compacts that are almost ideal in their possibilities. Here may be set up a proving plant of the whole conservation policy that will furnish a demonstration of the methods that should be used in the proper handling of any oil field whereby may be secured the greatest good to the greatest number for the longest time.

The agreement reached to this end is the result of four months of conference led by Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey, as the representative of the Government, backed by the Department of the Interior and by President Hoover. It was made possible because of the sympathetic attitude of the state of California and its oil operators, all of whom have witnessed immeasurable wastes under the old scheme where every man proceeded individually.

This discovery well in Kettleman Hills is one of the most remarkable ever brought into production. In the first place, it is a mile and a half deep. It is only in the past few years that it has become possible to sink wells so deep. That man should be able to send a tool so far underground, and that he should be able so to handle it as to make it meet the difficult conditions that attend drilling through all sorts of formations is a miracle of engineering skill. That he should be able to put down his pipe, cement it in, shut off water flows, and handle the situation in case oil and gas under tremendous pressure are found is almost beyond belief.

Take the matter of this pipe, for instance. A typical well in this field would begin with a string of twenty-inch pipe that would reach down 1500 feet. When it is in place the space between it and the walls of the hole is filled in with cement to make it secure and to shut out the water. The diameter of these wells decreases as the depth increases. When the first string of twenty-inch pipe is in place preparation is begun for putting in the second string, which is thirteen-inch pipe, 5000 feet long—which is almost a mile. This string weighs 181 tons. It is a neat toy with which to juggle there in the bowels of the earth. It must be got properly in place and the space around it in turn must be filled with cement so it will stay put. Sometimes as many as 2000 sacks of cement must be put in and properly hardened around this string of casing. Next comes a string of nine-inch pipe, which is placed and cemented in. The diameter of the well is growing smaller. Finally there will come the pipe which is actually to reach to the oil. It will be six-inch pipe. It is through it that the oil, when struck, will go roaring up.

This discovery well is one of the results of the recent development of the possibilities of going down a mile and a half. It costs a quarter of a million dollars to put down such a well, which adds another difficulty. Six miles away in the same dome another such well has been sunk as an additional proof that this tremendously difficult feat can be repeated. This second well also proved that the dome lines up in accordance with the conclusions reached by geologists on the basis of their observation of the structures. The second well is as good as the first. At another point a few miles to the east, forming a triangle with the first two wells, yet another puncture into the same pool has been made. These are only the first three points in the field where the feat of getting down 7000 to 7500 feet has been accomplished. As far as the operators have gone the theoretical existence of the oil-producing sands in the Kettleman Hills formation has been proved 100 per cent.

There is a romance of science back of the finding of oil in this barren, desolate region. Out of the desert waste of this section rises this ridge of hills. The Kettleman Hills ridge is thirty miles long and eight miles wide. It is shaped like a huge cucumber or like the map of California itself. Through the generations since white men came to the Pacific Coast the region has remained uninhabited but for the occasional camp of a stockman. The land has remained largely in the ownership of the Government and of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which received alternate sections through here as a bonus for spanning these wastes with its rails.

Twenty-two years ago the Geological Survey sent its technical men into this region to map it. They found that the folding of the rock hereabouts was such as to form what geologists style a long anticline or series of these domes. This means that internal forces of the earth had compressed the rock beds until they had taken the form of a great dish, bottom side up. The indications were plain that here, exposed to surface view, was the bottom of such a dish thirty miles long and eight miles wide. The Survey made maps of the region and said at the time that conditions here were just right for the discovery of oil. Taking the Government at its word, oil men came in and drilled their wells. Each went as deep as he thought wise or as deep as he could, and found nothing. The geologists held to the theory, however, that this dome was promising, and one venturesome spirit after another made a new try at it. Finally, last year, a combination of engineering skill and sufficient money drove a well down 7000 feet. It came into production—and such production!

Ready for Your Gas Tank

The pressure in this well is very high. It is so high that it is thought that it would be dangerous to shut off its flow. The pressure might be so great as to blow out the casing. If this should happen this titanic well would run riot and there would be no measuring the losses of oil, gas and internal pressure that would result. If the casings had been properly cemented in as the work progressed, the flow of oil and gas could be turned off as one might turn the tap in his bathroom. This was demonstrated in the second well six miles away. It was sunk into the producing sand, encountered the same pressures, but was not allowed to flow.

So the discovery well has not yet been stopped from flowing. In nine months it had produced 1,000,000 barrels of oil. In the first eight months it paid the Government more than $125,000 in royalties. The quality of its oil is most remarkable. It is 90 per cent gasoline. It can be put into an automobile and the machine driven away. The 10 per cent of heavier content is

(Continued on Page 85)

The Romance of the "Caterpillar"

Dramatic incidents in the daily life of a tractor

Jack Worth is transferred from the "Caterpillar"-drawn sleigh to the waiting ambulance.

YELLOWSTONE in winter. Outside deserted Old Faithful Inn the wind howled and buffeted windows and doors, piled drift upon drift until roads and trails were a white level waste.

But Jack Worth, winter caretaker, was desperately ill. Before the open fire his companions took counsel. Worth must reach the hospital, miles away, and reach it quickly.

Far down the grade an ambulance waited with its hot water bags and padded cushions and doctors, blocked by the snow.

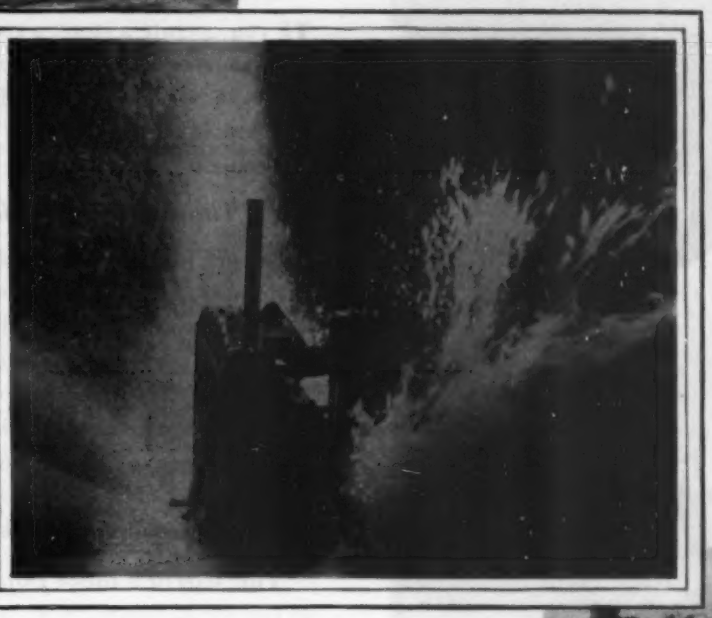
Swathed in covers, Worth was loaded into a sleigh. Men and horses did their best but after weary hours of struggle halted, balked by the drifts, six miles from the ambulance.

Then—the faint bark of a "Caterpillar," called from its hum-drum task of road building to hew a path out of the impacted snow and ice, to return pulling the snow-bound sleigh; to save Jack Worth's life.

An Intrepid Driver

A new highway was being built into San Francisco when a steam shovel bucket broke open a hidden water main. The water, at tremendous pressure, dashed against the side of a cliff and slowly but surely commenced to wash out the foundations of several houses.

A "Caterpillar" Thirty stood close by. Quick-witted, its driver leaped into the seat and drove straight for the break in the main. He jumped just as the tractor settled over the stream. The water, robbed of its force and deflected from the foundations of the houses, played harmlessly until the main valve was closed. A change of clothes for the driver and a change of oil for the tractor's crank case, and both were back on the job.



The quick-witted driver drove straight for the break.

"Fire"

Picture the expanse of a California wheat field. Almost as far as you can see are waves of grain, ripe for the harvest, under a burnished sky. Two "Caterpillar" Sixtys are ready to hitch up to the combine and go to work.

Over near the road is a slender wisp of smoke—then a small tongue of flame—then a red scythe of fire and a roaring crackle as the bone-dry stalks of wheat go down before it.

Shouting men hitch plows to the two Sixtys, fling wet sacks over the hoods and race to the flames. Back and back again roar the tractors plowing a barrier of dry, dusty earth before the fire. A one-hundred thousand dollar crop is saved. And the two Sixtys, slightly scorched as to paint, go back to their harvest work.

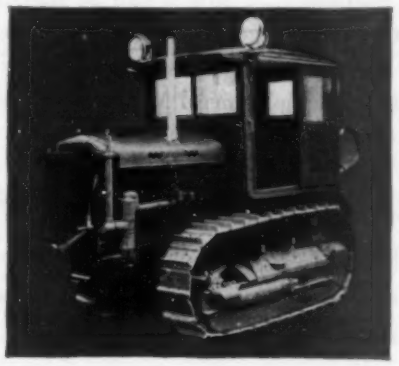
Again, a "Caterpillar"

Late in the fall a great flock of sheep started its lazy annual journey from the sky pastures of Wyoming to the lowlands. Unexpectedly came a blizzard. The valuable flock was huddled in a foodless waste. Trucks loaded with feed and grain bucked the snow in the storm-bound passes and stalled. Wheels could go no farther. Again it was a "Caterpillar" with its broad wide tracks that rode over the drifts and ice, pulling after it trains of food-laden trucks and trailers.

Here is Real Romance

Spectacular, dramatic as these incidents are, they give but an inkling of the real romance of the "Caterpillar."

Step into the home of a mid-west farmer who has just bought a "Caterpillar." At last he is almost independent of the weather. He will plow when the soil is just right. He will cultivate deeper than he has ever been able to before. He will cross and recross the tender seed bed without harm, killing the weeds that rob him of his harvest. He will garner his crop more quickly, perhaps save it from a threatened frost or hail storm. The result will be a better crop, a cheaper harvest, a more profitable farm. Much of the drudgery of farm work will be gone. There will be music lessons for Jane; Bob will go to the agricultural college this fall, and Mother will have a new kitchen cabinet and a five-tube radio set.



This is the Model Thirty "Caterpillar" Tractor with cab—ideal for cold weather work.

"Perpetual Logging"

Up in the north woods is a splendid stand of timber. As the woods boss looks over the trees he thinks what a pity it would be to log here with old-fashioned methods. What a shame to trample the younger trees underfoot—trees that years hence will be logged by other men. But, "Caterpillar" Tractors will slip in and out without harming the younger growth. They will seek out those trees in isolated corners that might never have been reached. They enable the logger to cut each year only those trees which have reached the proper maturity—a new crop of logs maturing year after year on the same ground—the difference between a bare, denuded tract and a beautiful forest—"perpetual logging."

"All in favor . . ."

The town council is contemplating the purchase of a "Caterpillar" Tractor.

"Too expensive a machine, in my judgment, just to scrape the bumps off of those asphalted side streets," says Mr. Davis.

Young Harry Ewing is on his feet.

"Why, do you know what they did with their 'Caterpillar' over in Middletown last year? It did all the heavy work on their new golf course, did most of the widening of Broadway, pulled a road planer in that work on Lincoln Avenue. They leveled that unsightly garbage dump of theirs with it and covered it with soil. Last winter the 'Caterpillar' kept their streets free from snow, and you know the condition ours were in and the trouble we had getting men and shovels. Middletown lent the tractor to the circus the day their big wagon got stuck in the mud; it pulled the Elks' float in the Fourth of July parade, and now they're starting work on their new airport with that same 'Caterpillar' Tractor. I think it's time we had one too. Whatever the right motion is to give the necessary authority for its purchase, I make it right here and now."

The kind of equipment that Harry Ewing wanted for his town—a "Caterpillar" Sixty with an Elevating Grader carving out a road.

"Those opposed? . . ."

" . . . So passed and ordered."

* * * * * * * *

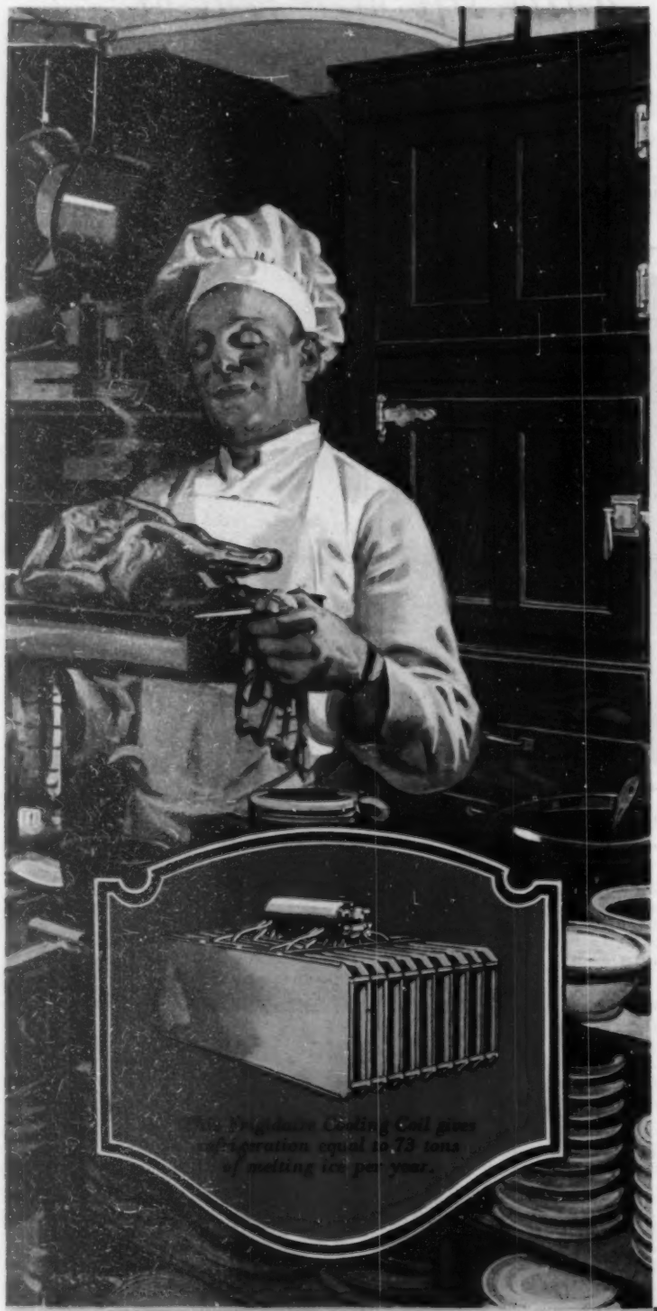
Wherever you go, wherever there are burdens to pull, jobs to be done in fair weather or foul, in easy going or rough, you will find "Caterpillar" Tractors doing the work surely, dependably—whether it may be bucking the drifts to save the life of a snow-bound man or pulling a float in the Fourth of July parade.

The Model Ten $1125, Model Fifteen $1500, Model Twenty $1975, Model Thirty $2475, and Model Sixty $4300. All prices are f. o. b. Peoria, Illinois.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, and San Leandro, California, U. S. A. "Caterpillar" track-type Tractors, Combines and Road Machinery.

There is a "Caterpillar" Dealer near you.

Stores *and* Restaurants *Everywhere* *have found a way to make more money*



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Frigidaire keeps foods fresh and full-flavored. It wins new customers. It eliminates the need of ice and ice delivery. It permits quantity buying. It stops spoilage. In these ways important gains and savings are effected every day.

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(Continued from Page 82)

kerosene, that would in the long run gum up the engine, but it would carry on for a considerable distance. Ninety per cent is a great improvement over the 35 to 40 per cent which is the yield of average oils. This, in fact, is a most unusual oil. No other major field has ever produced oil of such high quality.

For every dollar that this oil has brought, however, another dollar has been wasted in gas that has been released into the air. The owner of the well and the public to which this gas is a highly valuable commodity have lost that dollar. This gas got away simply because the facilities for handling it were not developed. If the well could have been capped and shut in, it would have been saved. There were those who held that it would not be safe to attempt to cap this well. It might blow out and run wild. There were those who held that it would be safe to shut off its flow.

More than 2,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas escaped every month, and with a considerable part of this went a content of gasoline. During the spring of 1929 some 400,000 gallons of gasoline a month that was contained in this gas was being lost into the air. By June, however, a plant had been completed to squeeze the gasoline out of all the gas. This plant is now capturing more than 45,000 gallons of it a day. Moreover, now a pipe line has been laid down to San Francisco to handle the dry gas after the gasoline is taken out of it. The dry gas from this one well is sufficient at present to supply the northern half of the state of California. Obviously there is no immediate market for the output of other wells if they are allowed to produce. Conceive of the waste if 100 or 1000 such wells as this were brought in immediately. It is anticipated that eventually the wild discovery well will be brought under control.

The Government asked the permittees and the operating companies to agree that they would not produce oil in the different portions of this field for a year and a half and two years. It is further provided that a committee shall be appointed to study the advantages of coöperative development of the field when this suspension period is up. There seems to be no doubt that this great field should be handled as a unit, developed in accordance with the market needs, led to yield the last barrel of oil of which it is capable, with the profits divided equitably among the owners and leaseholders. Under such an arrangement it will be developed as any great resource should be developed. It will become an object lesson to owners, lessees, states, the nation itself.

Big producers in the oil game have all along appreciated the unwisdom of competitive drilling and development. It has happened here and there that a field controlled by a single interest has been scientifically developed. One may fly by airplane over the fields around Los Angeles and tell which are so owned and which are not. Those that are variously owned have engaged in town-lot development and their derricks rub elbows with one another. In those that are owned by a single interest or possibly two or three willing to coöperate, the wells are spaced on a basis of one to ten acres or one to twenty acres, as the needs seem to warrant.

The states have appreciated the enormousness of these wastes of resources and have sought their enforced curtailment. The most recent and progressive entrant into the field of state regulation of development of oil and gas has been California, in which state a law with teeth in it went into effect on September first. Other states are awake to the needs of the situation and are making progress toward regulation. There are interstate problems in which the Federal Government interests itself. There are matters with relation to which the states should take common action. There are economic problems like the inadvisability of using oil for ordinary fuel purposes where coal will do as well. There are questions such as that of a proposed tariff on foreign oil. On the face of it, there seems to be wisdom in admitting foreign oil, for every barrel that enters saves from consumption a barrel of the home product. This means conservation. There is the study of oil from the world viewpoint and the accumulation of information for its public which the Government can carry on better than any other agency. There are future conferences that are to be called from time to time for a discussion of problems and such common action as the general interest may warrant. But always the thought of the Government will be that of getting the greatest possible use out of this natural resource for the longest possible period of time.

THE FRESHMAN AND HIS FATHER

(Continued from Page 21)

a seemingly recalcitrant son's acquaintance than others. It is, of course, useless to try to discuss important matters with him when he is dressing for a dance or hurrying to an engagement, or when the father is annoyed because the son has returned home too late. Really to make his acquaintance, it is necessary that both parties be in a receptive mood. Such moods in the young man's life come when pressure is removed; as for instance, in periods of illness, particularly of convalescence, when the call of ordinary concerns and distractions is no longer heard; he is a bit bored, craves company and is glad to talk of his hopes, his fears and plans.

I remember one case in which a father was called to the college infirmary to visit his son, who had been ill; he later told me that he was grateful for that illness, which had ended without harm to the boy, because it had made him, the father, for the first time really acquainted with his own son. Once in a while a long clearing-up talk is necessary, and here the poor amateur father might well take a leaf out of the book of the professional psychoanalysts. Some of them tell us that they cannot take too seriously the first things that a patient tells them. These first statements are likely to have been prepared, are a bit too formal and dressed up to be really important. As the conversation begins, the boy is still too self-conscious; you must be patient, sympathetic and not obtrude outside problems or your own concerns. Encourage him to tell you more about it, for the longer he talks, the greater the chance that he is delving deeper into his real, if usually hidden, self, and eventually you may hit rock bottom.

Every Father's Unusual Case

It is a mistake of fathers to feel that they themselves must be up to the minute in order to understand a modern son. If a father is himself conscious that he has taken on the shell of age, that he is incurably old-fogy, that need not end it. There is one thing he can do about it that will in nearly all cases prove effective. He need only be good-humored and good-natured about it. If he is, he can still stand by his guns; there is absolutely no reason why he should not express his honest opinions and beliefs. He will find that he will be listened to by any group of normal young men, and they will discuss the questions he raises with a degree of understanding and interest that will surprise him. When talking with his own son, he must remember, however, that flat prohibitions and injunctions do not make for fellowship and are not nearly so effective in the long run as decisions—quite possibly the same decisions—reached after full discussion by father and son in common.

It is regrettable that fathers who are deeply interested in their sons' progress frequently feel that they are forced to take a hands-off attitude for a reason that is, strangely enough, in contradiction with all the facts. I have a friend almost ideally qualified to act as an adviser to young men. Some months ago I twitted him for his seeming failure to take any interest in the progress of his own son at college.

He answered me with great earnestness and conviction: "Of course I am interested, but my case is extraordinary and unusual; I am not a college man, I know nothing about college life; I feel like a hen who has hatched a duckling."

Now there is no reason why my friend or the father of any undergraduate should have this feeling. As a matter of fact, his case was not extraordinary; it was not even unusual. This is only the ordinary situation in which the average father of the average undergraduate son finds himself today. At the older Eastern universities like Princeton, where there is relatively the largest body of alumni, the number of boys whose fathers have been to college before them is only about 30 per cent. At the oldest state universities, like the University of Michigan, it seems to average about 22 per cent. There are many more recently founded institutions in other sections of the country where not 10 per cent of the parents are college bred. If complete statistics on the fathers of present undergraduates were available, they would probably show that the noncollege fathers outnumber those who are themselves alumni in the ratio of pretty nearly four to one. If fathers in general are to take an interest in their sons, such parents must realize that theirs is not only not an unusual situation but really the common lot. The possession of a bachelor's degree is not a certain guaranty that a father will be helpful to his freshman son. College professors themselves sometimes fail, and the son of an alumnus may quite as easily go wrong in college as the son of the minister is proverbially supposed to out in the world. Too much knowledge is here a dangerous thing, particularly when it is coupled with an equal amount of complacency.

Dazzled by New Freedom

Once a father has assured himself that a son has the necessary aptitude, the question of success in college really becomes one of ordinary morale and plain common sense. The final responsibility, of course, rests upon the boy, and he should be made to feel this; but his general attitude, which will be the deciding factor, may be almost indefinitely improved and success or failure made easy by the attitude taken toward him at home. In general it might be said that the father should treat him with very much the same kind and degree of interest as he would were the son associated with him in his own business or office. His personal problems should be matters of friendly concern and, where possible, he should, of course, be given advice and counsel. Failure by fathers to recognize this is so frequent that it is distressing. At eighteen it takes unusual morale to carry on at tasks not easy, when the results seem to matter so little to those whose opinions matter most.

In many cases, the son, off on his own for the first time, fails to discharge his responsibility toward those at home. Only too frequently he accepts heavy sacrifices without any sense that he has incurred any special obligation toward those who made them. He lives far more lavishly than need be and fails to embrace the opportunities for which alone they sent him, or to conduct himself in that way which their trust in him should make imperative. Dazzled by his new freedom, he is concerned only that they should never learn of his breaches of the faith. That is why incorrigible freshmen of this type, when detected, plead that

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no letter be sent home, and that is why—disagreeable as it is—partially to establish the moral balance, in colleges concerned with student conduct, some unhappy official must write to those who have been imposed upon and warn them that if the boy persists in such misconduct he will be dropped. Whether the fault lies with the freshman or with his father, the too frequent evils of this sort can only be prevented—and indeed are rendered impossible—where there is a continuing relationship of really friendly understanding and no resistance is offered at either end to the transmission of those sympathetic currents of which the family should be the generating cell.

It is, of course, true that a boy should be on his own at college. This does not mean that relations between him and his father should be severed. It does mean that he should be trusted to make his ordinary day-by-day decisions. This must naturally involve considerable freedom and responsibility. The freshman's individual purchases should not be discussed with him and he should not have to write home in case he feels that he needs another cravat or three new tennis balls. In general, the father should not pay the boy's personal bills. The freshman should do this himself, and in all cases where the father is paying the expenses, he should place the boy on a reasonable allowance. This financial question causes much difficulty and calls for special treatment. All we can say here is that a satisfactory allowance can probably not be finally fixed before the boy arrives on the campus. After the necessary items of expense are known, it should be set to cover them, with an addition for spending money which necessity may have to make small, but which, probably, in no case should run more than fifty dollars a month. Some of the misunderstandings here would disappear if the son realized that the father, too, is usually on his own and that he has, after all, only a limited and pretty much fixed amount which he is free to spend, even upon his son in college.

A Sedative for Adolescence

There are, of course, many fathers who are either naturally indifferent or so preoccupied with their own business or professional concerns that they are unwilling or feel unable to give time or thought to their sons' problems. Sometimes, even where there is a real interest, it is not consistent, but fitful. It comes in flashes, and it may happen that such a flare-up of interest will break out at a moment that is inopportune. One of these moments is the day of the opening of college. On no other occasion will there be more distracting demands upon the freshman. The father will be really an encumbrance, the son will literally have no time for him. The parent's presence merely creates a source of new embarrassments for both. This is equally, perhaps even more, true of mothers. The opening of college is emphatically not a propitious time for parental presence. A week or a few weeks later a visit might not be out of place, and on that occasion the father should make it a point to visit the son's adviser. Nearly all colleges have some such advisorial system.

Professors—particularly those chosen to act as advisers—are really quite human and appreciate such ordinary tenders of interest. This so-called adviser, counselor or class officer, stands *in loco parentis* to the entering freshman, and the latter is free to consult him on all college or even personal problems. He is usually pleased to act as liaison officer between the boy and his home, and on academic matters such as the selection of the young man's courses is probably far better qualified to advise him wisely than even a father who is an alumnus, but whose knowledge of the curriculum dates from thirty years before. Such advisers gladly receive any information concerning their new protégé, and the only trouble with the system is that usually the freshman who would profit by it most never goes near this available counselor until he is already in serious difficulty with the college authorities, and then comes only to ask his friend at court to plead for mercy which, at that late stage, is either impossible or ineffective.

It is wise, therefore, even for the father on intimate terms with his son to encourage him to make and cultivate this officer's acquaintance.

In spite of the better terms on which faculty and students live today in nearly all universities and colleges, the freshman is still likely to feel strange and diffident. He does not like to force himself upon his elders. There is a gulf between him and other undergraduates, even the sophomores. He lives too largely with his own classmates, and life in too exclusively adolescent a society is not best calculated to stabilize the young or induct them into that social maturity which is, of course, one of the goals of education. It is this too exclusively adolescent character of American college life that also results in that general range of excesses known as "the collegiate." Colleges have long since learned that a dormitory in which a few not-over-finicky faculty members are domiciled is likely to be quieter than one in which all the occupants are eighteen or twenty. The presence of age has a sedative effect, and where this is not made oppressive, it is generally for the best.

One of the most frequent blunders of parents is to feel that they must keep hands off with regard to the boy's personal habits and his college life, but that they must advise and direct him in the choice of the subjects he elects to study. The exact opposite is really the case. When a boy has any interest in college, he will have preferences and intellectual curiosities which it is entirely legitimate for him to gratify. If the father can persuade him to discuss his choices seriously with his faculty adviser, the result will in all human probability be far more satisfactory than if the father prescribes or dictates. With distressing frequency cases arise where an undergraduate is clearly in the wrong department and attempting to pursue studies for which he has no natural bent. When, because of his failure, he is called in by a college official, it is found that he is studying economics or psychology because his father insisted that he should. The father has somewhere been told that these were the best and most useful subjects. It would obviate considerable bitterness and many failures if all parents understood, once for all, that there is in the abstract no one best course or department.

The Two Lower Classes Battling at M. I. T.

Traces of the Horse Trader

All that we can say is that the best course for any given boy is the one which best suits that particular boy's intellectual aptitudes. These the son and his adviser are much more likely to know than the father. Most colleges and universities are far more sensible than they used to be in this respect and no longer throw open their entire curriculum to the entering freshman, as they did under the free-elective system. They have wisely restricted his range of choices, and by so doing have made the first-year course pretty nearly foolproof. Where this is true it is a simple matter to allay a boy's fear of making any damaging mistakes. It is, of course, important that he give serious thought to the choice of his subjects, and that he choose within the range of his own interests or later needs. But there is something of the horse trader in all of us. We are likely to prefer the animal or the opportunity that the other fellow has to our own. The repeated complaint of a son that his courses are always more difficult than his roommate's should not be taken too seriously. He must sometime learn to abide by his own choices, and it should also be made plain to him that if those choices are made within reasonable limits, what particular courses he elects to study is not really as important as the way he studies them.

There is, of course, no reason why a father should feel that a freshman son is slipping away from him or that he is losing touch with him because the son is taking Greek and the father never studied it. All that any father need do in such cases is to have sufficient confidence in the boy and the institution to believe that nothing the college honestly teaches him, or the boy seriously studies, can really do him any permanent bodily or spiritual harm. Two brothers, one of them a lawyer, the other a doctor, may live in the most perfect fraternal relationship, and yet one will have studied law and the other medicine. The only thing necessary to understanding and happiness is the preservation of that human bond which makes all the world kin and should draw those of the same flesh and blood even closer together.

We come now to the crux of the whole matter; a thing that should really be elementary and is essentially simple. What the father should be most interested in and the phase of the freshman's life in which he could be most helpful is really that

(Continued on Page 91)

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Cooling Off the Sophomores in Their Annual Tug of War With the Freshmen on Columbia University Campus

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ADVANCED automotive engineering has made strides far beyond the realization of the average motorist.

It has achieved no less than making an exact science more exact. Through more stringent research and experiment, and through ever closer limits of tolerance.

Changing driving conditions, with better roads, and higher driving speeds, generally denser traffic with the attendant necessity for increased acceleration and braking efficiency, and the paramount necessity for safety, have all been contributing factors in the highly perfected state attained by automotive engineering today.

The spirit of rivalry engendered by healthy competition plays a great part in maintaining constantly higher levels of automotive engineering attainment.

But the greatest single cause lies in the high ideals and aspirations of automotive engineers themselves.

Not content to rest on their laurels, never satisfied with today's achievement, but always reaching for tomorrow's more perfect interpretation of advanced principles, automotive engineers as a group labor with a zeal and a faith in their product for which no ordinary monetary compensation could account.

Accordingly the progress in automotive design, manufacture and ultimate performance has been tremendous—limited only by the apparently unlimited enthusiasm and ambition of engineers themselves.

The high speed, high-compression engine was developed to meet a definite need in modern motoring. It involved many new engineering problems in design and materials. The increased speed meant greater stresses and temperatures. A few years ago 2000 revolutions per minute was considered high, and the average combustion chamber temperature was about 1300 degrees Fahrenheit. Many of today's high speed, high-compression engines turn in excess of 4000 revolutions per minute, and combustion chamber temperatures of 1700 to 1800 degrees Fahrenheit are not unusual.

One of the greatest contributing factors in the success of modern high speed, high-compression engines is found in the humble spark plug. This little item of equipment has been found worthy of the most careful consideration by manufacturers, engineers, and motorists alike.

Until quite recently the average porcelain spark plug insulator failed electrically at about 1350 degrees Fahrenheit. Sillimanite, nature's finest insulator, was discovered by scientists searching for a material to withstand the progressively higher temperatures of modern engines. With Sillimanite, electrical breakdown does not occur.

The importance of spark plugs in modern engines cannot be over-emphasized, for in the last analysis it is the spark plugs which give the engine life. On them the latent, inherent forces of power, speed and acceleration ultimately depend.

On the intensity of the spark at the spark plug electrodes depends the development of power. This intensity is, in turn, dependent upon proper insulation—which means perfect and unfailing insulation.

Moreover, different engines require different spark plugs to exact the utmost power and economy from that engine. The minute engineering detail which determines the best spark plug for a given engine is the reward of abundant research and exhaustive experiment which goes only with years of experience.

Champion Spark Plugs have always been the pre-eminent choice of the majority throughout the world. Because by constant research, intensive experiment and test, Champion has always anticipated the demands of automotive engineers. And Champions are universally recognized as the better spark plugs by reason of perfectly plain, easily recognizable structural and operative superiorities.

The exclusive Champion Sillimanite insulator is recognized by ceramic science as the finest known. No spark plug can be better than its insulator, and Champion owns and controls the only known mine of this, the greatest of all insulating materials. Special analysis electrodes, the product of years of development, are practically immune from pitting and burning. The solid copper gasket seal retains all the advantages of two-piece construction, with the added advantage of remaining permanently gastight against today's higher compression and temperature.

Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell with these exclusive features. Remember—it is a genuine economy to install a complete new set of Champions every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Maximum Power, Speed, Economy and Dependability

There is a correctly designed Champion for every engine. Buy by number.

For every engine there is *one* spark plug that enables that engine to yield its best performance. Champion spark plugs are specifically designed for better performance in every engine and under every operating condition.

Auburn 4	Hudson (from '21) 9	Plymouth (to '28) 2
Hi Comp. Head ..... 0 (formerly 21)	Hupmobile "4" 2	Plymouth 1929 10
Buick (to '29) 6	"8" (to '28) 2	Pontiac 3
Buick 1929 9	Hupmobile Century "8" 8	Reo (to '27) ..... 31 (formerly 7)
Cadillac 2	Hupmobile "6" 3	Flying Cloud (to '28) 1
Chandler (from '23) 3	Jordan "8" Model JE 10	Flying Cloud (from '28) 10
Chevrolet "6" 9	all others 4	Wolverine (to '28) 1
Chevrolet "4" 5	Kissel ..... 2 Spec.	Wolverine (from '28) 10
Chrysler 2	La Salle 2	Rolls-Royce, Model 40-50 8
Red Head ..... 2 Sp.	Lincoln (to '28) 4	Rolls-Royce, Model 40-65 9
De Soto Standard 8	Lincoln (from '28) 3	Roosevelt 4
Red Head ..... 8 sp. (formerly 14)	Lincoln Turbo Hd. 3	Star "4" 3
Diana 2	Locomobile (from '28) 8	Star "6" 4
Dodge "4" 3	Marmon, 75 and 68 4	Stearns-Knight 1
Dodge "6" 4	Marmon 78 1	Studebaker Dictator (to '29)
Duesenberg (to '29) 9	Moon 8-80 8	1 ..... 1929 4
Duesenberg 1929 10	all others 2	Commander (to '29) 3
Durant 55 and 65 4	Nash Big and Special "6" 6	Commander 1929 2
Model 75 ..... 8 sp. (formerly 14)	Light "6" 4	President 4
Elcar (from '23) 4	Nash New Ser. 400 Sp. and Adv. "6" 15	Big Six 3
Erskine (to '29) 3	Standard "6" 8	Stutz and Blackhawk "6" and "8" 8
Erskine (1929) 4	Oakland (from '24) 3	Blackhawk Hi-Com. "8" ..... 8 sp. (formerly 14)
Essex 9	Oldsmobile (to '27) 6	Velie "66" 6
Ford, Model A 3X	Oldsmobile (1927) 4	Velie "77" and "88" 1
Model T ..... X Long	Oldsmobile "6" Model F. 8	Viking 10
Franklin to Ser. 12 6	Packard (to '26) 2	Whippet "6" 3
Franklin Ser. 12-B 9	Packard (from '26) 3	Whippet "4" 4
Gardner 4	Paige 4	Willys-Knight "4" 4
Graham-Paige, 835 8	Peerless "81" 8	Great "6" 2
all others 3	Model 125 9	Light "6" 1
	all others 4	Windsor White Prince 6
	Pierce-Arrow 4	

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Toledo, Ohio **Windsor, Ontario**

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"How does it sound?" You are the best judge. Listen! Every bit of light and shadow in the music, every inflection of a speaker's voice, comes to *you*. In the whole world of radio there is no purer, richer, truer tone than that of the Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Set. "Perfection" is a much abused word—but isn't this it?

On the Air: Atwater Kent Radio Hour, Sunday Evenings, 9:15 (Eastern Time), WEAF network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"What will it do?" Let you roam the air at will, over a wide, wide range. Bring in the programs clearly, with power that fairly leaps with seven-league boots to do your bidding. Separate the stations with needle-point precision. Only a *Screen-Grid* radio as finely built as this Atwater Kent could do so much—and keep on doing it.

On the Air: Atwater Kent Mid-Week Program, Thursday Evenings, 10:00 (Eastern Time), WJZ network of N. B. C.

SCREEN-GRID

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"How does it look?" See for yourself the cabinets that more than a score of furniture makers, famous for sound design and sincere workmanship, are producing expressly for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio. You have a variety of choice such as radio has never offered before . . . There's a compact table model, too, if you prefer.

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

SCREEN-GRID

ATWATER KENT RADIO

"What does it cost?" Only what a good radio should cost, and that, when it's an Atwater Kent, is a very moderate sum. It would be much higher if we made only a few sets. But the great demand for Atwater Kent Radio (over 2,500,000 sold in seven years) has built the largest radio factory in the world and made a really fine radio easy to buy.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4703 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

SCREEN-GRID

YOU CAN JUDGE *a man by the products he sells, as well as by the company he keeps. The Pennzoil dealer knows very well that selling inferior oils is not to his interest nor yours. He prefers to give you "the best motor oil in the world"—and have you really satisfied. You can be pretty sure that his belief in quality merchandise doesn't stop with oil. You'll find him a good man to go to for other supplies. Look for the Pennzoil sign. It's everywhere—from Maine to California.*

"It's the Best Motor Oil in the World

—and the most economical!"

PENNZOIL *has won that praise from over a million motorists.*

You need only know the facts about Pennzoil to see why:—

First of all, this oil is made from pure Pennsylvania crude of the highest quality—and nothing else. As you know, that crude is accepted as the best source in the world for motor oil. It is so far the best that it sells for more than double the average price of all other crudes.

Second, the method by which Pennzoil is refined—the famous Pennzoil Process—is the most complete and advanced in existence today. It is made possible by the wide facilities of The Pennzoil Company, the world's largest refiners of pure Pennsylvania oil. This process turns the pure Pennsylvania crude into an oil of the highest quality it is possible to buy.

And yet, Pennzoil is economical! For all its quality, this oil costs less to use than ordinary oil, because it lasts *fully twice as long.* More than a million motorists call it "the best and most economical motor oil in the world."

The Pennzoil Company. *Executive Offices and Refinery:* Oil City, Pennsylvania; *Division Offices:* New York, Chicago, Los Angeles.

PENNZOIL

HIGHEST QUALITY PENNSYLVANIA OIL

35¢ *a quart* (Higher in West and Canada)

This seal is more than a pledge of 100% pure Pennsylvania. It is our guarantee to you of highest quality finished Motor Oil.

GUARANTEED BY THE PENNZOIL COMPANY — 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil of Supreme Quality

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

(Continued from Page 86)

one from which he often shrinks with a sense of helplessness. This is the matter of general attitude and the manner in which his son lives, how he distributes his time, whether he "keeps his desk clear," and the character of his amusements—in other words, his college life.

A number of stories of campus life have been appearing in recent years. A few of them are unfair and sensational, but many are excellent and sound. Nearly all of them quite properly portray those aspects of the college which are distinctive and different from the world outside. They give its local color. Sometimes they talk about secret societies with unintelligible Greek names like Alpha Beta Gamma, Tri Chi or Phi Beta Kappa. They deal with odd college customs, queer taboos and a hundred ingenious and outlandish forms of hazing. All this has misled the general public and, quite naturally, has nonplused parents; particularly those who have not themselves gone to college. It has shrouded the life of the undergraduate in mystery. He comes and goes trailing clouds of incomprehensible glory. College has become something deeply mysterious which no outsider can understand, while a college son, in certain circles, becomes a kind of thirty-third-degree Mason about whose secrets a parent must not venture to inquire. Yet, all this is not difficult to understand. A boy who is known as a "good Elk" will probably join a society or club at college, as his father does at home. The only difference will probably be that the son's club will strike the father as far too expensive. From the freshman's standpoint, if this club has a Greek name, so much the better. Nobody wants everybody to know what goes on at his lodge. The freshman joins it for the same reason that his father joins the Elks or Knights of Pythias or the Fraternal Order of Eagles at home. The secrecy need upset no one. The oldest of the Greek-letter fraternities is Phi Beta Kappa, founded at William and Mary in 1776. It is an honorary society, and to it, only the best scholars can belong.

PHOTO, BY ERVING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

Registration Day at the University of Minnesota

The Frosting of College Life

One of our country's most distinguished scientists, who is himself a member, asked me the other day what the Kappa in Phi Beta Kappa stood for. He was embarrassed because he didn't know. I was embarrassed too. I didn't know either. We were a little ashamed, as was quite proper, but there was no reason for making too much of our predicament. Many country clubs have outlandish Indian names. If you asked a group of members in good standing what the name meant, they could not tell you. It may be a perfectly good and quite harmless club just the same. So it is with many of these seemingly mysterious, but otherwise quite innocent, college organizations. They do not differ essentially from those in the world outside, and the problems connected with membership and a wise attitude toward them are much the same.

However, such things are only the gimcracks and frosting of college life. The freshman does not live on local color. He eats roast beef and potatoes. Sometimes he eats and drinks what he should not, just as he did at home; and if a son writes that he "shot a jigger," it is not cause for immediate alarm. He only means that he bought an ice-cream soda at the corner drug store. Even though they never admit it, some of them sleep, too—particularly in the morning, if you let them—just as they did at home.

After all, the ordinary human motives and considerations which govern life in this mad world of ours govern life in the college community. So far as the boy is concerned, there is only one thing of importance that should be different. He should study. If you ask him for an hour-by-hour statement of his week and find that he is not sleeping eight hours a night and spending at least six on his books and classes, then you should worry. He should too. His life is probably only too much like what it was at home during vacations. But aside from his work, and, indeed, including this very item, the essential and important questions which face the boy, and in the solution of which he needs parental sympathy and encouragement, are precisely those which once faced the father thirty years before. That is why there is really nothing inherent in the situation of the boy at college that should create or widen any breach with his home.

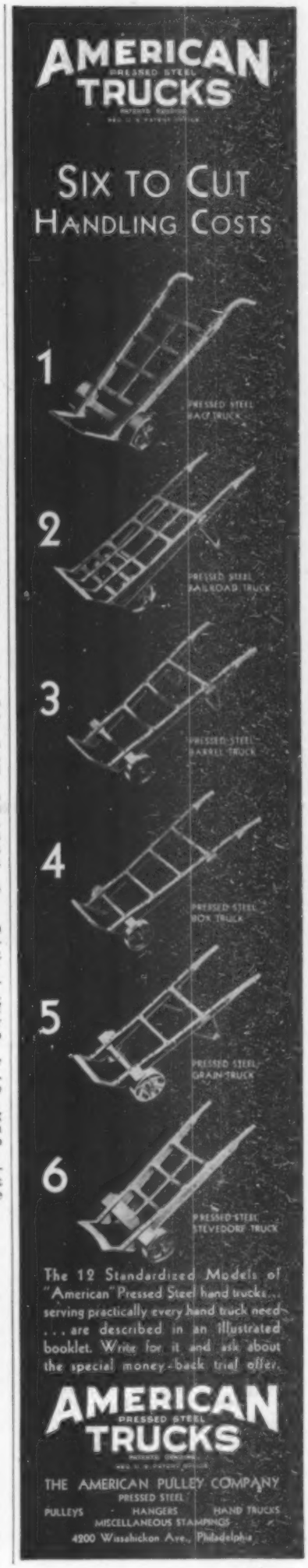
There is something to what my odd friend, the lawyer, told me about the disabilities of amateur parents; and yet, like a lawyer, he had blackened the case against Nature just a little. As a matter of fact, she has given to every father one child to experiment upon. That child need not even have been a dummy.

For Fathers Only

It was the boy which the father himself once was, and if the father would only remember his own youth, and boyish errors, a full half of the misunderstandings between parents and college sons would disappear. Since, however, so many fathers forget or deform their past, it is perhaps worth while to remind them of certain don'ts which they themselves would have indorsed heartily at eighteen, and which, in spite of changes in outward forms, sons in college will indorse even today. If these cautions are observed, they will eliminate some of the more frequent causes of conflict and make for closer coöperation between fathers and sons who should normally be only the senior and junior partners in every college education.

DON'TS

1. Do not write to him in an advice-to-the-lovelorn key.
2. Do not let your letters run exclusively to your own troubles. Give his a chance to flower and fade.
3. Remember that advice is not good as a steady diet. It is effective only as a tonic, and as such, most effective if administered in imperceptible doses.
4. Do not begin to show your interest in him by criticizing his friends. There is no point on which he is, or should be, more sensitive.
5. Respect a sense of loyalty wherever you find it. It will be easier later to transfer it to worthier objects than to create one in a boy deficient in this regard.
6. Do not "ride" him. He does not like to be ridden.
7. Do not "boo" his enthusiasms.
8. Do not always be sorry for him. Enjoy his college with him, and if he is already so inclined, do not encourage him to believe that he is a "sad bird" or a "wet smack."
9. If you find some of these expressions vulgar, do not dismiss the matter entirely. They may be your own son's vernacular. If you do not understand some of them, it may be a sign that you have not allowed him to talk himself out freely to you.
10. Do not bother about repeating to him how much more seriously you took life at his age. Once is enough, and you may possibly be wrong.
11. Do not expect him to get over being young after one remonstrance from you. Even in normal cases it takes years perfectly to effect this transformation.
12. Remember, in general, that he was a sensible man who said that the best way to get rid of the tadpole's tail is not to cut off the tail but to feed the tadpole.



THE POETS' CORNER

Garden

OF ALL the splendid gardens grown,
The loveliest one I've ever known
Is six by twelve, from edge to edge,
And stands upon my window ledge!

Let lords and ladies stroll them through
Their gardens in the evening blue,
Idle down the pathways made
Of every tinted flower shade;

They'll never know and never guess
How great a garden's face can bless
The heart of man, until they've seen
My window ledge's patch of green!

—Bert Cooksley.

Raw Material

THE down on the uncaught wing,
The dream that will not abide,
Sheep bells softly a-ring
In fields that horizons hide,

The glow of remembered dawns,
Dew on the spider's snare,
Light late on old lawns
Out of the fading air,

The mystery lurking just
On the other sides of trees,
Tales from books that are dust
Blown by on the breeze;

All that our ordered days
Fail to bring to our door,
Elves of the wood, and fays
Of the moonlight out on the moor;

Of these is poetry wrought,
And, when history's over,
These by hearts shall be sought,
As bees yearn to the clover.

—Lord Dunsany.

Identify a Conklin Endura by the annular lines in contrasting color on cap and barrel

The appeal of the Conklin Endura Imperial Purple and Gold pen and pencil is distinctively unique in the history of writing instruments. The colors of magnificent tradition as embodied in this every day utility make a powerful and inspiring impression upon the mode-minded man or woman in office, school or home.

¶ So reasonably priced. The pens $5. The pencils $3.50. The set modernistically boxed $8.50. . . . Other Conklin Enduras in Supernal Pearl and Black, Black and Gold, Mottled Blue and Green. All are covered by an unconditional and perpetual service guarantee. The pens $5, $6, $7, $8. The pencils $3.50, $4.00, $4.50. Other up-to-date Conklin pens $2.75, $3.50. Pencils $1 and $2.50 . . . modern color combinations . . . real dependability.

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Conklin ENDURA
Service Unconditionally & Perpetually Guaranteed

THE OLD HOOKER

(Continued from Page 19)

He and Almighty Flannery spoke when they met, but that was about all. Early in July they met in the Bayport Bank and, somehow or other, each fell to boasting of the merits of his particular club and course. From this they progressed to sounding the merits of the professional each of them had engaged. It ended in the making of the big match. McDermott and Balfour were to play eighteen holes on Saturday, August tenth, for a purse of five hundred dollars, said purse to be supplied, fifty-fifty, by the two backers. They tossed pennies to determine where it should be played, and Flannery won for Sunset Cove. He promptly offered to bet a thousand dollars on McDermott; whereupon Beacham—they call him The Admiral in Harniss—came back with a proposition to make it two thousand.

It was three when the bluster subsided and the articles were drawn up and signed in Judge Hallett's law office. There were conditions attached. It must be play or pay. If either of the two contestants should be incapacitated on the day of the match his backer must furnish a substitute, either a bona-fide member of his own club or an employe of at least two months' standing, and the game must go on. Neither weather nor the condition of the course would be accepted as excuse for postponement. The story now told is that Beacham had, even then, learned of McDermott's attacks of rheumatism and foresaw possibilities of putting his enemy in a hole.

And let me say right here that if you think this match was nothing more than it appears on the surface, a test of skill of two professionals, you are greatly mistaken. It was a whole lot more than that. The Sunset Cove Club and the Salt River Club are deadly rivals. Each considers itself the finest golf club in this section of the country. A Salt River member seldom meets a Sunset Cover without each boasting of the superiority of his own course, his clubhouse and the wealth and influence of his president. The annual tournaments between the two club teams are nothing less than battles, fought to the last gasp, with results varying from year to year. In the matter of professionals, however, Sunset Cove had held the upper hand for some time, for Malcolm McDermott had beaten his Salt River competitor consistently. Now, however, Salt River—or Admiral Colvin R. Beacham; which is the same thing—had, at large expense hired Jim Balfour, and the fame of Balfour as a player was nation-wide. Salt River more than hinted that when he got after Mac, the latter would go down with a thud.

Consequently, when announcement was made that the test between the pair was to be made in a few weeks, there was excitement in Bayport and Harniss sporting circles. And those rheumatic attacks of Malcolm McDermott's were already worrying Sunset Cove. They were severe and painful in June, but in July they were worse and more frequent. Mac's practice for the big match was greatly hampered and there were days when the doctor forbade his taking a golf stick in his hands. It was on one of those days that Almighty Flannery discovered that Reginald Greenleaf Hickson was a golf player.

Mac had arranged to give J. Hannibal a lesson that morning, and when Almighty appeared at the course at nine o'clock and learned that his instructor was at home, with orders to spend the day there, he was fit to be tied. When he wants a thing, he wants it there and then. He growled and sputtered.

"I'm playing in a foursome tomorrow," he told Sam Hardy and some of the rest of us, "and I was counting on Mac to put me back on my short irons. Rheumatism be hanged! The blasted Scotchman is getting lazy, that's what's the matter with him. You fellows are all dated up, of course? Yes, you would be. The devil!"

Hardy had an idea. "Say, Mr. Flannery," he suggested, "why don't you take Reg along with you for eighteen? He might give you some valuable pointers. He straightened me out with my pitch shots to the green when Mac couldn't help me a bit."

Flannery stared at him. "What!" he exclaimed. "The Hick! I'm trying to handle a mashie, not a hay rake."

Sam laughed. "If you think The Hick can't handle a mashie—yes, and show the other fellow how to handle it, too—then you're away off in your thinking. I'll bet you five dollars you don't beat him four holes out of the eighteen. Come now!"

Almighty Flannery looked at him and then at Hickson, who was busy at his desk in the little office. "You're on—for ten!" he snapped. Then, addressing Reg: "Here, you; get your clubs and come along. Yes, and make it snappy. . . . Four holes out of eighteen, you say, Hardy? Don't make me laugh; I've got a chapped lip."

At half-past twelve he sought out Hardy in the locker room and handed him a bank note. "There's your ten dollars," he announced crisply. "You darned robber, betting on a sure thing!"

Hardy grinned. "Then you didn't win your four holes?" he observed.

"Huh! I won none and halved just one. I wouldn't have halved that if The Hick hadn't picked out the stick for me to approach with and spent ten minutes bullying me into using it. Say, if it wasn't for the hook in his drive that fellow could play Mac even, pretty nearly. He's a natural marvel, that kid. He and I are going out again this afternoon."

They went out every afternoon and a good many mornings. Mac's rheumatism continued to trouble him, and as the day for the big match drew nearer we Sunset Covers grew more anxious. Practically every soul connected with each organization, from senior member down to and including the youngest caddy, had a bet of some kind on the result. And on the Wednesday preceding the fateful Saturday, Sam Hardy—who generally managed to be the first to hear anything—told a group of us dressing for play in the locker room of a new rumor going around.

"They tell me," confided Sam, "that the club isn't likely to get hold of the Seaton property so easy, after all. Labe Cahoon, the fish man, was at our house this morning and, according to him, negotiations between Flannery and Thoph Timson are off—for the present anyhow. Timson, so Labe says, has changed his mind and doesn't seem anxious to sell at all; declares he won't even listen to a bid less than double his original price. Anyhow, he and J. Hannibal had a high old flare-up at the post office last night and Flannery told him to go to Tophet and take the Seaton place along with him. I hope the deal isn't off for good. That tumble-down shanty and the trash heaps and weeds around it are a bunch of blots on our landscape. 'Twas Almighty's idea to buy it cheap and clean it up, you know."

We all knew that, of course. The gray-shingled, lop-sided Seaton house, a seventy-five-year-old ruin, with the acre or two of weed-grown land surrounding it, borders our seventeenth fairway on the left at the top of the hill about two hundred and fifty yards from the back tee. The fairway is rather narrow there, and on the right is a ravine, choked with scrub oak, bayberry bushes and tall grass. As we duffers know from bitter experiences, a sliced drive from the back tee will land somewhere in that jungle, and he is a husky player who gets out with less than three wasted strokes. The experts, including McDermott, of course, whose three-hundred-yard drives carry straight to the top of the hill in the middle of the fairway, may reasonably expect their ball to roll on and down the steep slope beyond. From there it should be but an easy pitch to the green. It is a four-par hole and about the toughest on the course.

When old Jabez Seaton died, Theophilus Timson—uncle and landlord of Reginald Greenleaf Hickson, you remember—fell heir to the property; he was a second cousin of Seaton's wife, who had been dead for years. Thoph had no use for the old house or the land it stood on, and had been doing his best to sell them. The Sunset Cove Golf Club was the only possible purchaser and the board of governors, represented and dominated by Almighty Flannery, had made him an offer which, they believed, he would eventually accept. If Cahoon's story, relayed by Sam Hardy, was true, all immediate prospect of such acceptance was off.

Flannery came into the locker room just then, and we asked him about it. His red face turned redder than ever and he snorted through his big nose. He was plainly very much agitated about that—or something else.

"Yes, sure it's true," he snarled. "The confounded crook has gone back on the figure he as good as agreed on. Told me he'd have to be paid seven thousand dollars. Seven thousand! And it would be dear at three! As near as I could make out from his whisperings and hints, he thinks he's found out something about that property that will make it worth our while to buy it at any price. He came to my house yesterday to tell me this, but I wouldn't listen to him. Last night, at the post office, he tried again. Well," with another snort, "he beat my foot to the door by about six inches."

"I don't wonder you were mad, Flannery," said someone.

Flannery turned on him. "Mad!" he shouted. "It isn't that that makes me mad. Do you know what the blasted doctor has just told me? He says—and, by the Lord Harry, I'm afraid it's true—that Mac is in bed today and will not be able to move for a week. He can't play his match with Balfour Saturday; there isn't a chance of it."

There was silence in the locker room as the full significance of this news item sank in. Then followed a babel of groans and profane ejaculations. Flannery regarded us grimly.

"Pretty mess, isn't it?" he sneered. "Well? What have you bunch of Jeremiahs got to offer besides lamentations? Anything?"

The offerings were not worth much. Someone suggested that perhaps, under the circumstances, the Salt River crowd might consent to a week's postponement. J. Hannibal grunted.

"Yeah," he observed dryly. "They'll postpone it or call it off altogether, provided we forfeit the purse and pay all bets. The wise boy that made that crack forgot the 'play or pay' clause in the agreement. Who insisted on having that clause in there? Beacham himself, that's who. And why? Because he probably heard of these rheumatics of Mac's and hoped that they might get worse. Well, his hopes are realized and he knows it; I saw it in his face when his car passed mine just now on the way up here. He was grinning like a pumpkin lantern. . . . Say, what is he doing over here in Bayport so early in the morning? Does anyone know?"

No one did. Almighty Flannery's square chin thrust forward.

"A fine lot of putty-backs you are!" he sneered, addressing the locker room in general. "Ready to roll over and ki-yi for mercy, as good as dead dogs already. Well, I'm not dead yet. If Col Beacham gets my three thousand, he's got to work for it. The agreement says that, provided one of the regular contestants can't play, his backers are privileged to provide a substitute. All right, there's the sub."

He pointed a thick forefinger toward the desk in the office. We all looked, looked and gasped.

"The Hick!" murmured Sam Hardy faintly. (Continued on Page 94)

What leading stylists say the well-dressed floor will wear

A few room corners from the Style Show held at the Hotel Biltmore, New York

THESE INTERIORS WERE PRESENTED BY THE HEADS OF THE INTERIOR DECORATING STAFFS OF THREE LEADING MAGAZINES TO A LIMITED FEW WHO LEAD AS CREATORS OR INTERPRETERS OF STYLE TRENDS

Style Show sponsored by the makers of Scranton Drapery Fabrics

Mrs. Hope Harvey, Editor, Interior Furnishing Department, Woman's Home Companion, found the keynote for this young woman's room in an Armstrong Floor that mirrors the modern. Moulded Inlaid Design No. 3195.

Ladies' Home Journal's Interior Decoration Department selected a textured rubblestone pattern for the floor of this comfortable dining-room. Embossed Inlaid No. 1102. Each color goes through to the burlap back.

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IT PROTECTS THE FINISH

(Continued from Page 92)

"The Hick," repeated J. Hannibal Flannery aggressively. "Hi you, Hickson! Come here: I want you."

Reginald unwound his long legs from those of the desk chair, rose and shambled alongside.

"Hickie," snapped Almighty Flannery, "get your clubs and go nine holes with me. And the rest of you fellows drop everything and trail along. Maybe you'll have more stiffening in your spines when you come back."

We had—a good deal more. The Hick's score for the nine was a neat 38, and if his long iron on the seventh hadn't bounced back into a trap it would have been at least one less. The first thing we all noticed was that he was not using the old brassie. He had a brand-new set of wooden clubs.

"Ye-es," he drawled, in answer to our questions. "They're real nice and pretty, ain't they? Mr. McDermott he lent 'em to me. I don't hook with 'em the way I used to with the brassie I had a-fore. I can keep straight with this one, but"—he shook his head regretfully—"I don't seem to get nigh the distance with her that I done with my old one. I vow to fire I wisht I could have fussed with that old hooker a spell longer. I believe I'd have straightened her out in time. Yes, sir, I do!"

Flannery motioned us to clear out and leave him and Hickson alone together. When their conference was over, J. Hannibal joined us. He was chuckling.

"He's agreed to play Balfour in the match," he told us. "I had to beg and bully and threaten to fire him before he swung into line, but he's promised now. Well, we may lose day after tomorrow, but Beacham and his pirates will know they've been in a fight. . . . Don't look like that, for heaven's sake! Make a bluff at being sure of winning, no matter how you feel, can't you?"

Well, we did, but "bluff" was the word for our assumed confidence. Malcolm McDermott at his best had been no more than a risky bet against the great Jim Balfour. And to realize that all the club's money was packed upon the thin, bowed shoulders of Reginald Greenleaf Hickson did not make us happy.

I kept away from the clubhouse all the next day, but I was on hand early Saturday morning. Early as I was, a crowd of Sunset Covers was there before me. The door of the office was shut tight and Sam Hardy informed me that Almighty Flannery had Hickson bottled up in there for a final conference.

"The old man is mighty worried," Sam went on anxiously. "There's something wrong with The Hick. Flannery says he came around to his house last evening, almost crying, and pleading to be let out of playing today. Said he'd just found out something or other that had upset him dreadfully. He couldn't tell what kind of something it was—they had made him promise not to tell a soul—but it was all his fault in the beginning and—and please get somebody else to play in the match. He had given his solemn word that he would play for us and, of course, Flannery held him to it. . . . Oh, yes, he is going to play! But how? That's the question!

"There's more mystery in the wind, too," Hardy continued. "Old Thoph Timson, The Hick's uncle, was downtown last night so puffed up with jubilation that he could scarcely button his vest. He wouldn't say what pleased him, but he threw out a few hints to the effect that if anybody wanted to see Almighty Flannery get what was coming to him good and proper, and the surprise of his life along with it, they had better be on hand at this golf course this forenoon. . . . Hello! Here comes The Admiral and his crew. Look pretty darned cocky, don't they?"

They did. There were a lot of them—two-thirds of the Salt River membership and as many guests—and they not only looked cocky but they talked that way. Each one of them had money in his pocket to bet on Balfour. Balfour himself was the only modest one in the crowd, but there was serene confidence in the way he swung his driver in practice. A minute or so after their arrival, Flannery came out of the caddy house with The Hick in tow. The Big Man was red-faced and glowering. Reg was pale and acted as if he was being led to the gallows. I looked around for his Uncle Theophilus, but the old fellow wasn't in sight. I remember thinking that that was queer. Considering his hatred of Flannery and his professed certainty that the latter was in for a licking, one would have expected him to be on hand to gloat.

Balfour's first drive was a peacherino, two hundred and eighty yards straight down the first fairway. The Hick's—he was using his new club, of course—was just as straight, but at least thirty yards shorter. He had been right when he told us that he could get nothing like the distance with the new club that he had with the old hooker. We Sunset Covers noted the difference in those two drives and groaned. The Salt River following noted it and grinned.

But before the first nine of those eighteen holes were played, Reginald Greenleaf Hickson had wiped those grins from their faces. What he lost with the wood he made up with the deadly accuracy of his irons, particularly in approaching and putting. The first half of the round ended with Balfour but one up, and The Hick squared that on the tenth with a chip shot from six feet off the green that flew straight at the hole. How we Sunset Covers yelled when it dropped in!

I do wish I had the time and space to describe that match in detail. It was always wildly exciting and at times funny. Balfour played with the confident grace of a champion at the game; he was always the good sportsman, smiling whether he won or lost. The Hick did not smile, or comment, or look anywhere except at the ball and the course ahead. He took infinite pains with every shot, getting down on his knees to examine the contour of the green before he putted, and selecting each club from his limited stock with the care of a kid with a penny to spend picking out a stick of candy. His cheeks, under the freckles, were pale, and it seemed to me that, as he moved forward from one green to the next, he dragged his long legs more slowly.

I remember his speaking but once during the first hour and a half. Then, as we were leaving the fourteenth green for the fifteenth tee, he asked Hardy and me a question.

"How far along be we now?" he inquired anxiously. Hardy told him. "Oh-h, my fire!" he groaned under his breath, and all our back-patting and enthusiastic encomiums seemed merely to add to his misery.

From that fifteenth tee his drive caused our hearts to sink. It was of average length, but a trifle too near the boundary. It struck something—a pebble perhaps—and bounded into the trap on the right.

Colvin R. Beacham—The Admiral—addressed a remark in our direction. "Why, dear me, I am so sorry!" he observed with gleeful sarcasm.

A moment later I am blessed if Balfour's iron shot did not hop off into the rough on the left.

"What a shame—thank God!" said J. Hannibal Flannery.

So that hole, too, was halved, as was the sixteenth also. The seventeenth tee is at the top of a slight knoll. The crowd scrambled up and, as the foremost reached the summit, a murmur arose—a chorus of exclamations, followed by excited shouts.

Hardy and I had lingered to walk up with Hickson. We heard the tumult ahead.

"What's all that?" demanded Sam.

I did not know, of course, so I turned to speak to Reg. One glance at his face was enough. Whatever it might be, he knew and had been expecting it. The putter, which he had not yet returned to the caddy, fell from his hand to the ground. Sam and I left him standing there and ran up the knoll. There, joining the agitated crowd on and beside the seventeenth tee, we saw for ourselves.

You remember my description of that seventeenth fairway—the old Seaton house and land bordering it on the hill at the left, and the brush-filled ravine on the right? Ever since the course was laid out the tumble-down Seaton fence had edged the rise of the hill, with a width between it and the ravine of sixty or seventy yards. I had played the course only two days before, and that fence—or what was left of it—was there then.

A portion of it was there now, but with a new and amazing addition—a string of wooden posts, with lines of barbed wire between them, which extended out and around in a long loop, a half circle, inclosing three-quarters of our fairway from perhaps forty yards in front of the tee to nearly the crest of the hill. This loop of fence stretched right across the fairway to within six or eight feet of the rim of the ravine. Except for that six or eight feet, it shut off the fairway altogether!

And also and moreover, upon the posts of the long half circle of fence were nailed placards lettered:

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
PRIVATE PROPERTY
NO ADMITTANCE; GOLFERS KEEP OUT

The whole business—fence, signs and all—had been, we learned afterward, erected during the previous night. A gang of workmen had labored there until four in the morning. And now, standing inside the fenced half circle were at least a dozen husky men, two in uniform of the Bayport town police, and the others strangers. Standing apart from these were three more whom most of us recognized: One was Lemuel Collins, the local surveyor; the second was Jimmie Cole, a Smart Aleck young lawyer from Harniss; and the third was old Theophilus Timson, Reg Hickson's uncle.

You can imagine the hullabaloo on and about that tee. The Salt River visitors—with a few prominent exceptions—were as amazed and puzzled as we Sunset Covers. J. Hannibal Flannery was jumping up and down, roaring questions and issuing orders to nobody in particular and everyone in general. And just then Thoph Timson and Cole crawled between the wires of the new fence and came toward us.

Flannery saw them coming. He ran to meet them and shook his fist in old Timson's face.

"Is this some of your work, you blankety dashed rascal?" he bellowed.

Thoph Timson grinned wickedly. "You bet your life 'tis!" he answered.

"Why, you—you —— What do you mean by it? How dare you put up fences on my property?"

Of course anyone else would have said "the club's property," but this was Almighty Flannery speaking. Timson's malicious grin widened.

"Makin' a little mistake, I guess, ain't you, Flannery?" he sneered. "That fence ain't on your property; it's on mine. If you'd listened to me and bought the Seaton place when I offered it to you at a fair price, it might have been yours. As 'tis, though, it's mine. And"—with sudden venom—"you and your gang will keep off it or get yourselves into jail. . . . Here, Mr. Cole; you tell 'em what's what."

Cole, the Harniss lawyer—he is a smart young squirt and clever in his profession, although no one likes him—stepped forward.

"Just a minute, Mr. Flannery and gentlemen," he said, holding up his hand. "I'll make it plain in a few words. When the Sunset Cove Club laid out this course, land about here was practically worthless and no one paid much attention to titles or boundaries. When Mr. Timson fell heir to the Seaton place he thought, as everyone else did, that his property ended at the old fence over there. He never looked back over the original deeds or title searches. A week or so ago, however, he happened to—that is—er—a member of his family happened to run across those deeds, and just

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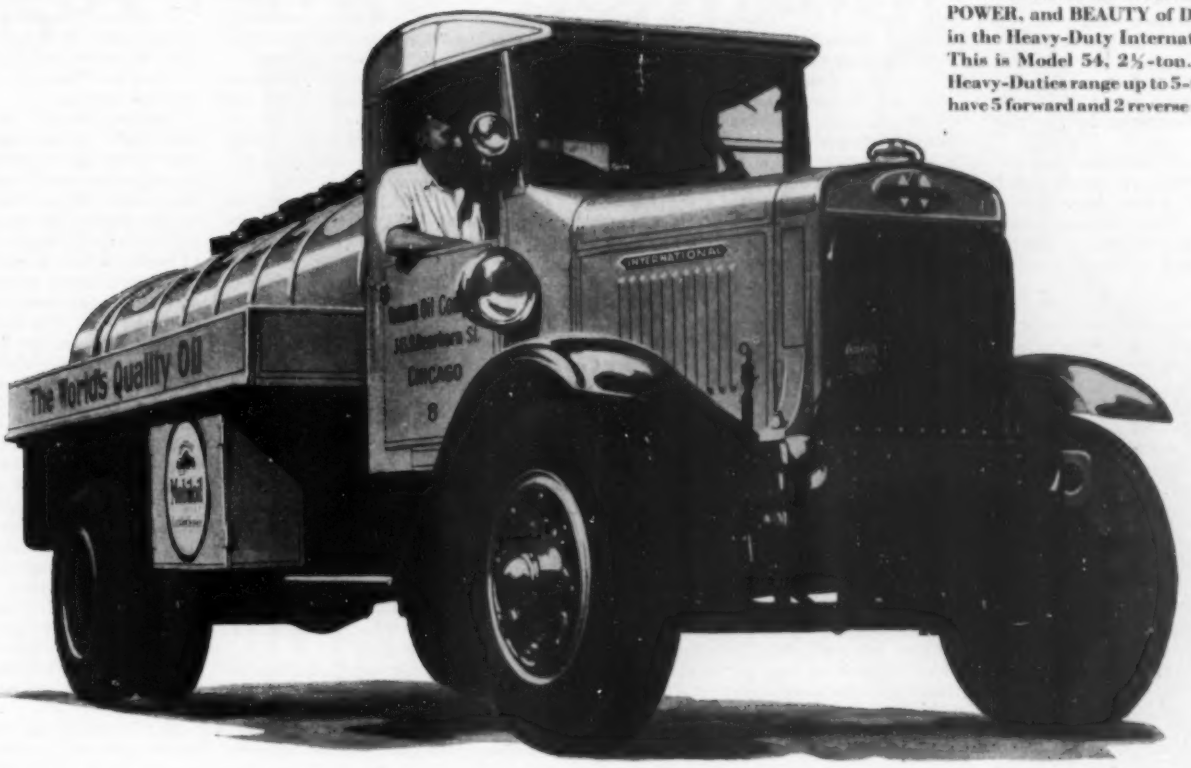

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(Continued from Page 94)

for—well, amusement, resurveyed the Seaton property. Mr. Timson was surprised, naturally, and called me into consultation. I engaged Mr. Collins, who has verified the survey. He finds, as we found, that the true boundary of the Seaton land, now owned by Mr. Timson, is just where the new fence has been erected. All within those fences belongs to him, and if he desires to prevent trespassing he has that right."

"You bet I have!" blustered Theophilus. "And I'm sticking up for my rights, Flannery. You step a foot t'other side of that fence and see what happens. Huh! Call me names in the post office in front of half the town, will you? I've got you, you old blowhard!"

Collins, the civil engineer, had joined us by this time. He looked very much troubled and embarrassed. "I am as sorry about this as you can be, Mr. Flannery," he said, "but I am afraid it is all true. I learned about it a few days ago, but, as Mr. Cole and Mr. Timson had made me promise to keep quiet, I couldn't tell you or anyone. I have seen the old deeds and records and I ran the boundaries myself. There is no doubt whatever that the land inclosed by that wire fence belongs to Mr. Timson."

Collins is one of Bayport's leading citizens, thoroughly honest and highly respected. Moreover, he is a member of the Sunset Cove Golf Club. We all looked at one another. It was unbelievable, but it was true. Thoph Timson's secret and his gloating of the past week were explained.

Even then, however, we had not grasped the true inwardness of the trick. Admiral Colvin R. Beacham pushed through the group to where Flannery, crimson-faced and speechless, was standing, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Well, Flannery," he said cheerfully, "all this is mighty interesting and it's tough luck for you and your club, but it isn't playing golf, is it? Suppose we get on with the match and leave you to settle your land squabbles afterwards. Your man holds the honor. Why not let him drive off?"

Before Flannery could answer, Cole put in a word.

"As my client's representative, gentlemen," he said suavely, "I must warn you that no one, player or spectator, must pass that fence. A ball driven in there must stay there. We cannot permit it to be recovered."

All the powwow that had gone before was a deaf-and-dumb conversation compared to the racket that broke out now. Part of the crowd was for calling the match off, another section was for going ahead with it and slaughtering any of Timson's gang who might interfere. But Collins had taken Flannery to one side and was whispering with him earnestly. Judge Bailey, our own attorney, was dragged into the consultation. Almighty's face was a study. Admiral Beacham's was also, but of a different kind.

"Come on, Flannery," he taunted. "Come on, be a sport. You're always bragging about not being a quitter. Here's a chance for you to prove it. Our side is ready to play under conditions as they stand. Suppose we call a ball driven between those fences a lost ball and the fellow driving it plays another from the tee, counting it as his third shot. That'll satisfy us. Come on! You aren't going to show your yellow streak, I hope."

I heard Sam Hardy catch his breath. He pinched my arm.

"Now I've got it!" he whispered. "Don't you see? This whole business is a game, a trick that Beacham has put up on Flannery. He knows—just as we all know—that The Hick can't drive within twenty-five feet of that second fence. If he plays to the right he's morally certain to land in the rough down in that ravine. The only thing he can do is play short and safe, and that will cost him at least one shot, for Balfour is sure to carry the second fence with his drive. Don't you see, man? It's Beacham that is behind Timson in this. Why, I'll bet my shirt that he supplied the old scamp with money to hire lawyers and surveyors and cops—yes, and to put up those fences. When he learned that Mac was sick and The Hick was going to play for us, he saw his chance. He'll do anything to put one over on Almighty! Why, the old son of a gun! We're dished! We're done! . . . Don't let 'em play, Flannery! Make 'em call it off!"

But Almighty Flannery paid no attention to him or any of us. He broke away from Collins and the lawyer, and pushed through to where Reginald Greenleaf Hickson was sitting, a forlorn heap, on the players' bench. He grabbed him by the shirt collar and pulled him to his feet.

"Answer me, you!" he spluttered, jerking The Hick back and forth as if he meant to snap his head off. "Out with it now! Is it true that you are responsible for this? Was it you who put that darned uncle of yours up to it? Speak up, or I'll choke it out of you!"

Poor Reg was half choked already. He managed to pull his collar from Flannery's clutch and backed away, gasping.

"I—I never put nobody up to nothin', Mr. Flannery," he gurgled. "I vow to fire I never! I—I only ——"

Thoph Timson put in a word. "Careful now, nephew," he cautioned. "Might as well tell 'em the whole yarn. 'Twas you that found the old deeds up attic in the fust place and 'twas you that run the fust survey on your own hook. Mr. Lem Collins here, he verified it, but 'twas you that found where the boundaries really went to. Don't be afraid to speak right out in meetin'; we won't let 'em hurt you. He-he-he!"

Flannery was reaching for the shirt collar again, but Hickson backed away still farther.

"I—I never meant no harm, Mr. Flannery," he shrilled in agonized protest. "Honest, I never! You know how interested I be in surveyin' land, and when I found them old deeds up in Uncle Thoph's garret, I—I just thought 'twould be fun to run the lines and see how fur they went. Uncle Thoph he asked me what I was up to and I told him. I didn't know he was goin' to do nothin' like this. Honest, Mr. Flannery! Don't you believe me?"

Flannery's answer was a scornful laugh. When he spoke, he voiced, I am afraid, the feeling of every one of us chagrined and angry Sunset Covers.

"Believe you!" he sneered. "I believe you're a cheap double-crosser, that's what I believe you are! How much are they paying you to throw down the crowd that feeds you?"

"Nobody's payin' me nothin'. I don't like this no better than you do. Uncle Thoph, he knows I don't."

Beacham came to the front once more.

"Well?" he queried sweetly. "What about this golf match, Flannery? Are you fellows going to lie down and quit right here? If you do, we win the purse and the bets. It's play or pay, you mustn't forget that. And"—with emphasis—"we are ready to go on playing. How about it, Mr. Referee?"

Charlie Hooper, from Wellmouth—I forgot to mention that he had been appointed referee—looked decidedly uncomfortable, but he had his courage with him.

"I'm afraid Mr. Beacham is right, Mr. Flannery," he said. "The articles both sides signed are pretty clear. Either club might provide a substitute for their original choice of player and you did provide one. The match was to be played, no matter what the weather might be or what condition the course was in. The Salt River Club is willing to go on. If you are not—why—well, I guess they win, that's all."

The Salt River crowd applauded, of course, and we Sunset Covers swore and protested. Hooper held up his hand for silence.

"If agreeable to both sides," he continued, "we will adopt Mr. Beacham's suggestion. A ball driven inside the wire fence will be considered as lost and the player may drive another, counting it as his third shot. That is as fair for one side as the other. . . . Well, Mr. Flannery?"

Almighty Flannery hesitated. Then the triumphant leer upon Beacham's face decided him, I suppose.

"All right!" he snarled. "It's as crooked a swindle as I ever ran into, but we'll go down fighting—eh, boys? . . . All right, Hooper; we'll make it that way. Now then"—turning again to Reginald Greenleaf Hickson—"you low-down, sneaking, double-crossing traitor, go ahead and earn your blood money. Throw the game—that's what they hired you to do. What are you staring at me like that for? Go on and do your dirty work."

The Hick was staring at him, with an expression in his pale blue eyes such as I had never seen there before.

"Just a minute now, Mr. Flannery," he drawled. "What's this you're sayin'? Do you mean you think I'm bein' paid to lose this game? Didn't I tell you I didn't know nothin' at all about them fences and things till last night?"

"Huh! Yes, you told me now, but you didn't tell me last night. . . . Aw, shut up, and go on with your bluff. Give him his driver, somebody, for heaven's sake!"

"Wait! Heave to! I didn't tell you last night, nor this mornin' neither, because, when I told Uncle Thoph about them deeds I'd found, he made me promise not to tell a livin' soul. He said it would only make trouble, and he didn't want no trouble. I kept my promise to him just same as I kept the one I made you that I'd play hard as ever I could in Mr. McDermott's place. If you say I've been paid money to lose this game—yes, or for any kind of meanness by anybody—you're a liar. . . . Here, boy, give me them golf sticks."

His caddy was already proffering him the driver. He took it and strode to the tee. He stood there, looking out at the fences and the wide and lengthy section of fairway they inclosed. He looked at the ravine on the right. Then he handed the driver—the new one Flannery had insisted on Mac's lending him—back to the caddy.

"I don't want that," he snapped. "Give me the other. That long one there."

The boy gave him the club he indicated. I recognized it; so did a dozen others in the crowd. Sam Hardy clutched my arm.

"Lord above!" moaned Sam. "It's his old brassie, the old hooker! If he uses that he'll land somewhere in the Seaton back yard. He is throwing the match! I swear he is!"

The murmur of protest became an ominous growl. Reg paid no attention to it. He teed a ball carefully and took a practice swing with the old brassie. Then he swung in earnest.

He hit that ball hard and clean, with all the strength that was in him. It left the tee beautifully, but it was headed straight for the right edge of the fairway. It passed that edge; it sailed up and out over the bush-filled ravine. And then—and then the hook began to develop. The ball curved to the left. In and in it curved. It struck the fairway midway of the narrow strip between the wire fence and the brink of the ravine. It rolled on, still curving inward, rolled to the top of the hill beyond—and down the slope directly in the middle of the fairway.

"There, by fire!" shrilled Reginald Greenleaf Hickson. "Call that a double-crossin' shot and be darned, the whole everlastin' crew of you!"

There isn't much more to tell. That marvelous hooked shot won the match for Sunset Cove. When Balfour stood up to drive, he was nervous, and the hilarious war dances going on behind him helped to steady him not at all. He hit hard and straight as a die, but he hit just a bit too high in the air. The ball dropped dead a foot this side of the second fence and, under the agreed-upon rule, was lost. His next drive was a beauty, and cleared the fence, but it counted as his third shot. The Hick won that hole with a par four and they halved the eighteenth. That was that.

We would have carried The Hick to the clubhouse on our shoulders if he had given us the chance. He did not. The instant his ball fell into the cup on the eighteenth he dropped his putter and ran. When we jubilant, uproarious rooters got there, he was in the little office with the door locked. We pounded on the door and begged him to come out, but he would not.

Only when Lemuel Collins spoke to him would he deign to reply. Collins motioned to us to stand back and whispered through the keyhole. Then the door was unlocked and Collins entered, closing it behind him. J. Hannibal Flannery took charge of the overflow meeting.

"Fellow members of the Sunset Cove Golf Club!" he shouted huskily—he had been whooping at the top of his lungs and his voice was pretty ragged. "Just a minute, please. We all want to do something for the plucky kid who pulled this match out of the fire for us, and now is a good time to begin. Where is my hat? . . . Eh? Well, never mind, it's somewhere between here and the seventeenth tee. Here, Hardy, give me yours. I'm taking up a collection for Reg Hickson, and I'm starting it with two one-hundred-dollar bills that I just dragged away from our dear, but sore, friend, Col. Beacham. Come on, all hands! Dig deep for The Hick!"

We dug deep. I don't believe there was a single silver coin in that hat, but it was filled with bank notes. Just as the last five-dollar bill was being crammed in on top, the office door opened and Collins appeared, towing Reg by the arm. Heavens, what a howl went up at sight of him!

Almighty Flannery stepped forward. "Hickie, old boy," he bubbled, "on behalf of the bunch here present, it is my privilege to hand you this. It's the first installment of our thanks to you for the smartest shot ever played on a golf course. Mr. Hickson, shake!"

The brimming hat was in his left hand and he extended his right. The Hick looked at both hands, but he took neither of them. His face was still pale when he emerged from that office, but now the color came back with a rush. His rounded shoulders squared, and when he spoke, there was no hesitating tremble in his voice.

"Mr. Flannery," he said, with another glance at the hat, "if all that there money is cal'lated to be for me, I don't want it. I'm much obliged to you, but I don't want it and I don't need it. Mr. McDermott's paid me reg'lar wages to work up here and I've tried to earn all I got. Now I'm through. Mr. Collins has offered me a steady job in his place learnin' engineerin', and I'm startin' in there tomorrow. I shan't play golf no more."

He paused. Then, before the yell of protest was really under way, he spoke again:

"And as for shakin' hands, Mr. Flannery, I don't cal'late I want to do that neither. You called me a pretty consider'ble mess of names out yonder on the seventeenth tee, and I called you a liar. I judge maybe you've changed your mind. Well, I ain't."

I don't know what might have happened if the interruption had not come just then. Almighty Flannery's face was purple. But at that moment Thoph Timson—how and when he got into the clubhouse none of us knows—shoved himself to the front.

"That's the boy, Reggie," he crowed exultantly. "That's the way to talk to the puffed-up old windbag. Now, you take that money—you've earned it—and come right along home with me. You and me understand each other. I ——"

But his nephew broke in. "Uncle Thoph," he ordered sharply, "you be still. Mr. Collins is goin' to get a place down to the village for me to room and board, and I ain't got to live to your house and hand you over nine-tenths of my pay no more. You've treated me about as mean as a relation could be treated and I'm through with you too. I understand you all right, and now, if you listen, maybe you'll understand me. Uncle Thoph, you can go to hell. . . . Now, Mr. Collins, let's move along; shall we?"

The Seaton property—all of it—is ours now. Almighty Flannery bought it of Timson, on behalf of the club, for six thousand dollars. The old hooker, the brassie that won the match for us, hangs in state over the mantel in the club lounging room. It is our only souvenir of The Hick.

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who knows his face is FIT

Important moments! When you're ushered in to see the president. When you make some worth while social contact. Go with confidence. Head up! And make sure you are well groomed.

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It's the time-tested, time-proven kind of which the drug clerk speaks: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then, Aqua Velva for *after-shaving*. Made to meet certain definite needs of the newly-shaven skin. First, it gives a pleasant tingle that you'll look forward to, morning after morning. It wakens, livens, healthfully stimulates the skin. It cares for tiny nicks, cuts, abrasions,—rarely seen, but there just the same. It protects from dust and germs, wind and weather. Helps to make tissues firm instead of flabby. Tends to conserve the skin's natural moisture, and so *keeps* it, as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

Try, if you like, this Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva—in sample form, without expense. If you sign the coupon below, or send a postcard, we will send you trial sizes that will tell a pleasant and most convincing story.

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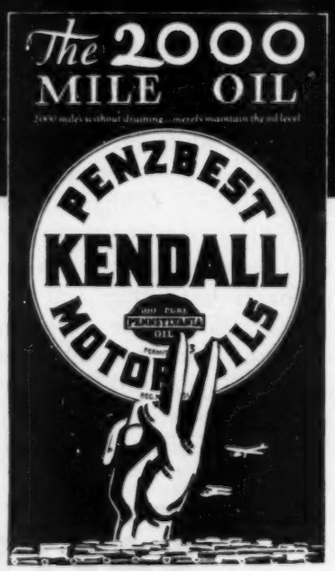

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If you had to *fly* your motor car, you, too, would choose only Kendall. For while *your* life may not depend on the oil you use, *the life of your motor does.* And how true this is today! High speed motors make terrific demands upon an oil—double those of a few short years ago. So take no chances with just "any old oil"—choose the one oil that has made such outstanding records for unfailing stamina . . . in the air . . . on the water . . . and in motor cars all over this land. Choose Kendall, the 2000 Mile Oil.

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PORTLAND, OREGON *to* CLEVELAND

All seven Fliers who finished used Kendall

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2. Tex Rankin, Portland, Oregon
3. Sydnor Hall, St. Louis, Mo.
4. W. H. Emery, Jr., Bradford, Pa.
5. Maj. Gilbert H. Eckerson, Springfield, Ore.
6. Dick Rankin, Portland, Ore.
7. Lieut. W. B. Clark

PHILADELPHIA *to* CLEVELAND

Ten Pilots started. Eight were Kendall users. Those Eight all finished

First Class

1. Errett Williams, Greenville, S. C.
2. Ike Stewart, Moline, Illinois
3. Lloyd O. Yost, Conyngham, Pa.
4. Henry A. Little, Morristown, Pa.

Second Class

1. J. Wesley Smith, New Castle, Del.
2. Howard Young, New Castle, Del.
3. Sidney A. Riley, Allentown, Pa.
4. Robert Hewitt, Phila., Penna.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA *to* CLEVELAND

All three Contestants finished on Kendall

*1. Loren W. Mendell, Culver City
2. W. J. Barrows, Oakland
3. Capt. J. O. Donaldson

PACIFIC COAST *to* CLEVELAND NON-STOP

Kendall User again wins

1. Henry J. Brown, Cleveland, O.

WOMEN'S AIR DERBY PACIFIC COAST *to* CLEVELAND

Kendall came in first in both Classes

Class D W

1. Louise Thaden, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Class C W

1. Phoebe Omlie, New York
4. Thea Rasche, Germany

MIAMI *to* CLEVELAND

First, second and third in all three classes finished with Kendall

Class B

1. Robert E. Dake, Pittsburgh
2. C. W. Myers, Cleveland
3. C. A. Burroughs

Class C

1. George E. Halsey, Kansas City
2. Major T. Carroll Cone, Little Rock, Ark.
3. Glenn C. Messer, Birmingham, Ala.

Class D

1. Earl Rowland, Wichita, Kan.
2. Leslie H. Bowman, Kenmore, N. Y.
3. C. D. Bowyer

ALL OHIO DERBY

First and Third used Kendall

1. Lewis Love
3. Vern Roberts

"RIM OF OHIO" DERBY

Three of the Four Entrants used Kendall. Those three led.

1. Capt. J. O. Donaldson
2. W. J. Barrows
3. L. W. Mendell

*Mendell did not start with Kendall, but changed to Kendall at Salt Lake City.

T. A. Wells

Errett Williams

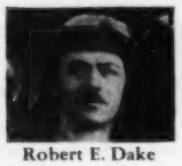
J. Wesley Smith

L. W. Mendell

Henry J. Brown

Louise Thaden

Phoebe Omlie


Robert E. Dake

George E. Halsey

Earl Rowland

Lewis Love

Capt. J. O. Donaldson

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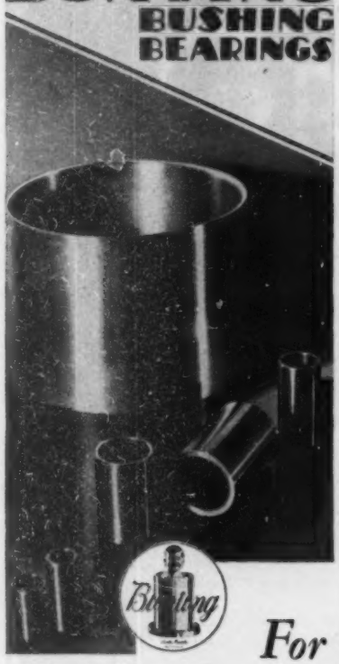
BEARINGS



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THE DETHRONED MONARCH

(Continued from Page 25)

from the prairies of Saskatchewan to the Arkansas, seldom failed to destroy tens of thousands of buffaloes. The plains Indians made great drives and forced hundreds of the shaggy beasts to plunge over cliffs. Crowding at drinking places in the mountainous regions caused thousands to be swept away by the current and dashed to death at the foot of waterfalls. Always there was a profusion of such carcasses in the range of the grizzly farther to the east, also a greater abundance of suitable vegetable food. It may be that this abundance prevented the grizzlies of those regions from becoming great killers, though of course they did some little killing on their own account.

Or it may be that the great herds of sheep, cows and horses brought to California by the Spaniards at a very early date provided such easy hunting for the California grizzlies that they turned killers as the easiest means of providing themselves with a livelihood. Also, the tule elk, threading the marsh-grown trails, afforded comparatively easy prey for a killing grizzly. Perhaps it was a combination of all those factors that made the big black grizzly of the California hills so much more a confirmed slayer than his more easterly relatives.

For two years Ursus ranged widely with his mother. He crossed and recrossed the Sierras. He came to know the Modocs and the Piutes of Mono Lake and Walker River at the eastern base of the Sierras, other tribes of the Merced and San Joaquin regions west of the high ranges, and even the Mohaves along the northernmost flanks of the desert expanse that now bears their name.

Occasionally he heard thunderous reports in the hills and out on the marshes. At such times the old bear growled, and Ursus knew that there was some menace in these sounds.

Not until he was out on his own did Ursus learn man's potentiality for harm. As a two-year-old he had become fairly proficient at stalking and killing the various creatures that belong to man. He had made numerous forays upon bands of sheep. On such occasions he had been tormented by dogs and had come to have an abiding hatred for these upstarts who bit him in rear and fled before he could wreak his vengeance upon them. But man himself had left Ursus unmolested. As a three-year-old, Ursus came down that same valley by which he had first emerged into the great flats with his mother.

His nose informed him that a yearling steer was bedded some little distance ahead of him. With that low, swinging stoop that was more a gesture of eager caution than a crouch, Ursus advanced into the wind. When within ten yards of his intended prey he made his rush. The young steer sprang to his feet in a terrible panic, but the galloping rush of the grizzly brought the killer upon him before he could get well under way. A smashing stroke of a powerful forepaw crushed his backbone and felled him. The grizzly tore the life from him.

Telescopic eyes from high above in the blue noted this performance and a huge condor dropped from the canopy of the sky and circled above, waiting until the grizzly had finished eating. Other condors, having observed from afar the earthward drop of the first, followed it. Soon a half dozen of these big ships of the air floated overhead and awaited their turn to feed upon the bounty of the bear when the monarch was ready to desert the carcass.

Other eyes, too, had observed the affair. A tall-hatted horseman suddenly appeared some thirty yards from the feeding bear and hurled defiant taunts at Ursus. A second and a third appeared, the three of them forming a triangle about him. Their voices annoyed him. He growled a savage warning and stood over his prey. The riders made queer motions, whirling something about their heads. Ursus fixed his eyes on the man nearest. The horse was trembling so violently that his muscles rippled jerkily beneath silken hide.

With hair on end with rage, Ursus charged with a deep-throated roar. The horse whirled and fled, with the grizzly in hot pursuit. The youthful José Hernandez, with the dash and fire of his breed, put rowel to his horse and swooped from behind with the grace of a swallow. He made his cast and the noose of the rawhide riata settled fairly about the middle of the charging bear. The young Californian tightened it with a practiced jerk, took three swift dallies of the rope about the high horn of his saddle and set his steed back on its haunches. Ursus suddenly found himself halted with a jerk that seemed to tear every muscle in him, and he hit the earth with a terrific smash. He regained his feet with a roar. The trembling horse of young José faced him and the grizzly charged headlong. The horse whirled and fled. Before the bear could get under full headway, the horse hit the end of the rope again and Ursus was jerked from his feet and found himself being dragged in ignominious fashion.

Another hissing rope settled upon him from behind and he was subjected to opposing jerks that almost tore him in half. Bawling with frenzied rage, he snapped at the things that bound him and struck smashing blows with his forepaws. One such swing was a lucky blow for Ursus. It struck the rope just as the horse to whose saddle horn it was dallied was sidewise to the bear.

The sidewise jerk was of such force as to turn the center-fire rig of the *vaquero* on one side. The frightened horse plunged, and despite the efforts of the rider to right the saddle, it swung beneath the horse. The rider was spilled and the dallies automatically were released from the horn. The sudden release of pressure on that side sent the lunging grizzly rolling in the opposite direction, toward the horse of the youthful José, with such velocity that when the bear regained his feet he was almost upon the frightened animal and forging ahead with the accumulated speed of his momentum. He sprang fiercely and his claws grazed the rump of the whirling horse as it leaped away in uncontrollable panic.

The mishap had occurred so suddenly that the third *vaquero*, watching his chance to settle his loop on the grizzly, made a hasty back-hand cast as the bear charged José. The loop struck the bear on the rump and slid off. So great was the urgency that the *vaquero*, instead of re-coiling his own lariat for another cast, spurred his horse forward and swung far from the saddle in an effort to retrieve the trailing rope of his unhorsed companion. His hand pounced upon it and he straightened to dally it to his saddle horn in an effort to snub the charging beast that was almost upon José. A brace of seconds would have sufficed, but even as he dallied, the noose slid off the round body of the bear, leaving only José's rope on him.

José's terror-stricken mount, only a jump ahead of the grizzly, was forced to veer to one side to avoid the dense wall of brush at the edge of the valley. This move brought the rope across Ursus' face and he bit savagely at it. The cutting teeth severed two strands of the rawhide with that one vicious crunch. The horse gained headway and pulled away from the bear. When he hit the end of the rope the remaining strand parted with a resounding twang and Ursus found himself free.

Almost blind from his own rage, he made several short rushes in search of a victim upon which to wreak his vengeance. The dismounted *vaquero* was still struggling with his steed, but the horse was plunging with fear and kicking at the saddle that had slipped under him. Even as the man half righted the saddle, Ursus charged him and the horse fled.

José flashed past at an angle and the unhorsed *vaquero* made a running mount behind the boy. Ursus chased the doubly burdened animal. The third *vaquero* cut in between to draw the charge while his two companions escaped. Ursus accommodated him by rushing this nearer foe, and the horseman led him away, then distanced him. Finding nothing more to fight, Ursus lumbered on into the brush, feeling himself victorious. For an hour he grumbled with smoldering rage.

But the grizzly is an intelligent beast. In the background of his mind there arose a feeling that men, if not as able as himself, nevertheless were doughty enemies. His body was sore for days from the terrible mauling that he had received. Indeed, he had been exceptionally fortunate. Except for several lucky breaks, Ursus would have been stretched and dragged to a pulp. No three-year-old grizzly, weighing only four hundred pounds, had any business embroiling himself with three Spanish-American *vaqueros* on ground that was favorable to the free actions of their trained cow horses. Dimly Ursus sensed this. But he came of a fighting breed for which all living things had given trail for a thousand generations, and though he might learn many things, the lesson of caution was most difficult of all for one of his clan to acquire. Nevertheless, he had come to know that men were to be respected, if not feared.

As time passed he learned still more of the ways of men. On the following year, headed down from the mountains to cross again through that same pass at the head of the valley, he padded leisurely along a deer trail. Something sprang up at him with vicious force and was driven deep into his body.

He leaped high with the searing pain of it and landed with a fighting snarl. But there was nothing to fight except an inanimate object that was smeared with his own blood. He struck it savagely, but it served only to slice deep into the pad of his forefoot with the force of his own blow.

Growling, he regarded the thing. Then he sucked his wounded foot. The blood dripped in a stream from the wound in his body. The taint of man scent lingered here and he knew this for the work of man. Yet there were no men round. The scent was old.

The Indians, securing iron knives and spearheads from the Spanish traders, were in the habit of fixing stout springs of wood, bent down across deer trails. When tripped by a forefoot these springs drove long knives or spearheads up into the body of a passing deer with terrific force. A deer stricken in this fashion did not travel far and the savages could track him down and find the carcass.

Only Ursus' heavy hide, thick layer of fat and great chest muscles had prevented the knife from being driven into his heart. Even as he growled and licked his wounds, he heard the voices of men as a small party of Indians approached to determine the result of the spring knives that they had set in trails. With a bawl of defiance Ursus charged down the trail. He saw several dark forms leaping nimbly into oak trees. He sought to scramble after one of them, but the warrior eluded his rush and mounted beyond his reach.

There was a sharp twang from a near-by tree and a barbed shaft was driven home in the shoulder of the grizzly. Ursus bit at the protruding shaft and snapped it off. An Indian descended midway of his tree and called out tauntingly to the bear. Ursus rushed to reach up for him and the brave jabbed fiercely downward with his spear. The point of it missed Ursus' eye by half an inch and scored an ugly gash in his face. Again he reached for the man and again the savage lunged. This time Ursus was ready for him and struck the descending spear with a lightning stroke of his forepaw,

(Continued on Page 102)

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(Continued from Page 100)

knocking the weapon from the Indian's grasp. Ursus worried the spear, crunching it in his teeth. There sounded another twang, and an arrow was embedded in the flesh of his back.

Had the four Indians been equipped with the buffalo lances and stout hunting bows of the plains tribes, Ursus would have fared badly. But their weapons were inferior; and so swift and unexpected had been the rush of the grizzly that only two of the quartet had managed to carry any weapons into the trees with them. Of these, Ursus had deprived one of his spear, leaving only the one armed with a bow, and that one was now down to two remaining arrows. These he shot into Ursus. Throughout the night Ursus kept the four Indians treed. Hunger and loss of blood weakened him and he foraged close at hand for food, on each occasion returning with a rush. But the Indians were wise to the ways of the California grizzly. They remained in their trees. At last his growing appetite led Ursus farther and farther away. A sidehill spring afforded a good wallow in which to plaster his smarting wounds with mud to protect them from the flies. He busied himself with this occupation. Eventually, full-fed and exhausted, he curled up in a dense thicket and slept.

The thunderous reports grew more numerous in the hills and valleys, particularly along the streams. A breed of men new to Ursus' experience had penetrated the California country—the buckskin-clad trappers of the big companies. Wild and dangerous as the grizzlies themselves, these men were equipped with long Kentucky rifles with which they faced and killed all things.

Ursus found the carcasses of many of his clan in the hills. Near one of them he found also the body of a man who had been terribly mauled before the grizzly had succumbed to the ball from the Kentucky rifle. He knew from the scent round such places that men had been responsible for the death of these grizzlies. But he had not yet learned to associate the heavy reports with men or with death.

He learned of those reports in his seventh year as he headed again down toward that same valley where he had learned about men from José and his *vaqueros*. A tremendous roar that almost deafened him was accompanied by a numbing shock that knocked him from his feet. He bit savagely at the gaping wound in his side where the slugs from the blunderbuss had entered. It was a spring gun set by one of José's peons for deer. Man scent reeked round the spot and Ursus came to know at last the meaning of those reports. For several weeks he was very sick, with recurring spells of fever. But at last his wounds healed and he started down again from the hills.

When just at the head of José Hernandez's home valley, he was treated to another very unpleasant surprise. As he lurched along a trail he was suddenly snatched from his feet by something that encircled his body behind the shoulders. Then he found himself on his toes while this thing tugged upward. With sudden recollection of those ropes with which the *vaqueros* had jerked him about, Ursus now charged round with venomous fury but could find no enemy; his rushes always ending by his being thrown off balance and jerked back.

The peons of José's ranch were expert at bending heavy saplings, rigging a rawhide noose in the brush, which, when the trip was sprung, would snatch up a deer and hold it helpless. But this contrivance was not meant to hold a grizzly. Finding no enemy about, Ursus bit the rope in twain and freed himself.

He had come to know that man, in addition to that strange power which he exerted over other animals, such as dogs, sheep and horses, also possessed some mysterious means by which he could inflict grievous injury while the man himself was at a distance.

It was this knowledge and experience that formed the groundwork of the education that was to benefit Ursus so greatly in future years. The first few escapes of all wild creatures from the machinations of man are largely matters of accident. Most of them die as they learn. Many, escaping from one or another of the pitfalls spread for them by man, fail to profit from experience, and blunder into some similar danger that costs their lives. Only those individuals whose intelligence is sufficiently above that of their fellows to enable them to profit from experience survive for long.

Ursus, still not fearing man, nevertheless had learned to respect man and to realize his power for harm. He had no desire to be sick and in pain for many weeks as he had been on that former occasion when the spring gun had filled his system with leaden slugs. Nor had he any wish to have another knife leap up into his body from the earth. Since these grievous things had happened to him on trails, he cannily associated trails with possible disaster and acted accordingly. He still followed the game trails, of course, in common with all creatures of the wild, as the easiest routes of travel through the dense brush of the foothills or in threading mountain passes. But whenever something occurred to remind him of past disasters, Ursus invariably quit whatever trail he chanced to be following at the moment and took to trackless country. The least taint of man scent was sufficient to recall to his mind the knife that had leaped up at him from the trail and his subsequent wounds at the hands of the Indians, the deer snare that had annoyed him and the dragging he had received at the hands of young José Hernandez. Also, the increasing number of thunderous reports in the hills served to keep that spring-gun episode fresh in mind. He profited from past disasters by quitting a trail on the instant that the least whiff of man scent reached his nostrils or the most distant gunshot assailed his ears. More than any other factor, that habit of deserting the trails was responsible for his survival while so many of his clan fell prey to the hunters.

The trappers had been followed by the gold seekers. There had been a frenzied rush of humanity to the mountains and deserts of California. Ursus found traces of men on every creek. Now, instead of the Indian villages of old, he passed roaring gold camps of the boom days.

The old-time trappers and frontiersmen who still remained turned their hands to market hunting for the camps. Deer, antelope and the little tule elk were shot down in countless thousands. Bear steak, too, was a staple item on the menus of the restaurants. The grizzly clan, in particular, suffered heavily from this persistent hunting.

Caution was foreign to the grizzly. Having held undisputed sway for a thousand generations, he was slow to learn that a killer more deadly than himself had usurped his crown as monarch of the hills. Carelessly he wandered about and exposed himself to the rifles of the hunters. Also, when wounded, he was more apt to fight than to flee. Many a hunter was mauled to death by some wounded and infuriated grizzly. But such an unequal contest could have but one ultimate outcome, and as the years passed, Ursus met fewer and fewer of his own kind in the hills, and the country swarmed with increasing numbers of men.

José Hernandez, too, witnessed the passing of the old order of things. Tens of thousands of those who had come to seek for gold remained to settle upon the fertile lands of California. With utmost disregard for the rights—guaranteed by Act of Congress—of the Spanish American nobles, swarms of these new arrivals settled upon the fertile estates of the original grantees.

José Hernandez heard from his *vaqueros* that several families had built cabins on his holdings and were tilling the soil. This colony banded together to resist, by force of arms if need be, any efforts toward eviction. José carried the matter into the courts, where many similar cases were being filed. In the interim other settlers squatted upon his estates, until only the narrow home valley and a few square miles of almost worthless hill land, rough and brush clad, were left to him. Of all the countless thousands of cows that had once roamed his lands, only a few hundred head now remained.

While José and his fellow nobles were seeking redress that never was to be attained, the grizzly clan was waging a similarly hopeless fight for existence. In his thirtieth year Ursus found the hills populated by perhaps one of his race to every ten that had roamed his domain in his early youth. The remaining tenth, however, was much better equipped to survive. Most of them had learned to give trail to man. They had come to recognize the fact that man, not the grizzly, was undisputed monarch of the wild. With this knowledge they had acquired a measure of the furtiveness and caution of lesser beasts. Even when fired upon and wounded, instead of charging headlong to their own destruction, grizzlies were more apt than not to flee. The young, learning this caution instead of the old-time bravado when traveling with their mothers, were proportionately more able to cope with the new conditions upon striking out on their own as two-year-olds.

Having learned caution and cunning, the remaining grizzlies found the remote fastnesses of the mighty Sierras and the dense, almost impenetrable chaparral of the lower ranges ideal cover in which to avoid the wiles of man. Hunted relentlessly, this remnant of the tribe held on tenaciously, year after year, its ranks thinning almost imperceptibly, but none the less inevitably.

A new sound had come to the hills long since, the swift staccato barks of the magazine gun. Ursus, from his ancient custom of avoiding trails when first warned of the proximity of man, had yet to come into intimate contact with this deadly weapon that had slain so many hundreds of his fellows. He found the remote peaks and valleys of the high Sierras less frequented by man than had been the case a quarter of a century before. The trappers no longer haunted the streams in numbers, and companies of gold seekers no longer swarmed on every creek. Hunters, too, penetrated the high country less frequently, because of the scarcity of game. But while men found hunting in the high hills so much poorer than formerly, Ursus found hunting much better than in the past.

Stockmen now threw their cows and sheep up into the meadows of the high country for the summer and it was among these flocks that Ursus did his hunting. Exasperated sheep herders and cow hands swore vengeance and watched for a chance to pump lead into the grizzly who preyed so abundantly upon their stock. But Ursus was by nature a wanderer and his native range covered a vast scope of territory. Those who hunted for him near the scene of one kill usually conducted their search while he was feeding on another kill a dozen miles away. A grizzly often will return again and again to a kill until the carcass is picked. Knowing this, armed men sometimes watched at the remains of some steer that had been slain by the bear that left the big tracks round the scene of his crimes. But Ursus never returned. Men began to credit him with uncanny intelligence. But this habit of never returning to a kill was largely a matter of ancient custom. In his earlier days Ursus had found it futile to return to a kill, for the reason that the California condors had rallied to every carcass in such numbers as to strip the flesh from it in a very short space of time. Now, though he did not know it, condors were so few that they no longer picked the remains of every kill, and Ursus could have returned again and again to feed; but old custom held, and after taking his first lusty feed from a victim it did not occur to Ursus to return to the spot another day.

More and more, the few survivors of his clan had quit killing among the herds of man. They had learned the perils of such depredations and many had died as they learned. Of the younger generations of grizzlies, the great majority had not even learned to kill, having developed a fear of man that held them back from raiding in any vicinity where his scent was encountered. But Ursus continued to slay sheep and cows with regularity, and men cursed the bear whose great tracks were seen on occasion from the head reaches of the Merced River on one slope of the Sierras and the head of Walker River on their opposite flank, to the broad valley of the San Joaquin, the northern portion of the Mohave and all points in between.

This excellent hunting among the flocks of man made it easy for the big grizzly to rustle a good living in the high hills and he seldom resorted to low country that was becoming so thickly settled.

However, old habit is strong in bears. Custom leads the feet of bruin upon trails that were trod in the long ago. Ursus made periodical trips—sometimes once a year, again only after the lapse of several years—to the bottoms. And on such occasions his great padded feet followed exactly the same route which his tiny paws had trod on that first excursion with his mother so many years before.

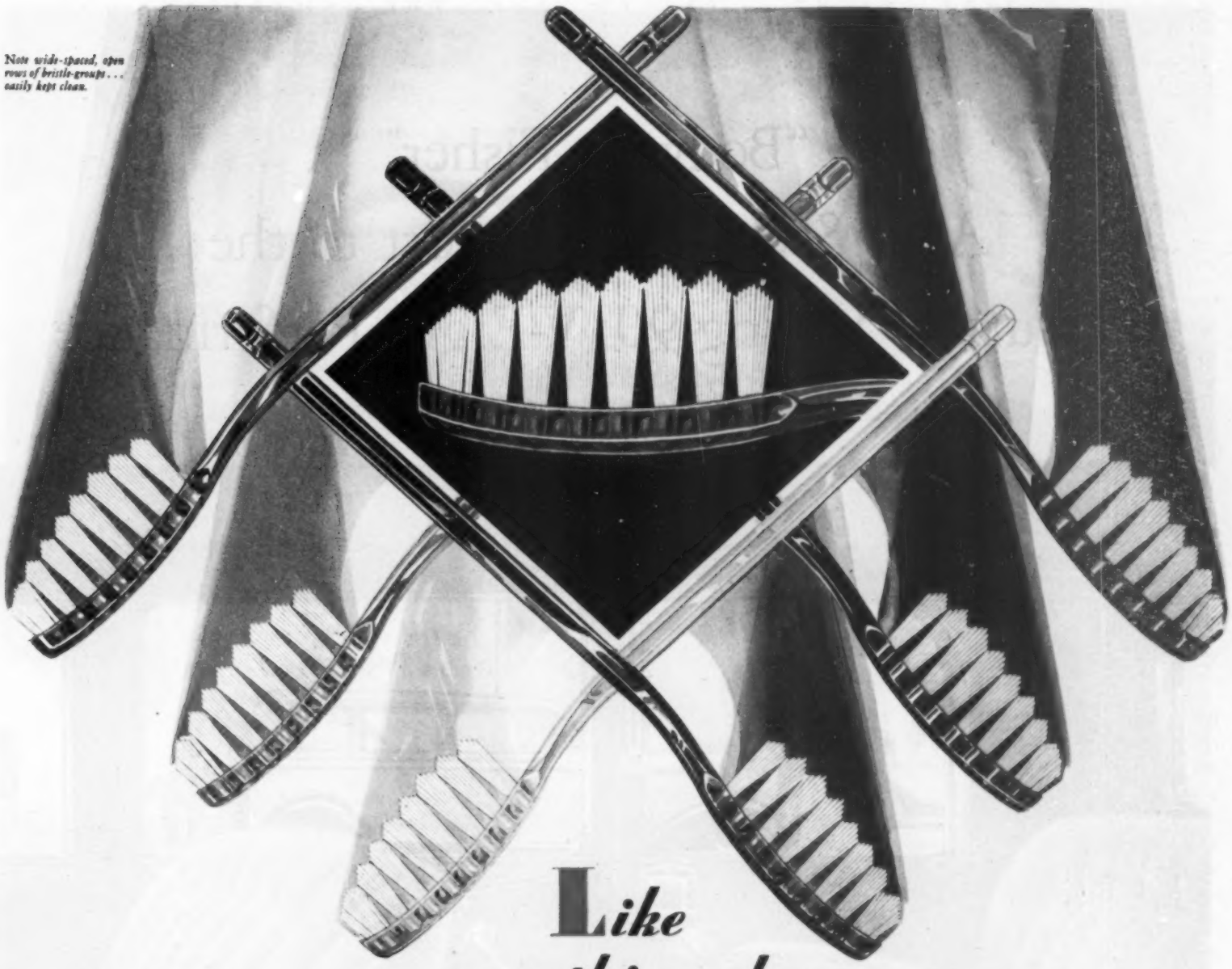
During his fiftieth spring some ancient urge led him to follow that route again after some three years during which he had failed to leave his tracks upon those lowland trails. Skirting the base of the Black Kaweahs, he plodded through the brush-clad canyons until he came out in the Giant Forest.

Here the mighty sequoias rose in stately ranks, many of them twenty feet through at the butt. The forest floor beneath these ancient monarchs was largely devoid of brush; much more open country, in fact, than Ursus fancied in these days of fast-shooting guns. But he sampled the wind carefully and traveled into it beneath the giant trees. The sequoias, too, were being swept away before the ruthless inroads of the ax, but this grove of them remained intact. Perhaps as Ursus wandered between those mighty trunks he recalled the days of his youth when he had met scores of his own kind here in these grand forest aisles. None of his own kind remained here to greet him now.

An observer would have divined that the Giant Forest was the proper setting for the great bear that wandered the length of it. In common with the tremendous trees that rose above him, Ursus seemed a monster out of a fabled past. Save for his close relative, the big brown bear of Alaska, the great black grizzly of California was the largest carnivorous animal in the world. The few survivors of his clan no longer lived to sufficient age to attain full growth. Alone of them all, Ursus formed a link with the past by which men might gauge the size of the bears that had roamed the California hills half a century before. As he walked among the mighty trunks of the Giant Forest, Ursus' great flat feet supported a weight of slightly more than twelve hundred pounds.

He did not tarry long in this open country but entered the dense brush of the slopes and came out at last in the pass at the head of the valley by which he had first journeyed to the lowlands. When almost at the foot of the narrow valley a shift of wind carried to his nose the scent of man. He quit the open and entered the dense brush on the slope. Voices rose to his ears from the ancient ranch house below him. José Hernandez was entertaining his few remaining friends that night. In the morning José chanced across the big tracks of the bear. The old man could not know, of course, that Ursus was the bear he had dragged with his rope almost half a century before, but he did know that these were the tracks of the big cattle-killing grizzly for whom all men hunted. José, wise in the ways of bears, knew also that

(Continued on Page 107)



Note wide-spaced, open rows of bristle-groups . . . easily kept clean.

Like everything else

Toothbrushes have been MODERNIZED

It is just as easy to have the* best *available care for your teeth—and to enjoy the* best *results.

A MODERN toothbrush such as those *shown here* is even *easier* to use than an old-type, clumsy one (many of which are still sold). It makes correct brushing easy—and really brightens teeth.

The famous DR. WEST'S Toothbrush modernized home care of teeth. *It is 20% to 50% smaller than the awkward older-type brushes.* And has the correct, unusual shape that permits thorough cleansing for every tooth, every surface, every crevice.

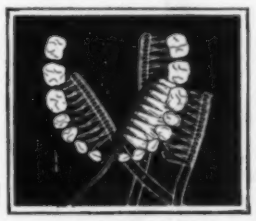
Bristle-groups are wide-spaced in open rows—accurately trimmed. They cleanse teeth more thoroughly, and are easily rinsed after using the brush. To have a *clean* brush is important.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S new toothbrushes for every member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional" brush, 50c. Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, fully guaranteed. Today replace your present brushes; *then note how quickly teeth brighten.*

CORRECT BRUSHING EASY

Brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges of the teeth. With, never across, the crevices. Do this twice daily. Use a DR. WEST'S brush—because it was designed to make correct brushing easy. And now, in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste, you have the second modern aid to cleaner, *brighter teeth.*

Each 90 days get a new brush—as dentists do. Because after that much service wear impairs the cleansing and polishing abilities of even these finest, modern brushes.



SEE HOW this correctly designed modern brush cleanses every surface, and sweeps crevices clean: far back, and inside, as well as in front.

With each purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush your dealer will give you—* FREE—*a big 25c tube of the sensationally successful* DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste

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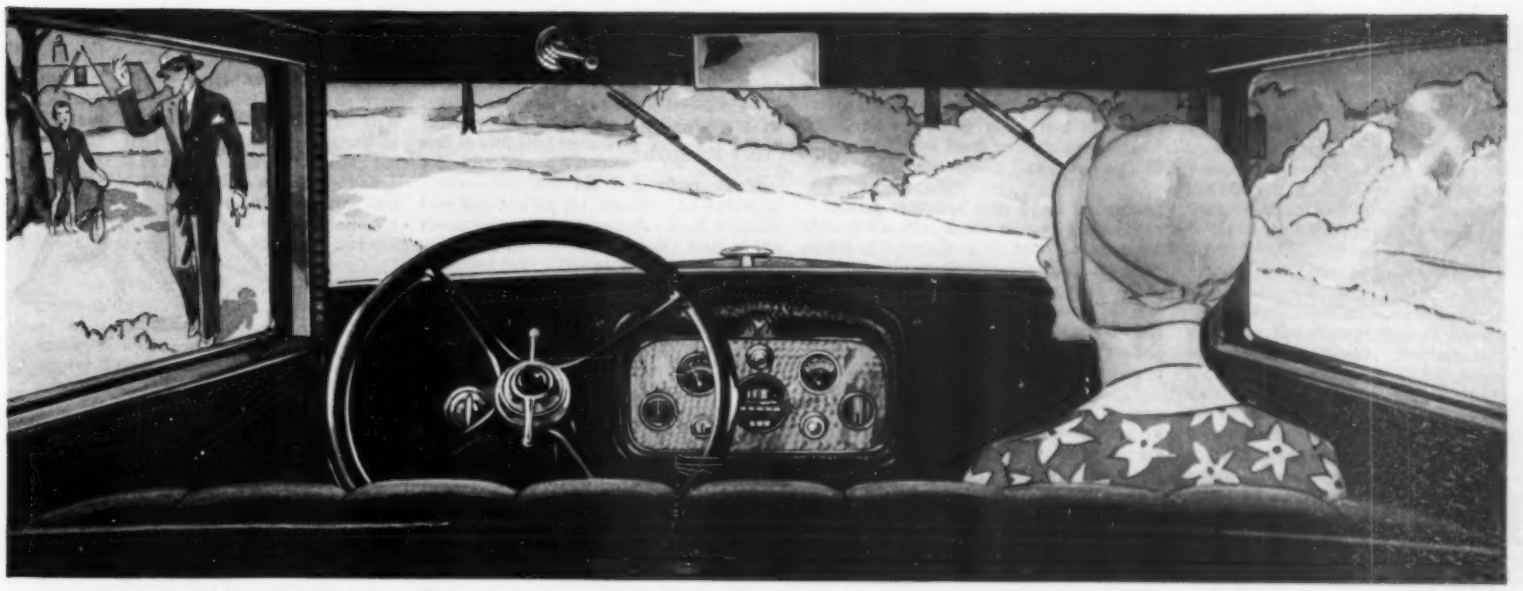
A 90° V-TYPE EIGHT . . PRICED FOR THE AMERICAN FAMILY

"Body by Fisher"
Adds Style and Comfort to the Luxury of Viking 90° V-Eight Performance

VIKING

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



LOOK TO THE BODY

To THOSE discriminating buyers who look first for smartness, comfort, and enduring high quality in their motor cars, the identification —"Body by Fisher"—assures full measure of these things in the new Viking.

For the name Fisher, since the first days of the closed car, has stood for the highest type of craftsmanship, the finest of materials, and the ultimate in style. This long experience has moulded together a staff of body engineers that stands pre-eminent in the industry for its mastery of the infinite details that go into the building of fine automobile bodies.

Many results of this master craftsmanship are evident in a first inspection of the new Viking. It can be seen at once that Viking's body is trimly tailored; that the body panels are smooth and perfectly formed; that all elements of line and color are beautifully blended toward fleet appearance and dignified character.

A further examination reveals the exceptional luxury and comfort of the body interior. The lustrous upholstery fabrics—woven especially for Fisher—reflect high quality in their rich appearance. Carpets, mouldings, fittings, and appointments harmonize perfectly in color and design. Windows are of crystal-clear genuine plate glass. And the windshield is both glare-proof and non-shatterable for the driver's comfort and security.

These, and further marks of high quality are apparent at a glance. But many other all-important features which have much to do in determining strength, silence, and long life are hidden beneath the surface. They include combination wood-and-steel framework . . . slat-and-bow type roof structure . . . scientifically designed steel braces . . . and multiple spring seat-cushion and seat-back construction. These hidden Fisher Body features are responsible, to a very large degree, for the inherent value of the new Viking.

The marvelous performance of Viking's ninety-degree V-type engine adds the master touch of fine car luxury. For the ninety-degree V-type eight-cylinder principle, famous everywhere for smoothness, quietness, and perfection of performance, reaches a high stage of development in the new Viking. Flexibility, power, and speed are provided in generous measure. And the final elements of luxurious, restful travel—riding comfort and roadability—are assured by four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, low center of gravity, long wheelbase, and balanced weight.

This new Viking will fit your conception of what a fine automobile should be. Go to your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer today and examine this car and drive it. Test its easy handling and thoroughbred performance . . . enjoy the luxury of riding in its beautiful Fisher Body. Viking will tell you its own story of matchless value.

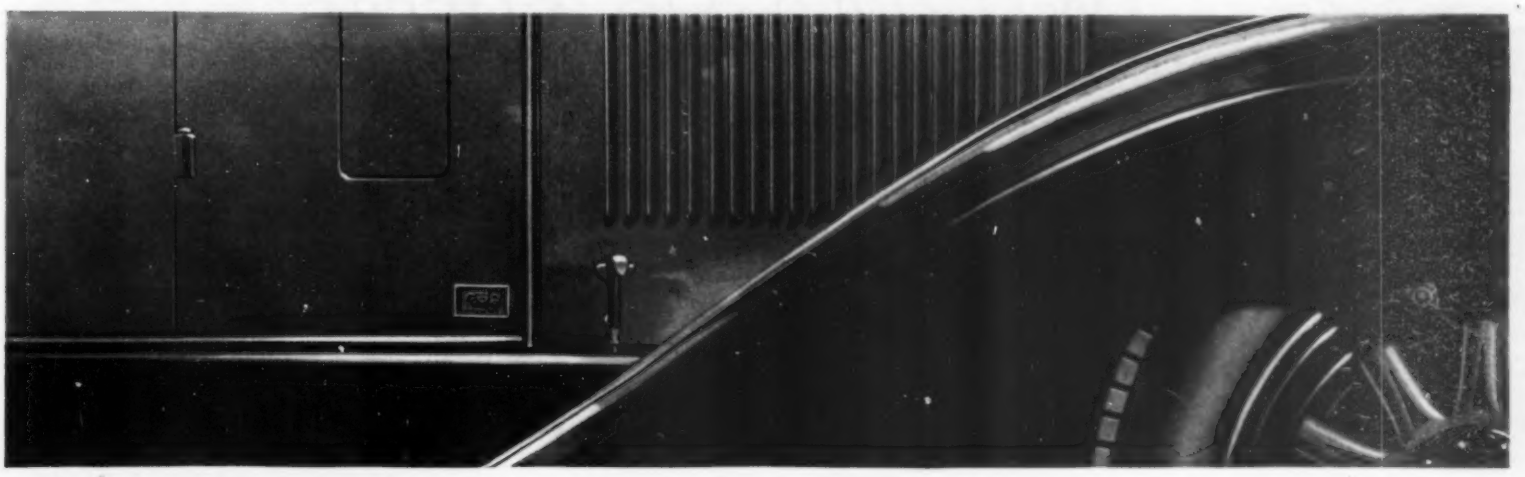
* * *

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. Viking delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

$1595

f. o. b. factory, Lansing, Mich. Spare Tire and Bumpers Extra

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN



"ON N'A NI L'HERBE, NI L'EAU
QU'ILS ONT EN SUISSE."

"They haven't the grasses, the herbs, the water that Switzerland has"

So said an old cheese expert in discussing the various countries which make Swiss "style" cheese. And in those words he disclosed the reason for the matchless flavor of Switzerland Cheese. For those mile-high pastures of Switzerland with their scented hay, juicy grasses and herbs, pure water, give a flavor to the milk and then to the cheese that cannot be copied.

The Swiss cheese-makers, as they ply their craft with pride and exactness, are aware of these advantages. That's why they have marked the rind of every cheese they make with many imprints of the word "Switzerland."

Look for this word when you buy. Then, as you eat a piece of Switzerland Cheese you will be rewarded by a flavor and tenderness such as you never dreamed could be so delicious. Sweet as a nut. Savory. The more you eat the more you want. And if you eat the cheese in thick cuts instead of wafer-thin slices, you will get more of this rare flavor.

A deep-dish fruit pie, piping hot, is all ready to serve. And with it there is Switzerland' Cheese. A combination that is a perfect harmony of goodness.

Not only is Switzerland Cheese delicious by itself, but it is a wonderful accompaniment with other foods. In sandwiches—cold or toasted. With cold-cut platters and salads. Diced fine in soups. Folded into omelets. Served with apples, pears or grapes.

The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter yellow, depending upon the season of the year in which it is made. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor never varies. Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere and served in leading hotels and restaurants. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

Every hostess will be delighted with the beautiful booklet, illustrated in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It." Free for the asking—address Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson Street, New York City.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

Here's new-mown hay from century-old meadows

The men cut the hay and the women gather it

(Continued from Page 102)

this great grizzly that left his tracks at wide intervals in the valley was one that had visited these parts in his cubhood and that now made periodical excursions over the trails of his early youth. The old man sighed. There had been so many grizzlies using the pass at the head of the valley for a highway in those glad old days—half a hundred bears traversing it each spring and summer. Now there was but this one old fellow, crossing through the pass perhaps every other year. Things change.

Ursus, leaving the sheltering brush of the slope, cruised out across the flat country. Twinkling lights revealed the locations of many farmhouses. Roads were everywhere. The fences were troublesome. The grizzly forged ponderously across the country. His general direction was north, but he angled slightly to the west, feasting on melons and vegetables en route. Dogs discovered him on occasion and raised frenzied protest at the passing of this grim monster in the dead of night. By morning he had covered some forty miles. He retreated to a thicket flanking a stream and remained there throughout the day. For four successive nights he held his northwest course through the bottoms. He found no signs of the little tule elk in the marshy expanses where once they had roamed in such vast numbers. Ursus suddenly tired of this low country where his nostrils were never free of man scent, and he headed swiftly eastward toward the first roll of the mighty Sierras.

It was while crossing an open ridge that Ursus was treated to his first close-range experience with the magazine gun. A dozen times he had been fired at from a distance and twice he had been wounded at long range. By sheer chance a hunter, intent upon poaching a deer out of season, peered from the brush that flanked one side of the open strip as Ursus emerged from the opposite side.

For a second the hunter stared incredulously at the great beast. Then Ursus was suddenly knocked from his feet by a terrific blow in the chest. Simultaneously a thin, keen report assailed his ears. Roaring with pain and rage, Ursus struggled to his feet, only to go down again as a hasty shot struck him in the hip. As he whirled to bite savagely at this new hurt, a movement betrayed the whereabouts of the assailant.

Gathering his legs beneath him, the grizzly lurched to his feet and charged headlong. A third bullet seared along his side, but he forged ahead, hair on end, his frightful mouth opened wide in a mask of ferocity. Even as the hunter tried to fire a fourth shot, half a ton of bone and muscle, propelled by the accumulated rage engendered by half a century of persecution, collided with him and he went down beneath the terrible forepaws and crunching teeth. In a brace of seconds the grizzly had torn the life from his assailant.

His own life, however, wavered in the balance. Of all the numerous wounds received during his long life, these were the most serious. He moved away from the scene of the conflict with great difficulty. Blood rushed into his throat from his punctured lungs, and one hip swayed crazily from the effects of a shattered bone. He traveled slowly with many halts. Stopping at a sidehill spring, he stirred up the mud and wallowed, plastering his wounds with the cool paste.

He would have lingered in this spot, but some power of reasoning informed him that men soon would take his trail. For the first time in his career he experienced actual fear—the dread that is the portion of all lesser creatures of the wild. This apprehension urged him on despite the agony of his wounds. Whenever fatigue and the fever of his injuries caused him to halt in some favored spot and apply mud to the lacerations, fear soon urged him to fare forth again; and for three days and nights he forged on, with many brief halts. He grew steadily weaker and at last was forced to make a more lengthy stop. Wallowing in a sidehill bog until his entire underparts were incrusted with mud, he bedded down in a dense expanse of chaparral and remained there for twelve hours, sleeping intermittently between spasms of fevered pain. When at last he rose to travel on again, he was so stiff that he moved only with greatest difficulty.

Men did take his trail when, twenty-four hours after the conflict, the victim of the grizzly was discovered. Half a dozen volunteer hunters took up the trail of the wounded bear. The country was rough and rugged, rocky and covered with a most impenetrable brush. Fortunately for Ursus, none of these latter-day Nimrods was an expert tracker. The progress of the pursuing party was slow and tedious. By the end of the second day the men lost the trail entirely and gave up the hunt without having arrived within a dozen miles of where Ursus had made his first lengthy halt.

Throughout the remaining few weeks of summer and all through the autumn, Ursus moved about but little. He was content to remain for days on end in some small secluded area where no signs of man were evident. His appetite was at low ebb, and when hunger did assail him, it was difficult to range with sufficient persistence to gather enough roots, berries, grass and other vegetables to supply his wants. Ordinarily, at this season of the year, Ursus was one vast appetite, gorging himself endlessly and storing up sufficient excess fat to nourish his huge body throughout the long sleep of hibernation. Now he was gaunt and emaciated. He went into the winter in poor shape.

The excess fat of a bear in its winter den serves a double purpose. In addition to the nourishment it supplies to the dormant body, the fat feeds the hair of the sleeping bear. As bodily resistance diminishes with the months, the hair grows steadily and furnishes an increasingly warm coat to shelter the occupant of the den. The bear comes forth from the den in the spring clad in the most luxurious coat of fur, his pelt at the best when the hair of other fur bearers is beginning to slip.

But on this occasion Ursus went into the den with but little fat. His hair grew, it is true, but its growth was a direct drain upon his undernourished system. His winter's slumber was broken by the cold and he moved uneasily in his sleep and groaned. The spark of life was at low ebb when spring arrived. Ursus broke through the crust of snow that sealed him in and emerged from the den a full month earlier than was his usual custom. He was dopy from the long sleep, sluggish and very tired.

A few twigs and buds, less than a pint a day, served as his only fare for perhaps a week. He had worked gradually down the drifts and at last he reached the lower extremity of the snow line, where food was more abundant. Within a week he was partaking of large quantities of food, chiefly of a vegetable nature, but varied by an occasional ground squirrel or nest of mice, which he excavated with great dexterity. Strength flowed back into his great frame and within a few weeks Ursus was himself again.

During May and early June, the mating time of his clan, Ursus roamed tirelessly in search of a female of his kind. He crossed the trails of but two grizzlies, both made by young males. On the fourth week of his travels he picked up the scent of a she-grizzly. The track was two days old, but Ursus set out upon it at once, traveling steadily. He overtook the she-bear, a three-year-old, on the second night.

When the sun rose above the Sierras, Ursus prepared to follow the custom of years by taking cover in the dense brush for the day. He traveled into the wind, then circled back and bedded. The wind would inform him of any men that might come toward him from behind and he could watch his back track for possible assailants who might be on his trail. This trait had saved his life on many an occasion during the past two decades. The she-bear bedded fifty yards away, but by mid-afternoon she grew restless and moved off through the brush, feeding as she traveled. Ursus, unwilling to lose her, followed a short distance behind.

He moved, however, with greater caution than was exercised by his new consort. When she passed through some sidehill opening, Ursus skirted it, remaining just within the sheltering edge of brush. Grim experience had taught him that there were forces which no grizzly could combat. No mere strength and courage would suffice against the mysterious powers of man.

The she-bear wandered out into an open space and proceeded to excavate a root. Ursus moved up to within five yards of her, remaining just within the last fringe of brush. There was a dull thump as something struck the she-grizzly. She went down, bawling with rage as the sharp crack of a rifle sounded from the opposite slope of the canyon. Rising, she saw no antagonist but Ursus. With hair on end, she rushed him and aimed a mighty blow at him, only to go down a second time as the concealed hunter fired again. This time she rolled a dozen yards down the slope and struggled convulsively, unable to rise.

A great fear assailed Ursus and he fled in uncontrollable panic. He had learned to give trail to the magazine gun. The she-bear just slain by the hunter was destined to be the last female of his kind that Ursus ever would meet in the hills.

Men hunted him tirelessly, but the big grizzly had learned the ways of men and he avoided them with uncanny intelligence. Frequently throughout that summer and fall the big tracks were reported, first at one spot, then at another, but no man set eyes upon the bear that had made them. The following May, Ursus set forth again upon the annual search for a mate. For six weeks he traveled his range from one end to the other. In all that journey he crossed the trail of one male grizzly. Twenty miles farther on the carcass of the bear that had made it, denuded of its pelt, lay in a mountain meadow, prey to the meat-eating birds of the hills.

Already Ursus had passed, by more than a decade, the average span of life allotted to those of his breed. Perhaps he knew that he was the last surviving member of his clan—the last California grizzly remaining to leave his great tracks in the Sierras, where once his tribe had held full sway without being obliged to give trail for any living thing. Perhaps—but whenever the warm days of May arrived Ursus set forth upon that fruitless quest for a mate. Each year he traveled with greater persistence. Men reported the big tracks at one spot only to have others report them from some point forty miles distant the following day.

On the third spring after his last mate had been slain, Ursus again felt the urge to travel trails that his feet had trod in infancy. While men hunted for the great grizzly in the high country and scanned the snow-clad slopes with binoculars in the hope of picking up his track when he emerged from his winter den, Ursus was following the exact route over which his mother had led him as a cub so many years before.

José Hernandez, white of hair and somewhat feeble of late, sat before his dilapidated ranch house, which had been one of the proud spots of the country in his infancy. The declining sun warmed his old bones. Idly he observed the twitching of the brush tops on the slope two hundred yards above. A little open shoulder, no more than five yards across, jutted above the tangle. José was galvanized into sudden tense interest. A huge shape moved from the brush and stopped on that outcropping point.

"Ha!" José breathed, staring incredulously.

As Ursus stood there he swayed slightly from side to side. His great head, eighteen inches across from ear to ear, swung slightly lower than the hump of his shoulders.

"Ha!" José said again. He knew now that his old eyes had not played him false.

The great bear stood in relief against the green hills, a monster as ruggedly carved as the mighty Sierras in which he had been born—a fit companion for the giant sequoias that graced their valleys, stately monarchs of a vanished past.

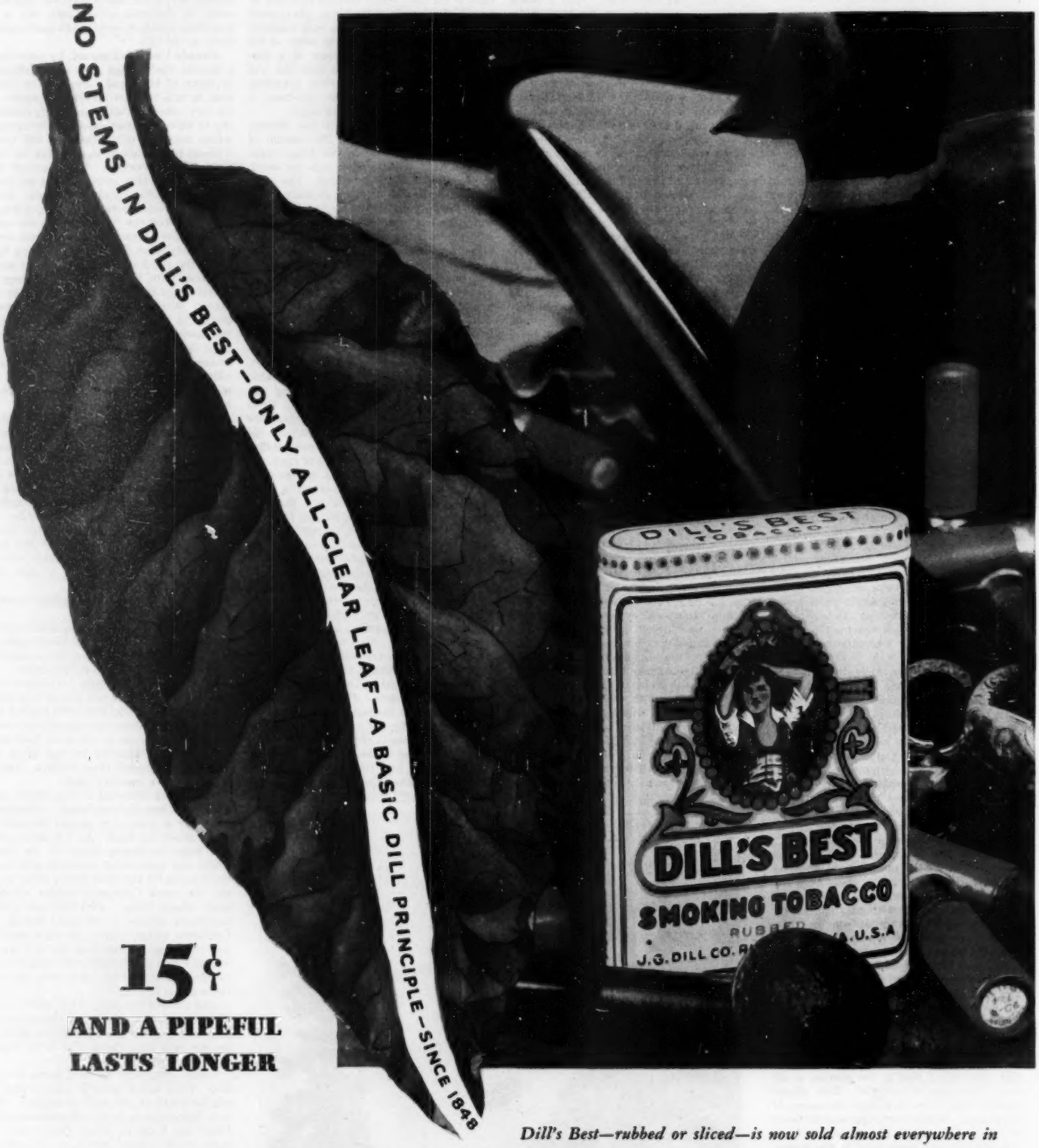
José's eyes detected a tiny black spot against the blue California sky. It dropped. Presently a great bird soared on planing wings above the bear. As if knowing that this huge lumbering beast of the earth might slay some other creatures and leave the remains for the meat-eating birds of the air, the great California condor wheeled lazily above Ursus. José had not seen a California condor in the past decade—a California grizzly either, for that matter; but of course he had seen the big tracks left by Ursus on his infrequent pilgrimages to the lowlands over this same ancient route of his tribe.

José saluted the pair. "The three of us! We alone have looked upon the grand old days. They have passed, but the three of us, we have seen them. We three fooled them. We will hang on."

Ursus continued to fool them to the end. There are occasional reports that he has been seen at one point or another. But such reports prove to be unfounded rumors. From the Kaweah, Kings River and the Kern, such rumors emanate. No doubt Ursus died in the den. For the fact remains that, despite the rumors, the great twelve-inch tracks of the last California grizzly have not been seen in the lofty Sierras for more than a dozen years.

Lake Tahoe, California

Those who prefer good



Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15c pocket-size tins; and can be obtained also in half-pound and full-pound humidor tins.

natural-tobacco flavor say..

DILL'S BEST is America's Best

IN any group of pipe smokers, one is almost sure to meet friends of Dill's Best Tobacco. For eighty-one years Dill's Best has been a favorite among pipe smokers. Its honest, unadulterated natural-tobacco taste and its delightful fragrance make friends and hold them.

Many who smoke Dill's Best claim that no other tobacco, regardless of price, can give such comfortable, continuous satisfaction as is found in this particular smoke. Since 1848, Dill's Best has been manufactured so as to maintain this reputation. The exclusive Dill process, built up during these many years, explains in part why so many pipe smokers find in Dill's Best Tobacco their ideal of comfort and pleasure.

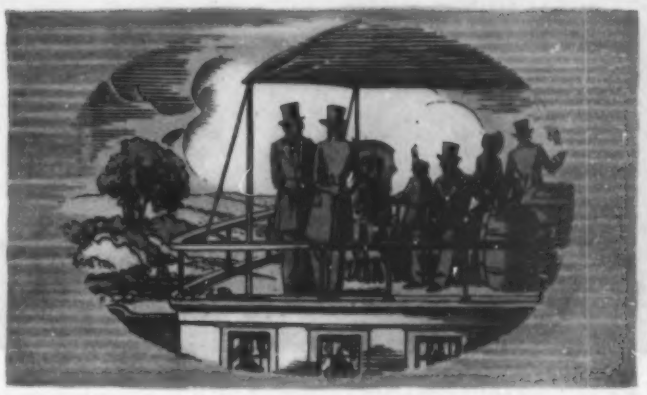
No Stems in Dill's Best

As an important feature of the process of making this natural-flavor, high-quality tobacco, we use only the choice all-clear leaves of the tobacco plant. We take from each leaf the harsh, bitter, fast-burning stem. We do NOT then crush, flake and disguise these stems and put them back. To do that would destroy the delicate, natural flavor. So, all stems are taken out and ***kept out.***

Costs One-third More to Make

Leaving out the stems makes the cost of manufacturing Dill's Best one-third more, because the discarded stems represent about ***one out of every three pounds*** of leaf tobacco bought from the planters. But in no other way can you get the fine smoking qualities that the best tobacco has to give—in smoke-taste, coolness and fragrance.

This result more than makes up for the increased cost. The better smoking quality wins and holds men to Dill's. Through three generations, fathers have told their sons that, for pipe smoking, Dill's Best is America's Best.



SINCE 1848

Traveling was slow but far from unpleasant on the old Erie Canal "packets" of around 1850. And for the men folks there was always a pipeful of Dill's Best to add another amenity to the journey.

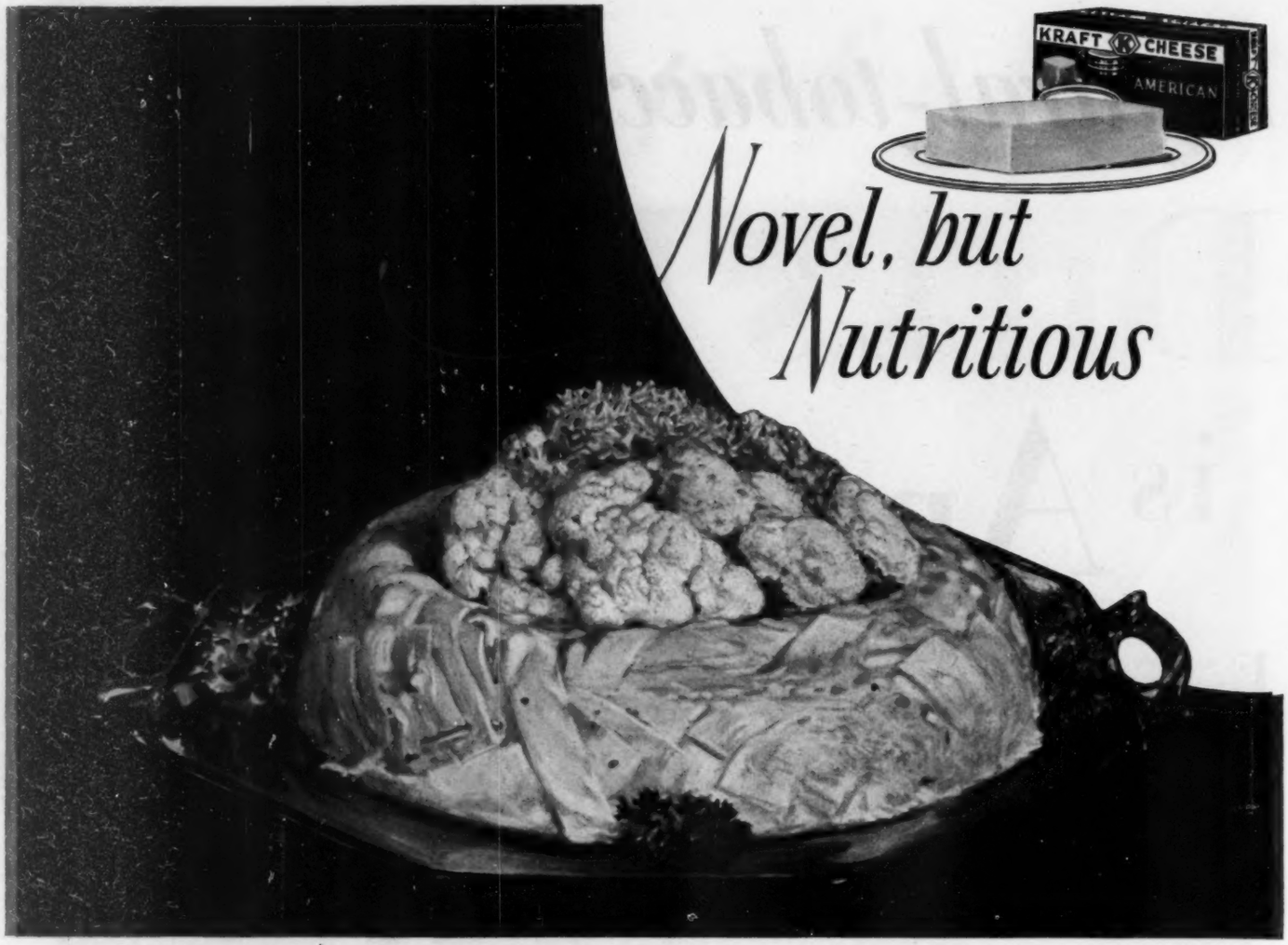
Natural-tobacco Taste and Fragrance

When you smoke Dill's Best, you find the full natural-tobacco taste and fragrance last all the way to the bottom. Pipeful after pipeful leaves the bowl ***sweet and dry.*** An all-clear, dust-free tobacco that doesn't clog the pipe—or "bite." Let fifteen cents introduce you ***today*** to real pipe smoking enjoyment and satisfaction. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

Dill's Best SINCE 1848

NO STEMS IN DILL'S **TOBACCO** NO STEMS IN DILL'S

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND—ESTABLISHED 1848



Novel, but Nutritious

KRAFT NOODLE RING

2 cups cooked egg noodles, drained
1½ cups milk
½ pkg. Kraft American Cheese
1 cup bread crumbs
1 chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon chopped onion
Salt, pepper, paprika
3 eggs

Place half of the noodles in the bottom of a well-buttered ring mold. Heat the milk, add cheese broken in pieces, and stir over a low fire until the cheese is melted. Add bread crumbs, pimiento, parsley, onion and seasonings. Mix well and add beaten eggs. Pour half of this sauce over the noodles in the ring; place remainder of the noodles in the ring and pour the rest of the sauce over the noodles. Bake the ring in a moderate oven, 350°, or steam it until firm. Turn out on a platter, place a whole cooked cauliflower in the center of the mold and garnish with additional grated cheese and parsley.

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.....

SHARING TERMS

(Continued from Page 29)

"That is so true as to stand in no need of utterance," said Lord Louis in tones of rebuke. "Now tell me about this picture—all that you know."

Walter paused, wondering how far he could safely lie. Not very far, he decided.

"I bought it," he said, "from an old lady in Bath. A French lady," he added, "who had fallen upon bad times."

"And the name of the painter?" Lord Louis inquired.

"That I regret I don't know."

"Then, if you would give me this French lady's address that I might inquire of her?"

Walter shook his head.

"I couldn't," he said. "It was a promise. She was very reluctant to part with the picture, but was driven to it by extremity. I gave her"—he paused—"twenty-five pounds."

Lord Louis stared at the ceiling. That pause had suggested a lie. Walter found the silence oppressive.

"It was less than she wanted, but more than I could afford. But I gave her an undertaking that if ever the picture was sold at its true value she should have half of any profit I made."

Lord Louis beamed.

"That," said he, "was a highly honorable proposal which I most heartily applaud. It is not always possible, in transactions of this kind, to deal fairly with previous owners. Opportunism is too common nowadays. May I venture to hope that when you find a market for the little shepherdess there that you will share the profits with the old lady who lives in Stag Cottage, Burchetts Green."

Walter Carker turned a peculiar shade of yellow.

"However did Your Lordship know ——" he began.

"She happens to be a tenant of mine," said Lord Louis, "and I never forget a piece of china that once I have handled. That, however, is beside the point. Let us return to the picture. In plain words, how much?"

"In my belief," said Walter, "I should be giving it away for a hundred pound."

"That," said Lord Louis, "would be a very unusual proceeding of which I would not expect you to be guilty. It is possible, too, that you may be right. Nowadays some comparatively modern French painters are commanding prices equivalent to the old masters. Now let us, in our united ignorance, take a gamble on this picture. I will deposit with you fifty pounds. If the picture is worth more than that we will divide the receipts and you will share with the original owner on a basis of fifty-fifty. If, however, the picture proves to be of no value, I will give you the price you originally paid and a ten-pound note."

Walter Carker pondered before replying.

"As matter of fact, Your Lordship," he said, "I'd rather take a hundred down and drop the gamble."

"As you please," said Lord Louis. "On the other hand, if the picture proves to be of value you will regret that decision."

"In dealing with a gentleman like yourself," said Walter insidiously, "I'm sure I'd have no cause to regret anything."

Lord Louis drew a check and commanded the canvas to be placed in his car.

"And you will not forget the old lady at Bath?"

"I'll drive over in my car this afternoon," Walter promised with a warmth of feeling that did him credit.

But he did not drive to Bath. His way home took him past the house where he had lodged with Mrs. Bredon.

Quite a commotion was going on before it. A van was being loaded up with furniture, and Mrs. Bredon, with wet cheeks, was visible in the shadowy hall watching the final departure of her lares and penates.

Walter stopped his car and got out.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"They've sold me up," she said, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, "'n' the guardians are taking me to the union in 'arf an 'our."

Walter Carker was not easily touched by the adversity of others, but there was something rather sad about this affair which moved him to pity.

"Tell you what," said he. "Pop on your hat and coat and I'll drive you there."

After all, one must do something for one's fellow creatures now and again, and not many paupers have the distinction of driving to the workhouse in a private car.

Subsequently he paid Lord Louis' check into his banking account and dismissed the whole affair from his mind.

Returning home in the late afternoon, Jill, Lord Louis' wife, found her husband in the picture gallery surveying his purchase with mixed feelings of hostility and appreciation.

"Darling, so you bought it," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Of course it's in a frightful mess, but don't you think so—don't you honestly think so?"

Lord Louis pursed his lips, or rather he left them pursed from what had happened to them a moment before.

"My honest opinion," he replied, "is that when we have got rid of the varnish a free fight will result between this canvas and every old master in the gallery."

Jill sat down and pulled off her gloves.

"Out with that marvelous mixture of yours and get to work," she commanded.

Some years before, a picture restorer who owed a debt of gratitude to Lord Louis had presented him with a recipe for removing varnish without attacking the pigment that lay beneath. Armed with a soft rag and this powerful solvent, which smelt villainously of chloroform, Lord Louis got to work and had presently achieved such startling results that it seemed as if a sunlit window had been opened in that somber gallery. Indeed, the picture so sparkled and leaped with light that by comparison the Reynolds group over the mantelshelf seemed to become little more than a hole in the wall.

Jill's enthusiasm was boundless.

"I'm more than ever certain!" she cried. "If it isn't a Van Gogh I'll never trust my judgment again!"

And she would not rest until Lord Louis had promised to take the picture up to King Street, St. James's, on the morrow and let Le Maitre have a look at it. Jill would have accompanied him had not other engagements prevented.

She was in a state of unnatural excitement when his train steamed into Bristol Station in the early evening.

"Well," she demanded, running to meet him—"well, was I right?"

Lord Louis smiled and confessed that it was so.

"Le Maitre was ecstatic—nay, more—lyrical. He performed some remarkable feats of mustering on the telephone which resulted in a mass meeting of highly instructed, although I venture to feel, misguided lovers of modern art. You will be interested to hear that I have received a tentative offer of three thousand pounds from a buyer for the French section of the Chantry Bequest."

"Didn't you accept it?" she gasped.

"I did not know whether you wished to sell. Moreover, an American gentleman mentioned four thousand as a basis for future arguments."

Apparently further discussions must have taken place after Lord Louis' departure from King Street, for on arriving home a telegram from the Chantry Bequest awaited him, raising their offer to the figure named by the American.

At that price, after further discussions, official and domestic, the Van Gogh changed hands and was given a place of honor in the Tate Gallery and an article accompanied by a photogravure on the middle page of the Times. Other newspapers also spread themselves on the subject—one in particular printing the inaccurate sensational headline, Remarkable French Painting Saved From America by Patriotic Englishman. Why a foreign picture stood in greater need of salvation from America than from any other country not of its birth was not made evident. Presumably the phrase suited the political policy of the journal. A photograph intending to represent Lord Louis Lewis, but actually of a stout gentleman wearing a Royal Humane Society medal, accompanied the paragraph.

On the morning this announcement appeared Lord Louis received a check in payment for the picture and was reviewing a fair division of the profits when the butler announced an individual who had given the name of Carker.

The way the butler pronounced the name "Carker" made it sound as if the gentleman had been dead for a long time.

"Show him in," said Lord Louis, and disposed himself with his back to the fire.

Having regard to the character of his host, Walter Carker's entrance was unbecoming to a degree. With a bowler hat jammed on the back of his head and evidence of having neglected to wipe his boots on the mat, he burst into the room like a colt.

"Neow," he exclaimed, without waiting for the butler to retire—"neow, Your Lordship, what's all this to-do about that picture of mine?"

A lesser man than Lord Louis would surely have been incensed by this infelicitous beginning. Agitation in others, however, had a curiously tranquilizing effect upon him. His reply was almost dulcet.

"That," said he, "is a matter I shall be happy to discuss after you have intrusted your hat to the butler."

"Never mind my 'at!" stormed Walter.

"Unfortunately, I do mind it," said Lord Louis. "With the shining example of what can be done in the matter of headgear supplied by Winston Churchill and illustrated in the daily papers, I fail to understand how any person of taste can willingly abuse his appearance with such an unsightly object."

Walter Carker shook a warning finger.

"That's all very big and large," he yelled, "but my 'at doesn't enter into it!"

"I agree," Lord Louis concurred, "but since it has entered this apartment and since you have already betrayed more than a disposition to talk through it, let us banish the offending article and come to grips with the subject."

With an angry gesture Walter tossed his hat to the butler.

"Neow," he said, "I want to know where I stand, and before you answer I warn you not to try any twisty business with me."

All vestige of amiability fell from Lord Louis like a cloak.

"Choose your words more delicately, Mr. Carker," said he, "or I shall be put to the necessity of throwing you out. If you have a complaint, I shall be happy to give ear to it, but only for so long as you avoid any recurrence of the tone with which this interview has been marred."

Whatever may be said against Walter Carker, it must be admitted that he was able to appreciate quality and genuinity. There was nothing pinchbeck in Lord Louis' threat, nor in the tone in which it had been uttered. Composing his anger, Walter begged leave to ask whether the newspaper reports about the picture were true, and if so, what did Lord Louis propose to do about it.

By way of answer Lord Louis produced the check he had that morning received.

"This," he said, "will answer the half of your question. The other half involves a more subtle reply. When I bought the picture I invited your company in a gamble, which you refused."

"Wait a minute," Walter interrupted.

"If I have to do that I shall wait altogether," said Lord Louis sternly, and added: "And so will you. In so far as you are concerned I find myself with no liability whatever."

"What?"

"But," said Lord Louis, "the best interests of Justice are not always served by too exact a sense of liability. I have every intention to deal as fairly with you as you, in the first instance, dealt with the original owner of the picture."

A look of relief spread over Walter's features and his body relaxed.

"I might have known," he said, "that Your Lordship was a gentleman."

"You might, but apparently you didn't."

Walter Carker held up a deprecating palm.

"I got excited, and that's where it was," he said. "Excited. If you, My Lord, had known poverty as I have, you'd understand how a big bit of money throws a man off his balance."

Lord Louis accepted the explanation with a nod.

"So it's to be two thousand, one 'undred for you and one thousand, nine 'undred for me, eh, My Lord?"

"One would suppose so," was the answer.

"It was Your Lordship's own suggestion."

"Quite," said Lord Louis Lewis, "but on reflection I think that would be hardly fair."

Walter's eyes opened protestingly, but he had the wit to keep his mouth shut.

"I am not a picture dealer in a sense of making a profit out of it. I have by good fortune had an opportunity of introducing a valuable picture to a national collection. That in itself is ample reward so far as I am concerned. You, as a dealer, are actuated by other considerations, but if you clear a thousand pounds out of this transaction you will, I think, have little cause to complain."

"A thousand! How do you make it that?" Walter exclaimed hotly.

Lord Louis assumed an expression of surprise.

"You have not forgotten the lady in Bath?"

"Oh, I see what you mean."

"I am glad you do. For, by your own showing, her need is greater than yours, and it is to her that I propose to bequeath the remainder of the sum."

Walter Carker sprang to his feet in amazement.

"What, the whole jolly lot!" he cried.

"As you so aptly put it—the whole jolly lot," Lord Louis returned. "After I have done so I shall be happy to give you your share of the sum."

Walter Carker sat down heavily and wiped his brow.

"And now," said Lord Louis, "if you will give me her address I will get in touch with her myself straight away."

But that was precisely what Walter Carker was in no position to do, and he scratched his head.

"If you remember ——" he began.

Lord Louis brushed the objection aside.

"Any scruples she may have had," said he, "will, I am confident, be swallowed up in satisfaction. The address?"

The position had become critical and demanded thought. A false move at this stage might ruin everything. Of course he might get hold of Mrs. Bredon and give her fifty pounds for the first sale and fix her up in lodgings in Bath, but that would mean a clear loss of three thousand pounds, which by the exercise of a little intelligence he might well enjoy. Besides, Mrs. Bredon could never be passed off as a French woman. It was evident he would have to think of a subtler move than that.

"I agree with Your Lordship," he said slowly. "On the other hand, a promise is a

(Continued on Page 114)

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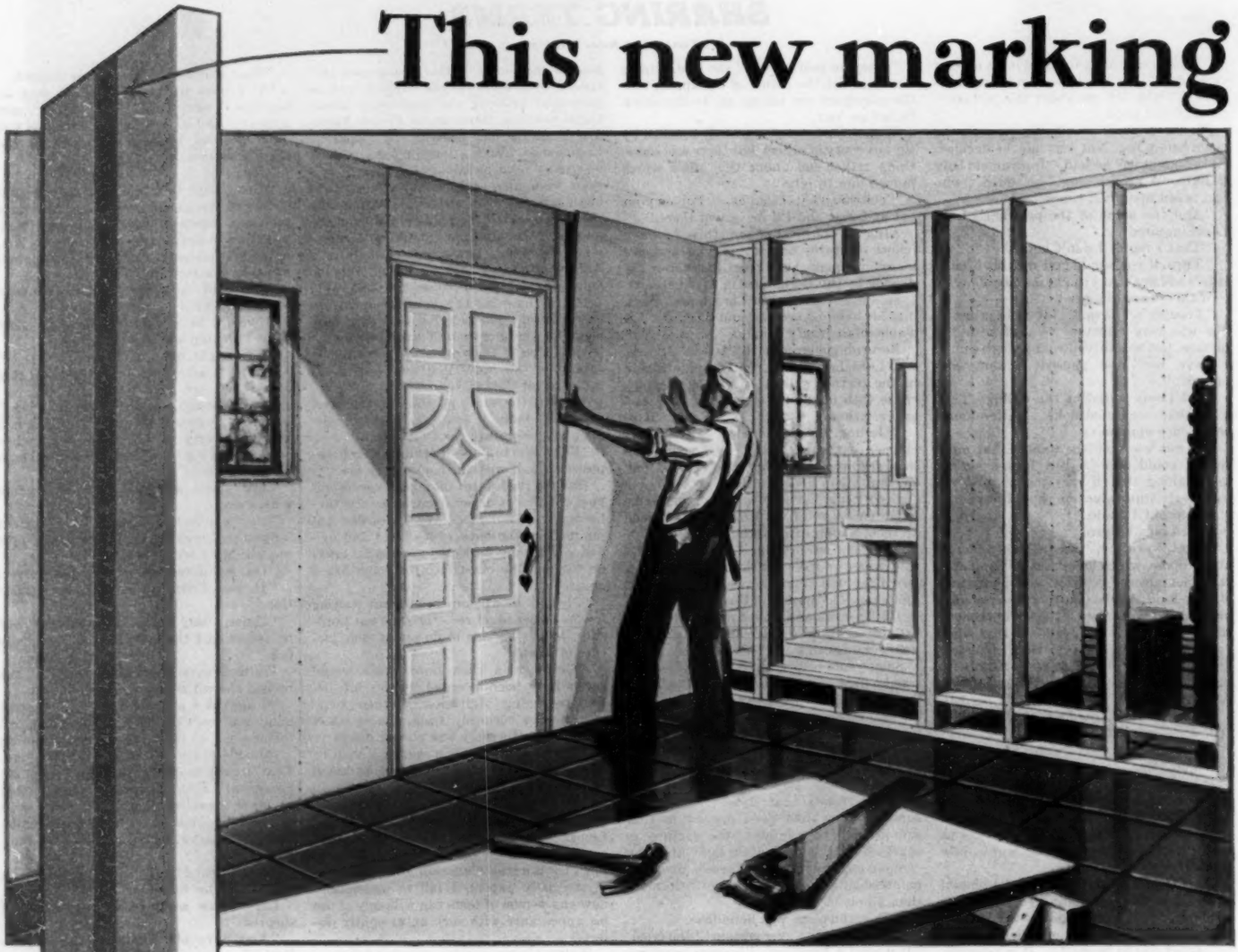

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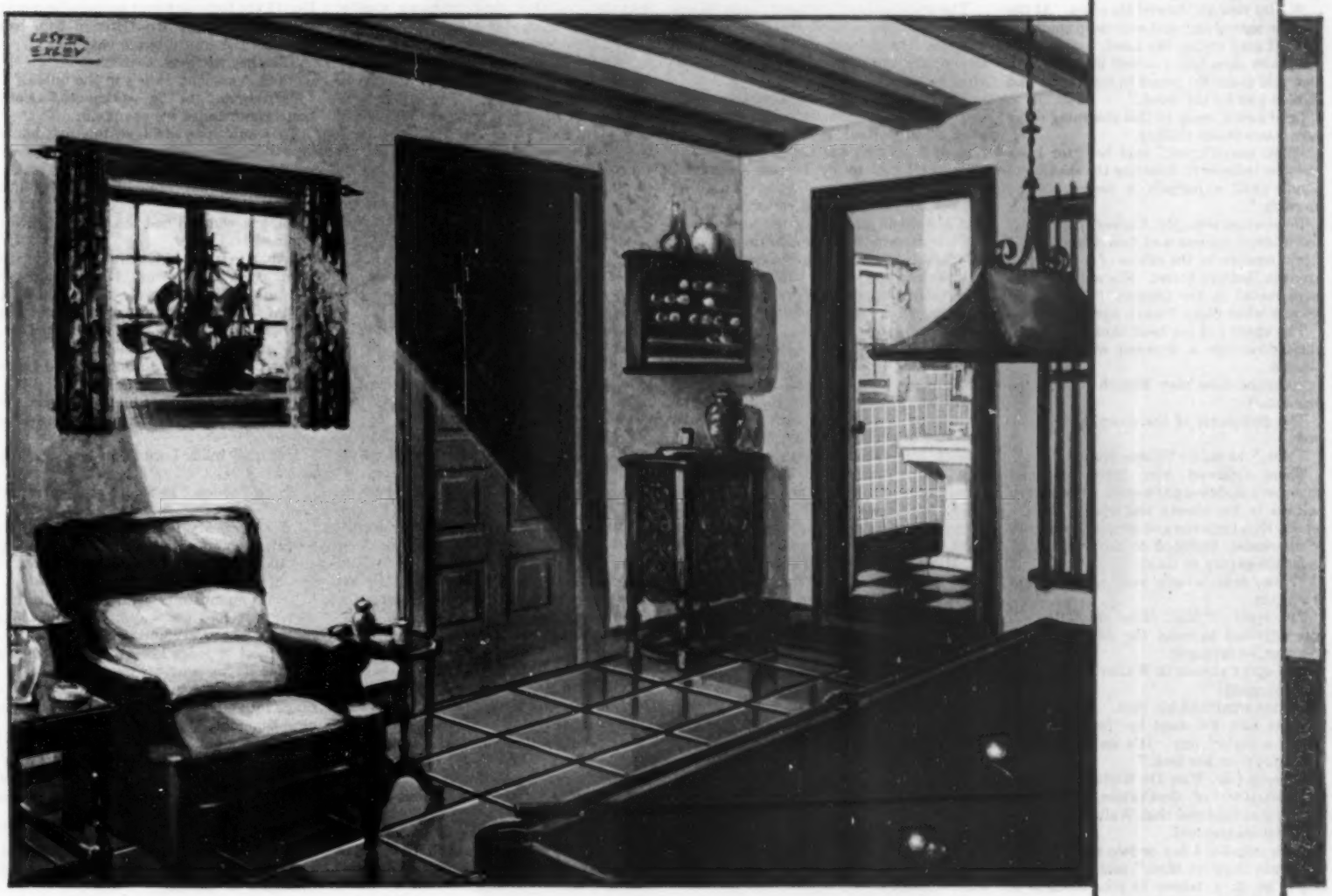

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(Continued from Page 111)

promise, and until I'm released from it I can say nothing."

"Your reticence does you credit," said Lord Louis, rising. "I am ready to wait until you have got in touch with the lady. I wish you good day."

Walter rose and bowed his adieu. At the door he turned and said with deep emotion:

"If I may say it, My Lord, I wish there was more men like yourself in the world. It would make me proud to feel that I had shaken you by the hand."

Lord Louis' reply to this charming overture was a shade chilling.

"You haven't yet," said he, "for I am one who believes in deferring the shaking of hands until a bargain is sealed. Good morning."

Inspiration sent Mr. Carker to town by the midday express and found him in the late afternoon in the offices of a theatrical agent in Bedford Street. His requirements were stated in the phrase: "A 'nelderly woman what plays French parts."

The agent put his head through a green baize door into a crowded waiting room beyond.

"Anyone here play French parts?" he demanded.

The occupants of the room rose in one body.

"You," he said. "Come in here."

There followed him into the inner chamber a middle-aged woman with hungry hollows in her cheeks and eyes. She entered with a little run and certain piquancies of expression designed to portray the irresistible gayety of Gaul.

"Now, dear, what's your name?" said the agent.

The reply: "Miss Mimi de Withers," was adjusted to meet the demands of a prospective manager.

The agent turned to Walter.

"Any good?"

Walter scratched his chin.

"The part I'd want her for," said he, "isn't a flighty one. It's an old French lady, down on her luck."

Hearing this, Miss De Withers assumed the character of destitution with such startling suddenness that Walter was overcome by amazement.

"It's only for a day or two at Bath, and a private show at that," said he, "but I might go to a tenner if you thought it worth having a go at."

Miss De Withers thought it very well worth having a go at. Her reply, "We, we, mooseswer. Certainmong," convinced Walter Carker that he had made a find.

"That's settled, and be ready to leave Paddington at six P.M.," said he. "I'll tell you more about it on the way down."

To do him justice, Walter Carker did not spare expense in staging the scene for Lord Louis' benefit. He took an unfurnished room in a quiet street in Bath and supplied appointments from his own storerooms. The Sèvres clock on the mantelpiece and the Louis XV chair contributed a Gallic atmosphere that could not be denied. He bribed the landlady to reply to any inquiries that her tenant had been residing there for some years and personally rehearsed Miss De Withers in every detail of her rôle.

It must be confessed that the business in which she found herself involved caused Miss De Withers certain misgivings, but poverty neutralizes the prickings of conscience, and it is possible that she perceived an opportunity to increase her own participation in the spoil beyond the ten-pound note her employer had guaranteed. In the circumstances Walter could not refuse to admit her to his confidence, although using his ingenuity to represent the affair in an honorable light. Having regard to the remarkable histrionic abilities she had revealed at their first meeting, her reluctance to admit herself as ready to give the performance caused him some consternation.

"It's not a bit of good, going on and making a mess of it," she said. "Let me get right into the skin of the part, is what I say."

That was all very well, but it cost money, and although Walter was amiable enough in Miss De Withers' company, away from her he was a prey to restlessness and irritation.

Nearly a fortnight was frittered away before she pronounced herself "ready to go on."

The appointment for Lord Louis to call was made by telephone, and the following afternoon he presented himself and was shown into the little sitting room and invited to wait.

"Pore Madame Briand is laying down, sir," said the landlady, "but if you wouldn't mind taking a chair, I'll give her a call."

Lord Louis took the Louis XV chair and allowed his gaze to wander round the little room.

The last thing he had expected was to find himself in such a foreign atmosphere and he examined the appointments with pleasurable surprise. The Sèvres clock on the mantelpiece, a small buhl table, and an old armoire in the corner provided a touching suggestion of the relics of an earlier prosperity.

"A nice little clock," he reflected, and remembered to have seen one like it quite recently. But where he had seen it he could not for the moment recall. Rising to make a closer inspection, his eyes fell upon a pocket edition of an English-French dictionary. He was about to pick it up when a second door opened and Madame Briand herself came into the room. The poor lady looked both tired and sad. She was somberly dressed in black silk, with an amethyst brooch in the high collar of her gown.

"Milor," she said, and extended a white hand which he gallantly stooped to kiss.

The effect of this action was most touching, for madame turned aside with a kerchief to her eye.

"You must pardon me, milor," she murmured, "but eet ees so long since anyone behave so that I am touch more deeply than I may say."

"*Ces jours*," replied Lord Louis, whose French was not his strongest point—"*ces jours il ny a pas beaucoup de temps pour la noblesse*."

"Just so, *noblesse oblige*," said madame, "but I beg that you shall not speak to me in French or the tears shall run."

"Madame," said he, "I am the bearer of what I hope may be regarded as not unwelcome tidings."

"Oh, *bon*," said she, and beckoned him to be seated. "Proceed, milor, for, as you English have it, my ears are out."

Encouraged by this mysterious idiom, Lord Louis unfolded the object of his visit with commendable brevity.

"Eet ees like a dream," said madame, "a *rêve*, a wonderful *rêve*. Once more I shall return to my beloved France." Then becoming ecstatic: "Ah, my belle Frongs," she cried—"my belle Frongs! When I tink of ze vineyards zat surroun' the old chatto, eet ees too much."

Now, although Lord Louis was no linguist, his ear was faultless and her pronunciation of France as Frongs startled him greatly.

"Madame was then a *châtelaine*," said Lord Louis.

"That's right," said Miss De Withers; then, recovering her other personality, added: "Zat ees so."

"What department?"

"Department?" was the tart rejoinder. "Do you tink I worked in a store?"

Surely no French woman would make a mistake like that, and frowning darkly, Lord Louis allowed his gaze to rest once again on the Sèvres clock.

"Ah," he said, and sprang to his feet.

"What's up?" said Miss De Withers colloquially.

"I have suddenly remembered," Lord Louis replied.

But what he had remembered he did not think fit to impart. After all, it was no business of hers that he should have recalled that the last occasion he had seen the clock was in a glass case in Mr. Walter Carker's curio shop at Bristol.

So the whole business was a fake.

"Madame," he said, "I must leave you at once, but very shortly you will hear from me again."

"But 'ow about ze money?" madame interjected.

"Be sure I shall not rest until it has been paid," he replied, "and now, madame, I have the honor"—and with a short but elegant bow, he retired.

As his car bore him down the street he struck one hand against the other and exclaimed, "An English-French dictionary! French-English, yes, but English-French, no—most emphatically no."

"Well, how did you get on, dear?" Walter Carker demanded half an hour later.

"Fine," said Miss De Withers. "His last words were that he wouldn't rest until the money was paid."

"Ought to arrive this evening then," said Walter jubilantly.

Lord Louis stopped his car outside Walter's shop in Bristol and entered.

"I'm afraid the guv'nor's out," said Henry Isaacs.

"It is of no consequence," said Lord Louis. "What I had to say can wait."

Henry eyed him enviously.

"You had a bit of luck with that picture, My Lord."

"I did, indeed," Lord Louis agreed. "Mr. Carker no doubt told you that I propose to share it with him and the original owner."

Henry shook his head.

"Trust him to tell anyone that," said he.

"You were here when he found the picture?" Lord Louis inquired.

"Yes, 'e walked in with it under 'is arm. Rare bit of luck, finding a thing like that in a common lodging house. If the ceiling 'adn't come down at his new 'ouse, he never would've found it. Fancy a burst water main washing you up against a fortune like that. Makes you believe in things, don't it?"

"But surely Mr. Carker wouldn't stop at a common lodging house?" Lord Louis remarked insinuatingly.

"Prince of Wales Terrace isn't exactly classy," said Henry.

"Good afternoon," said Lord Louis.

"Home, My Lord?" his chauffeur inquired.

"Prince of Wales Terrace," was the reply.

There were thirty-two houses in the terrace, and Lord Louis directed his inquiries at every one of them.

No one had had a lodger answering to Mr. Carker's name or description. But at No. 15 the lady said that perhaps he might have stayed with Mrs. Bredon who had occupied the empty house next door.

"She has left here, then?"

"Yes, pore soul. She's in the union."

"Drive me to the workhouse," Lord Louis commanded his chauffeur.

To a nobleman of his distinction, hours for visiting inmates were elastic to his convenience. With the minimum of delay Mrs. Bredon was brought fluttering into his presence.

Oh, yes, she had had the honor of entertaining Mr. Carker.

"An' a very kind gentleman, too, sir, My Lord, if you'll excuse me. Give me a lovely paintin', 'e did, for an ole bit of rubbish I 'ad on the wall. And that's not all. He drove me to the union in 'is own motor car, like I might 've been a princess."

"Just when did he do that?" Lord Louis asked.

Mrs. Bredon was not likely to forget the date and hour in which she bade farewell to freedom.

Her reply made Lord Louis look as black as night.

"Mrs. Bredon," he said, "are you happy here?"

"Well, sir, My Lord, they're very kind, but I've, so to speak, set aside expecting any more what you might call 'appiness in this life."

"But you mustn't," said Lord Louis tenderly, and told her why. When she had recovered from her amazement, he added, "The post of lodge keeper at my house is vacant, if you would care to consider it. And now, with your permission, I will arrange for your immediate release from this establishment."

After a night of some uncertainty Mr. Carker presented himself at Lord Louis' house the following morning. He left his hat in the hall and his manners were more than ingratiating.

"I am delighted you should have come," said Lord Louis warmly, "for I feel that you would wish to be present when I hand the check to the lady."

Mr. Carker deprecated any such idea, but Lord Louis insisted. Opening the door of an inner room, he said, "Would you be kind enough to come in?"

Walter's terror when Mrs. Bredon entered was displayed in the exclamation, "Crimes!"

"I entirely agree," said Lord Louis, with biting emphasis. "A meaner crime I have seldom encountered." Then, turning to Mrs. Bredon: "Here is the sum of three thousand, nine hundred pounds, and when Mr. Carker has found a pen and his check book he will add another fifty to it."

"Who says so?" Walter vociferated.

"I do!" Lord Louis replied in a voice of thunder. "Either you give this lady your check here and now, or the facts of your attempted fraud will be communicated to the police within the hour."

When Walter Carker slunk from the house there was a counterfoil in his check book for the sum of fifty pounds. There was also a vivid consciousness of the best part of another fifty outlaid at Bath. At the corner of the street he was met by Miss De Withers herself.

"Got it?" she demanded.

"No!" he yelled.

"Then give me my ten pounds."

"Go to the devil!" he shouted.

Miss De Withers pointed at a policeman.

"I have been thinking things over," she said, "and it's my belief I ought to give you in charge."

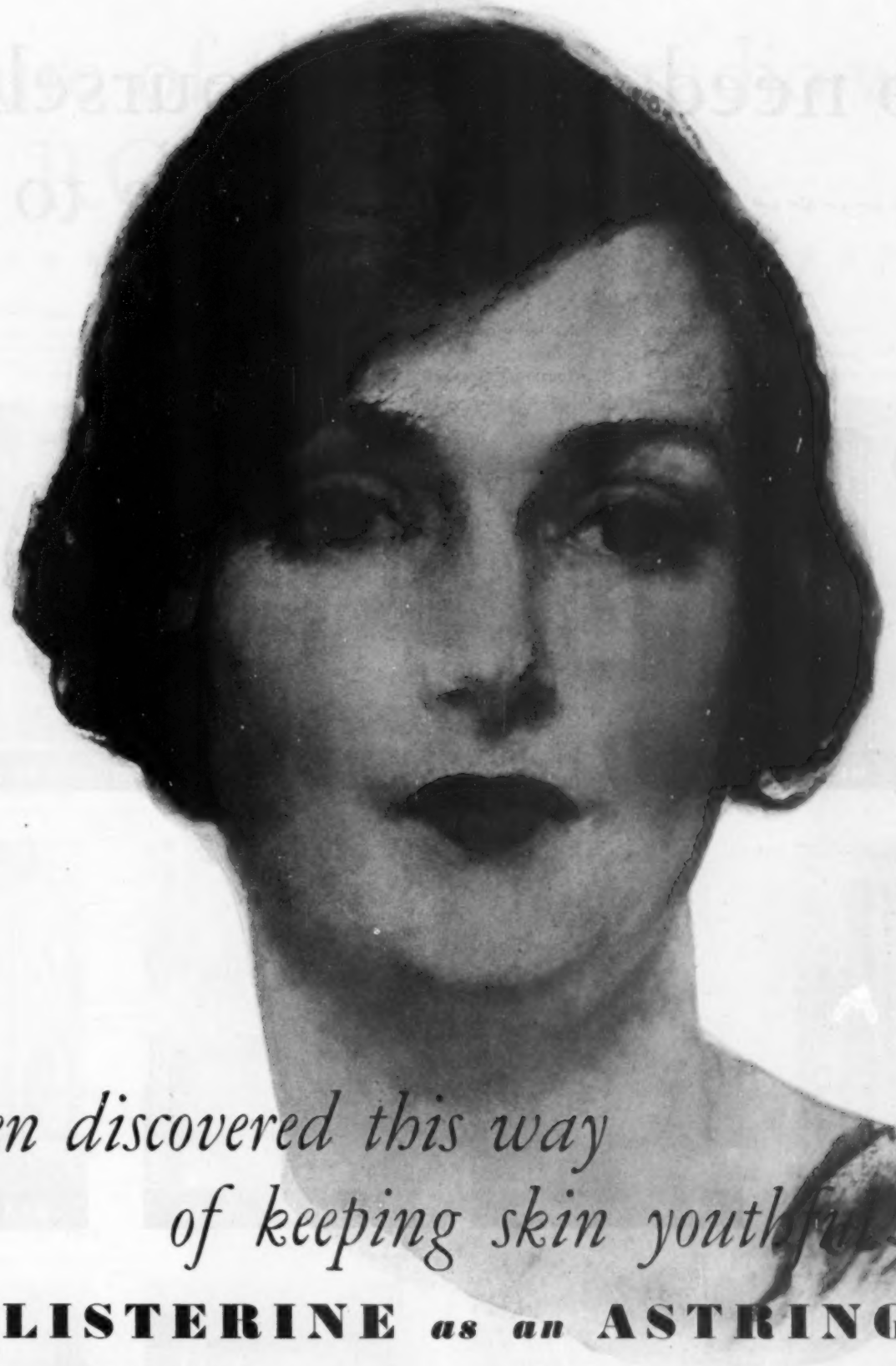
"What?"

"Give you in charge," she replied inexorably. "Either that or take you in charge myself."

And slipping an arm through one of his, she led him firmly down the street.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Serving Dinner at the Jugglers' Banquet



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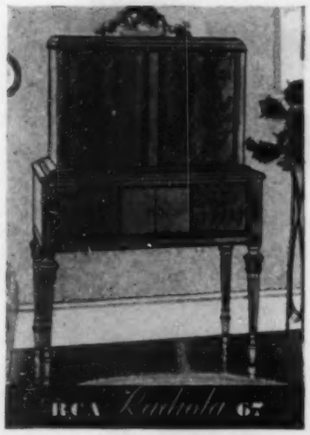

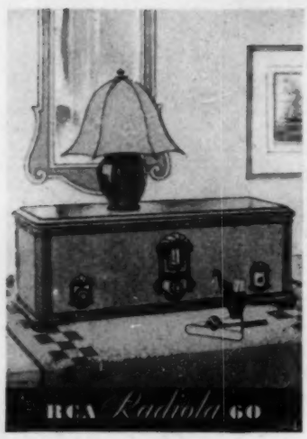

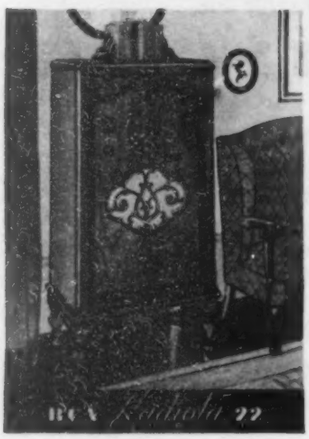

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Cabinet Radiola with the new *Screen-Grid* Radiotrons. Built-in RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. A powerful, efficient receiver of most modern design. $179 (less Radiotrons)

RCA Radiola 64

RCA Super-Heterodyne receiver de luxe. Super-sensitive and super-selective. Remarkable tone realism made possible by improved RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. $550 (less Radiotrons)

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RCA RADIOLA

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THAT the railways of America are doing their utmost to provide greater travel-comfort is found in the fact that the railways of America are becoming Hyattways.

This means that Hyatt Roller Bearings . . . anti-friction bearings . . . are replacing plain brass journals which carry the fast-revolving car axles. It means smoother starting . . . more rapid acceleration . . . freer running . . . jerkless stopping.

Translated in terms of riding ease, the use of Hyatts means a type of travel comparable only to the quiet enjoyment of a comfortable chair in your own home.

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Hundreds of cars operating on more than sixty-five American and Canadian railroads are now employing journal boxes equipped with Hyatt Roller Bearings. Already they have learned by experience that in addition to gaining greater good will and increased patronage, the use of Hyatts reduces operating and maintenance costs, eliminates the hazards and delays of hot-boxes, helps maintain "on time" schedules and permits the hauling of more cars with the existing locomotive equipment.

Hyatt-equipped commuter specials, diners, Pullmans and de luxe coaches now await you. Mark well the railways who have so improved their equipment that you may travel the modern way, the comfort way, the Hyattway!

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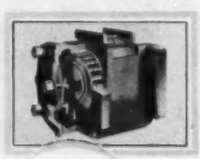
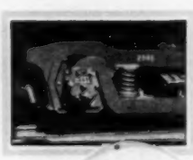


HYATT Journal Box; sectioned view at left, shows bearing in place. Box as applied to trucks under passenger cars, shown at right.



SECRET ENVOY

(Continued from Page 33)

all that he trusted her, and furthermore, it spared her the embarrassment of accepting a definite sum as a retainer or salary.

He went on, still speaking in a low voice, but with unmistakable seriousness: "Always remember this: The time element is the most vital thing in the whole proposition. The more in advance we get our information before it's made public the more valuable it is. Usually it's not easy to buy or sell much of any one stock in a day. The market conditions have got to be right. You can't always go out and buy what you want in large quantity, or sell it, either."

"In that South American deal," Justinian said, "it worked splendidly. Apparently the basis of the agreement was reached that day at your house, but the details had to be worked out, and consequently it was ten days before the news was made public. That gave us time to buy a considerable amount of those stocks on margin. Now they've gone way up and we've sold out."

Reagan consulted his watch. "If you'll excuse me now I'll have to go."

He took out a bulging wallet when the bill was presented. Diane thought of her own flattened purse and for the first time she felt grateful that a means of livelihood had been opened to her.

Reagan's car was waiting. He suggested that they drop him at the Subway and take a ride through the Park while Justinian explained further details. He glanced at the glass which separated them from the chauffeur.

"You can be sure no one will overhear you."

"The thing that puzzles me," said the girl when he had left, "is why secrecy is so important if the whole thing is as simple as it sounds."

"It's not simple," Justinian stated. "Don't make any mistake about that. Listen. You've heard of congressional investigating committees, haven't you? There's one going on right now. . . . I suppose you don't know what happened when the cotton crop report leaked out a few years ago. Lord, what a sensation that was! That's why it's so carefully guarded now. Even the lobbyists have ticklish jobs. But then," he added, as if afraid his warning might frighten, "I've no doubt your grandfather had a pretty tough time of it sometimes."

"I know he did. And so did father. I'm not sure the element of danger doesn't make it more interesting."

"Good for you!" They were in the Park now. He closed the window, through which the crisp cold air had been coming in. From an inside pocket he extracted a typewritten list of names. "These are the people we want you to see something of."

In her first glance at it Diane was surprised to see that most of the men were not those who held the highest positions. With the exception of two members of the Interstate Commerce Commission, they were chiefly subordinates in the State Department, the Treasury, and one was the young secretary of a Supreme Court justice. When she had read it over carefully she saw the name of Jeremiah Cross, the congressman she had met the night she encountered Justinian, and she thought it would be interesting to see him again. The only woman's name on the sheet was Mrs. John Adriance.

Mrs. Adriance was a handsome widow who entertained constantly and was always surrounded by a group of middle-aged admirers, drawn from both political camps.

"What shall I find out from her?" she asked. "I've never taken her very seriously. She always boasts so much about having inside information that I've never believed she really had it."

"A shrewd observation," said Justinian. "But we want to find out whether she really is boasting. There is a rumor that she is used by a certain group, who play on her vanity in order to get the knowledge they want. She doesn't get anything out of it. She's an unconscious tool, if any. But it's up to you to discover whether she's playing into their hands or not."

"That will be fun." Diane's mind was leaping ahead. She was exhilarated by the thought of matching her wits, as he had said, against other wits.

"Copy this list in your own handwriting," he suggested—"in some way so the names won't be conspicuous if anyone sees it."

"I'll put it on my regular guest list. And put some tiny mark no one else could distinguish against these particular ones."

"Fine. I'll see that a private telephone's installed right away in your house that will connect with my office during the day and my apartment at night. You'll never need to say who you are, of course, or mention my name, for no one ever answers that phone but me."

"I'll make the same arrangement," said Diane. She thought ruefully that her first piece of diplomacy would be in explaining this sudden secrecy to Maggie.

He waited outside her hotel while she paid her bill, got her bags and telegraphed Maggie. She had intended to spend a day in New York, so that she might consult the executor of her aunt's estate, but Justinian had urged her to leave at once. They needed the information about Senator Elder as soon as possible.

"I won't go in with you," he said when they reached the Pennsylvania Station. "There are too many Washington people on this train. It's just as well not to be seen together. Good-by and good luck."

When she boarded the train she was glad he had not accompanied her. An attractive-looking young man jumped up as she took her seat.

"I'm Jeremiah Cross," he said. As Diane shook hands with him she thought: "This is what's called business and pleasure combined."

She was amused by the thought of the amazement he would feel if he could see his name near the top of the list of people she must cultivate.

"I've been hoping I'd have another chance to talk to you," said Cross after he had helped her take off her heavy coat and had hung it up. "That night at Mrs. Procter's the man on your other side monopolized you in a most unfair way. What was his name anyway?"

"Justinian," she answered. She felt her cheeks flush a little and turned her chair toward the window.

"I wonder if he's any relation to the man who made so much trouble for me in my campaign?" The young congressman seemed to be turning the idea over in his own mind rather than addressing her. "It's an uncommon name, but this chap didn't look so much like a thug as I imagined my Justinian would. I never saw him. He always worked through other people, but one of the youngsters in our law office who fancied himself sort of an amateur Sherlock Holmes discovered that he and a man named Reagan were at the bottom of it." Diane could feel her heart bump against her ribs. She made no answer. "After that it was easier sailing," he went on. "We threatened to have them both disbarred. I don't know whether we could have got away with it or not, but we had a certain amount of evidence from Albany and the bluff worked."

She managed to say, "What kind of evidence?"

"Oh, attempted bribery and corruption; Justinian's apparently a super lobbyist. He keeps within the law, I guess, but he does things no respectable lawyer would do. Publicity is the thing men like that are always most afraid of. As long as they can work in the dark and use their agents as blinds, they're all right."

To change the subject, she asked, "How much of that sort of thing do you think goes on in Washington?"

"You've only got to read the papers." He pointed to the early evening edition which was lying on top of his leather bag. "There are two cases on the front page today—one of them libel, the other the worst kind of graft."

"But beneath the surface," she persisted, feeling now that this conversation was of vital importance, "how much corruption do you think there is?"

He smiled. She thought that his face was delightful when he smiled.

"I remember when I was a boy in boarding school being taken to the capital with some cousins for the Easter holidays. We rode in one of the sight-seeing busses and a man with a megaphone bawled out the history of the monuments and public buildings, and so on. Finally we came to a big private house in Georgetown, and he said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to gaze upon this handsome edifice at your right. For it is the residence of the Honorable Livingstone More—said to be the only honest man now in the Senate'!"

She looked out the window so that he might not see the expression of her eyes. In the glass she had a glimpse of her face, which had suddenly become white beneath her small dark hat.

He hurried on: "What I mean is that a generation or two ago there was a strong feeling throughout the country, whether justified or not, that many of our public men used their position to feather their own nests or those of their friends. Sometimes they made money in land speculation—they would know where the next government building was to be erected, or the next dam built, or something, and they'd profit by their information. It was considered a remarkable thing for a man to retire from public office without any more money than when he entered it. Sometimes men with private fortunes or moral scruples would not make money themselves, but would see to it that their friends and political backers would get government jobs."

"The spoils system," she said.

"Yes. Of course we must remember that that was in an era when all public ethics were on a different plane from the one they are on today. In business the stores operated on a cut-price basis—you could bargain with them about any kind of merchandise. It seems fantastic today, yet the one-price idea is comparatively new. And the men who built up the big trusts and railroads, and so on, did things in the way of bribing legislatures and distributing free passes and more material favors that would land a man in jail today." He paused. "Well, I've been making a small speech, haven't I?"

"Oh, go on," Diane urged. "It interests me enormously."

"It's not for nothing you've got the reputation of being the best listener in Washington," Cross said. "One of the men in the Treasury told me that you were the only young woman he knew that was good to look at and good to talk to."

"That must have been Chauncy Dean," said Diane. "He's an old dear. I'm dining with him next week. I told Maggie—who's my maid, philosopher and friend—to use her judgment about other invitations while I was away, but not to forget that."

"I hope you're going to the Elders' tomorrow night. They're having a big party for the Secretary of State."

"I hope so too." For the moment she was thinking only that it would be diverting to see Cross again; then she reflected that it was necessary to her new job to see the senator and his wife. "I wonder if this means their fondest hopes are going to be realized?"

"No, I think it's still undecided. This dinner is bait, not gratitude."

They laughed together. She felt more at ease with him when he laughed, for if any fault could be found with his appearance it lay in the rather uncompromising expression which his clean-cut regular features assumed when in repose.

(Continued on Page 121)

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"Sleep.. breaks the strain of the day" says JULIUS ROSENWALD

An interview with the famous philanthropist

by REBECCA HOURWICH

FROM COAST TO COAST in every little village and small town of this vast country, they pore over the "wish book"—the fat, many-paged catalogue of the largest mail order house in the world.

The man who built up this gigantic business of mailed merchandise is known to the world as a Titan of an industry which brings to the doors of the people the necessities of daily life.

More than that—Julius Rosenwald is a genius of philanthropy! His friends and acquaintances count him a simple, kindly, intensely human man with profound understanding of the deep-rooted desires of other humans and with a great heart that longs to make them all come true.

I was filled with curiosity to comprehend how, although he has passed his three-score mile stone, he can still peer through his glasses with eyes that twinkle with the fun and humor of life; how he can still fling himself into a new problem, whether of business or human service, with the zest of an idealist in his twenties. So I made my way to his office and pelted him with questions.

"Each morning, Mr. Rosenwald, you begin life all over again with as much interest as the day, the year, the decade before. How do you accomplish it?" I asked.

The answer came emphatically: "I never cut into my sleep," he said, "six or seven hours of satisfying, restful sleep a night is the only rule I never break.

"Not that I fix a definite hour for retiring," he continued, "but I always allow myself time enough to fill my quota before I wake, which I usually do early in the morning, completely refreshed."

"And do six or seven hours give you all the rest you need for every twenty-four?" astonished, I pursued.

Mr. Rosenwald shook his head. "Even if it is only for half an hour, I take a nap faithfully every afternoon," he answered. "It is most important, particularly for a man beyond middle life, to break the strain of the day with sleep. After it I am able to carry on for as many hours as I need without feeling mentally fatigued."

Far-flung are the interests of this man, weighty are the problems of his mind and heart. He solves them with the clear mindedness, idealism and vigor of a youthful man—because he never relaxes his strenuous program of strict attention to proper and sufficient sleep.

. . .

Mr. Rosenwald's emphasis on the necessity of satisfying, restful sleep accords completely with the conviction of most clear-thinking men in positions of great trust. Their rules of living are of interest to us all.

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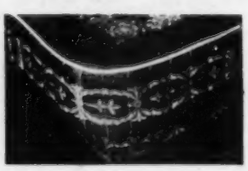
Simmons Beautyrest Mattress—hundreds of sensitive coils covered with thick layers of soft luxurious upholstering. Damask covers, choice of six colors.



Simmons Ace Box Spring—damask covered to match Beautyrest. Seasoned lumber frame, steel braced. Best Premier wire coils.

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(Continued from Page 119)

"You think, then," she said, returning to his original discussion, which held such peculiar interest for her, "that public ethics have improved during the past decade?"

"Tremendously! I think graft in public office is comparatively rare today. And with competitive examinations for subordinate positions in the various departments there's little chance for favoritism. As a matter of fact, we've swung so much to the other extreme that we're in danger of too much bureaucracy. The permanent men, who hold their jobs year in and year out, have really more power very often than the men who are appointed to the positions at the top."

"So that's why Justinian wants me to cultivate the lesser lights," she thought. Aloud she said: "But you spoke of graft still going on?"

"In a different sphere. The whole system's changed. Now it's the lobbyists and observers employed by outside interests—business and industrial concerns, bankers, brokers, and so on—including propaganda organizations. There are hundreds of them around. But they are a parasitic growth on the main body, and therefore much more difficult to deal with than the principals would be."

"Yes, I can see that. I suppose the lobbyists, whether professional or amateur, are often very annoying. But just how much inside information is there that the observers, as you call them, can find out that does anyone any good?"

"Washington's a gold mine for them! Of course no one ever knows—except in the rare cases when the thing becomes so flagrant that it develops into a scandal—just the extent of it. But only last night, at dinner on Long Island, I heard one of the shrewdest financial men in the country say that if he could get the information he wanted from Washington twenty-four hours in advance of anyone else, he could make a million dollars a day. Obviously that's an exaggeration, but the principle is sound. Now, once you admit the possibility of big sums being made in the financial world because of advance information and leaks, you realize that there are going to be men who'll try to get it at any cost. How often they succeed is impossible to say. Certainly there have been a good many unexplained fortunes made by men who, if they didn't bribe someone to get information, must have been gifted with second-sight."

"But how do they get it?" She was not being a polite listener; every word he said received her complete attention.

Cross shrugged his shoulders. "If we could find that out there wouldn't be so much of it."

She realized that the subject was exhausted, so she asked him where he was living.

"I'm just moving into a little house near Dupont Circle," he said. "My secretary wired me this morning he'd got an excellent colored cook and butler for me—though I believe it's considered smarter to have white; chiefly because it's easier to get colored. Fortunately, I prefer them, and as they suit my income better, I'm looking forward to getting settled very quickly now."

They spoke of the amusing etiquette of social life in Washington and the endless rounds of entertainment which caused the days to be so crowded with engagements that it was difficult to enjoy even the most interesting affairs.

"Being a bachelor has its advantages," Cross declared. "Most men down there go out all the time, whether they want to or not, because they say their wives make them. I think it's a great mistake. It's impossible to stay up late every night and have your head clear enough to work during the day. I intend to limit myself to the things I really want to do, and I can always say I've got a committee meeting or something when I don't."

"Well, if I ask you to dinner," said Diane, "and your secretary tells me you're in a conference, I'll understand."

"If you ask me to dinner"—his eyes looked steadily at her and seemed suddenly more blue than green—"you won't stand a chance of filling my place."

The train was slowing down and she looked out the window at the lighted platform. "It can't be Philadelphia!" She was astonished that two hours could have slipped away so imperceptibly.

"Philadelphia and time to eat."

She caught his reflection in the pane and saw that he was pleased by her inadvertent compliment.

Just before they reached their destination he said, "I like trains. You are so isolated in them. There are no interruptions—no hostess dashing around asking you to go and talk to somebody else, no telephone messages—nothing to interfere. You know, I feel as if I knew you better after this ride than if we'd met in the ordinary way at people's houses for two years."

She smiled, but her heart was heavy. "If he really knew me," she reflected bitterly, "he'd never want to see me again."

He went with her up the steps leading to her house and waited until the maid opened the door. Diane put her arms around Maggie and kissed her cheek.

"I'm very glad you're back," said Maggie, but her face was more demonstrative than her words.

As Cross said good-by he expressed the hope of seeing her the next night.

"Am I going to Mrs. Elder's dinner?" Diane asked.

"I regretted it for you," answered Maggie, "but after I got your telegram today I telephoned and she was very pleased you'd come. She seemed to think you'd come home especially just to go."

All three of them smiled; then the man turned and left.

The library seemed filled with red roses and sweet-smelling freesia, a wood fire was burning at one end, and on a little table beside the sofa was the pile of mail which had accumulated in her absence.

"You look much better than when you left," said Maggie.

Diane knew that the older woman wanted to ask about Felix, but feared to bring up the subject directly.

"I feel much better," the girl answered, realizing that it was true. "And Mr. Felix will have everything done for him out there, Maggie. Oh, I know he'll get well."

"I never thought anything else." Maggie twisted her apron in her lean worn hands. "And I just wanted to tell you, Miss Diane, so's it won't be necessary to speak of it again, that I've four thousand and sixty-seven dollars in the savings bank and he can stay there till he's cured."

Diane jumped up and kissed her again. "Maggie, I'm not good enough to deserve you, and neither is anybody else! But it's all right." She pretended to be reading the note from Phil Lamond which had come with the flowers, so that she would not have to look into those honest blue eyes while she talked. "I saw the lawyer in New York. I guess it's a mistake about our aunt's will. At any rate, we've plenty of funds now."

"I thought maybe something like that had happened when you wrote me you were taking him to the mountains. But if he should be wrong it needn't matter."

Diane crumpled an envelope into a ball and threw it vehemently into the blaze. It was almost harder to lie to Maggie than it had been to deceive her brother.

"Oh, and we'll need Julia back," she said, determined to have it all over as soon as possible.

"I'm afraid she won't be able to come. She was here today to get an old cape she'd forgotten and she told me she was going to take a place with a new bachelor congressman."

"Jeremiah Cross," said Diane aloud. An unpleasant feeling followed this deduction. She tried to reassure herself as she looked through the remaining letters and invitations, but although she reflected that there was no reason in the world why she

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

should be uneasy because her former cook was now in Cross' household, when she finally turned off the lights and went upstairs to bed she was still conscious of an undefined fear. Before she was awake the next morning the maid knocked at her door.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you for anything, Miss Diane, but there's a man here from the telephone company who says you've ordered a new telephone put in. I told him one phone was enough of a nuisance for you, but he wouldn't go away."

"Oh, good gracious!" Diane sat up, yawning. "Oh, yes, that must be the one my lawyer wants put in, so he can talk to me about the estate," She knew that she sounded too glib, but she hoped Maggie would think it was the result of her sleepiness. She reached for her dressing gown. "I'll go into the bathroom while he's in here. Tell him to put it on this table, on the opposite side of the bed from the other one. No one is ever to answer it but me, Maggie."

Maggie made no reply and Diane scurried from the room, feeling like a guilty child who runs from inevitable punishment.

By the time she had bathed and dressed, the workmen had departed and she returned to her room to find the new instrument installed. It seemed an innocuous enough mechanical affair in appearance, but as she gazed at it, unable to look away, she felt that it was a definitely sinister symbol of her new career. It took on a personality of its own, at whose mercy she was. In order to escape it she went downstairs and intercepted Maggie in the lower hall carrying her breakfast tray.

"I'll have it in the library," said Diane.

The windows were open and the fire had not yet been laid. She shivered as she picked up the morning newspapers and the two or three letters which the early post had brought in.

Then she lost herself in the long letter from Felix, written the day after her departure. Her coffee cooled as she read his humorous account of his new nurse and the description of a young man who had just arrived and who had canvassed the other invalids to find four experts at contract bridge before he had even chosen his room.

"We played after luncheon today," he ended, "lying on sofas like Roman emperors at feasts. Then he unpacked his trunkful of books—all of them either detective stories or the memoirs of famous sleuths. I can see he's going to be a great addition."

Diane handed the letter to Maggie when she had finished and opened the next envelope, on which her address was typewritten. She expected it to contain a bill, but to her surprise there was nothing inside it except a printed paragraph evidently clipped from the pages of a scurrilous magazine devoted to anonymous accounts of the socially prominent. She read:

> Old residents in the Capital have observed with a certain amount of amusement the way in which "blood will tell," as exemplified by a well-known beauty who has recently come back to this country after a long sojourn abroad. The blood in this case is of the best—on the maternal side it manifested itself in diplomacy, on the other in internal politics. Onlookers are wondering how much longer a certain bachelor, prominent in the State Department, will be able to resist these combined talents. Friends of the lovely blonde, however, maintain that it is she who is reluctant to exchange single blessedness for a bridal veil unless she can be assured of a big diplomatic plum in the very near future. Her Excellency the Ambassadress would be a title almost as alluring, it is said, as the one of princess which she almost secured six years ago.

She sat motionless.

"You haven't eaten a thing!" Maggie put down the pages she had been perusing and took the small coffeepot off the tray. "I'll heat this up for you."

Diane seethed with rage and chagrin. Out of her emotions there emerged finally a belief as clear as if she had before her every shred of evidence, that the person who had inspired this malice was Mrs. Elder!

She remembered now that Mrs. Elder had been in Paris at the time Dimitri had married the rich Mrs. Holbein. The announcement in the papers had been the first knowledge the girl herself had had of it. To be sure, she had gone everywhere—she could still see, as if it were yesterday, the very decorations of the ballroom where she had danced and laughed that night. But in some way Mrs. Elder must have found out that she had been engaged to Dimitri and he had unceremoniously thrown her over when their properties in Austria proved to be worthless. The interweaving of Phil's interest with the senator's must have been the immediate cause of her venom.

Diane drank the steaming coffee, her cheeks blazing. She would have her revenge on Mrs. Elder if she hung for it.

It would have been hard to connect the furiously indignant girl of that morning with the cool, assured young woman in pale green velvet who entered the Elders' drawing-room at ten minutes after eight that night. Diane herself, as she had given a final glance into the dressing-room mirror, had had a sense of unreality.

As she moved toward her hostess, a conspicuous figure in bright purple, with rhinestones outlining her low décolletage, she felt like the villainess in a cheap melodrama. Yet she smiled, she shook hands with her pompous host, she greeted the Secretary of State and his wife, then moved on to other friends, and not until she encountered Jeremiah Cross was she certain that she was not moving in a dream.

"You were very kind to wear my gardenias," he said.

"I love them," she answered. "They are my favorite flowers."

She was glad that Phil Lamond was late, as usual, for he too had sent gardenias, and just which ones Maggie had selected she was not sure.

She was relieved when Mrs. Procter interrupted them with her breathless greetings.

"I'm so glad you're back, my dear! I've missed you terribly. You know that nice man, Mr. Justinian, sent me a box of American Beauties as big as a hearse the day after my party. Wasn't it sweet of him? And all because I put him next you at dinner. But you didn't ask me to luncheon with him. Phil said he and that Ramos who was so crazy about you, too, met him there." She turned to Cross with an arch gesture. "Well, the competition seems to be getting stronger every day."

"So it seems," he answered dryly. He looked at Diane, then excused himself and went over to speak to someone else.

Mrs. Procter still stayed, chatting about all the events of the past two weeks, but although Diane seemed to listen and mechanically put in an appropriate phrase during the infrequent pauses, she was filled with annoyance. Why did people have to talk so much? How could words flow so unceasingly? It seemed to her that when Cross had left them he had withdrawn more than his physical presence. He had withdrawn his approbation, and she felt cold, as if a warm shawl had suddenly been snatched from her bare shoulders.

At last dinner was announced, and to her relief, Phil, the last arrival, came hurrying up to her.

"It's wonderful to have you back. And thank goodness, I'm going to take you in." As they entered the dining room he said, "You were sweet to wear my gardenias."

"I love them. They are my favorite flowers."

Then she found herself looking straight into the eyes of Jeremiah Cross, who was drawing out a chair for his partner. Diane sank into her place, farther down the table, relieved to hear Phil's voice going on and on, although she was unable to absorb a single word he uttered.

"You must be tired," he said after she had sent away the second course untasted. "I suppose the trip was pretty fatiguing. Tell me about Felix."

She described the mountain resort, purposely suppressing all the details which had affected her so unpleasantly. She embroidered the stories of the idiosyncrasies of the various patients and the hobbies they pursued until she made him laugh out loud.

"It sounds delightful," he said.

But even as he paid this tribute to her powers of narration she was remembering the woman who had died the night she left.

When the women returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Procter drew Diane into a chair beside her. The girl's restlessness increased, for their backs were turned to the rest of the party, and she particularly desired to observe Mrs. Elder's actions.

Never had the interval before the arrival of the men seemed so long. Never had the older woman's flow of conversation seemed so futile. Then finally Diane discovered that it had an inner coherence. She realized with a start of dismay that Mrs. Procter had also read the anonymous paragraph and was trying with elephantine tact to assure her that no one believed it.

"We all know that Phil is devoted to you," she said.

But it was more of a question than an assertion.

Diane made no answer. She could not tell even the most loyal of friends that Lamond had asked her at least a dozen times to marry him. She could not say that her refusals had been due not to uncertainty about his career but to his failure to produce in her any reaction of sentiment.

Misinterpreting her silence, the other rushed on: "Of course after a man's forty he may be too set in his ways to change, but as I told Lucy Elder and Nan Adriance at luncheon today, if he ever did decide not to be a bachelor you would be the one person he'd choose."

Diane said, "Are Lucy and Mrs. Adriance great friends?"

"They have been lately." Mrs. Procter turned so that she could see the other women. "They're sitting over in a corner now with their heads together."

"Hum," Diane thought. "That means the senator's not sure of the appointment yet. Lucy is using what Mrs. Adriance calls her 'influence.'" Beneath her interest in the intrigue that might be going on, her desire for retaliation deepened.

Fortunately the double doors into the dining room were flung open just then and the men came trooping in, throwing away their cigars and surveying the feminine scene with appraising eyes. Mrs. Elder rose and advanced toward them, while the other women moved apart rather like shy girls at a dance who hope for desirable partners but try to disguise their interest. To Diane this moment of inevitable awkwardness always seemed like the preliminary steps of a badly trained ballet.

The Secretary of State came up to her. "Let's go over here and talk." He indicated a sofa on the opposite side of the room.

When the reseating had been effected she noted that Mrs. Adriance had captured Phil, and her hostess was talking to Jeremiah Cross. She longed for a wireless by which she might intercept these two conversations.

Then she became aware that the secretary was engaged in discreet inquiry about her attitude toward Lamond. He praised the younger man's dependability, integrity and forthrightness of character.

"In my opinion he's the best type of man to represent our country abroad. First of all, he's had the necessary training for it. I agree with our foreign friends that diplomats of career are usually better equipped than appointed men out of other walks of life. In certain emergency situations the outside man may be a better choice, but ordinarily I believe in promoting men in the service. Then, in addition to Lamond's background of knowledge, and so on, he's got too much common sense to be swept off his feet by any amount of flattery or social propaganda in a foreign country. That's one of his most valuable assets. You'd be surprised—though perhaps you may have seen it yourself—how hoodwinked some of our diplomats have been, even in critical times, by the people in the countries where they're supposed to be representing America."

"Yes," she agreed, "it's the most insidious poison there is. For, of course, a man who's out of sympathy with the country he's in can't do his best. And if he feels too much sympathy for them he forgets what he's been sent for."

"Exactly. Now Philip would always steer the middle course. He'd neither antagonize nor be taken in. In fact, there's only one thing he needs to make him a perfect ambassador."

"And what is that?" she asked, though the twinkle in his eyes should have told her.

"A charming wife."

She felt herself blush. Not only was she overwhelmed by this tremendous compliment but it was balm to her harassed and humiliated spirit.

"A charming and intelligent wife—a woman who could entertain for him, who would understand his problems and who would be a credit to our country."

Her color deepened. It occurred to her that, stated in this way, the rôle of helpmate had more allure than she had supposed possible. She looked across at the vivacious widow who was talking so earnestly to Phil.

The secretary followed her gaze. He laughed. "And I don't mean Mrs. Adriance either."

"She's a very clever woman."

"Perhaps. She's too clever, to my way of thinking. She reminds me of something an old man said to my wife many years ago when I received my first public appointment. 'Always remember, my dear, that a charming woman is one who listens to politics, but never talks about them.'"

She wanted to ask him if this same criticism applied to Mrs. Elder, but she told instead an amusing story about a former colleague of the secretary who had declared that the only really indispensable equipment for the wife of a diplomat consisted of fish knives and pearls.

They chatted pleasantly until a movement at the end of the room indicated that departures had begun. "I suppose we've got to go," he said. "There's a Pan-American ball tonight. I wish I could have talked to you longer." Their hostess and his wife were approaching. As he told Diane good night he added, "I hope you'll think over my plan."

Mrs. Elder's dark eyes were alight with excitement and curiosity. After she had escorted the others to the door she returned quickly to the girl's side.

"Well, what have you two been conspiring about?"

"Oh, all manner of things." She smiled across at Phil, and to her relief he got up and came toward her. "The secretary's such fun to talk to."

"Fun!" said Mrs. Elder. "You wouldn't think so if you'd sat in my place at dinner. Why, he hardly said a word to me all during the meal."

"And that," said Diane to herself as she moved over to make place for the new arrival, "is exactly what I wanted to know!"

She could hardly wait to reach home, so eager was she to communicate this news to Justinian. She said good night to Phil at the door, then rushed upstairs. Maggie was sitting asleep in her room. Her spectacles had dropped off her nose and the book she had been reading had slipped to the floor.

Diane tiptoed about and was completely undressed before the maid awoke.

"Oh, goodness! I must have dozed off."

"Now go right to bed," the girl urged. "It's absurd of you to wait up for me anyway. I've hung up my clothes and put everything away."

"I'll open the window and turn out the lights."

She closed the door after her and Diane was left alone. She sat up in bed, switched on the lamp and put one hand on the telephone. Then she looked at the clock. It was half-past eleven. She waited until she heard Maggie's own door close before she picked up the receiver.

(Continued on Page 127)

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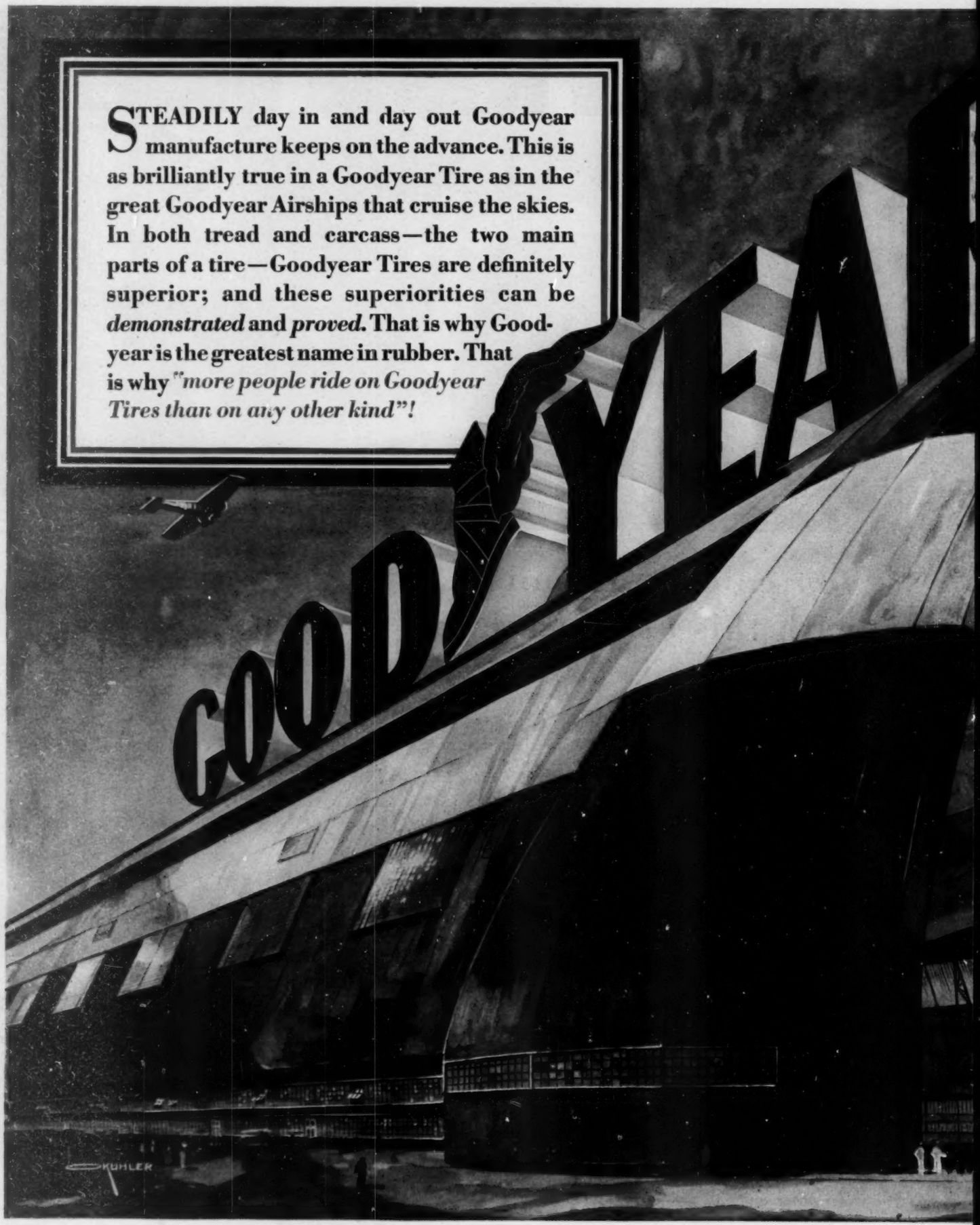
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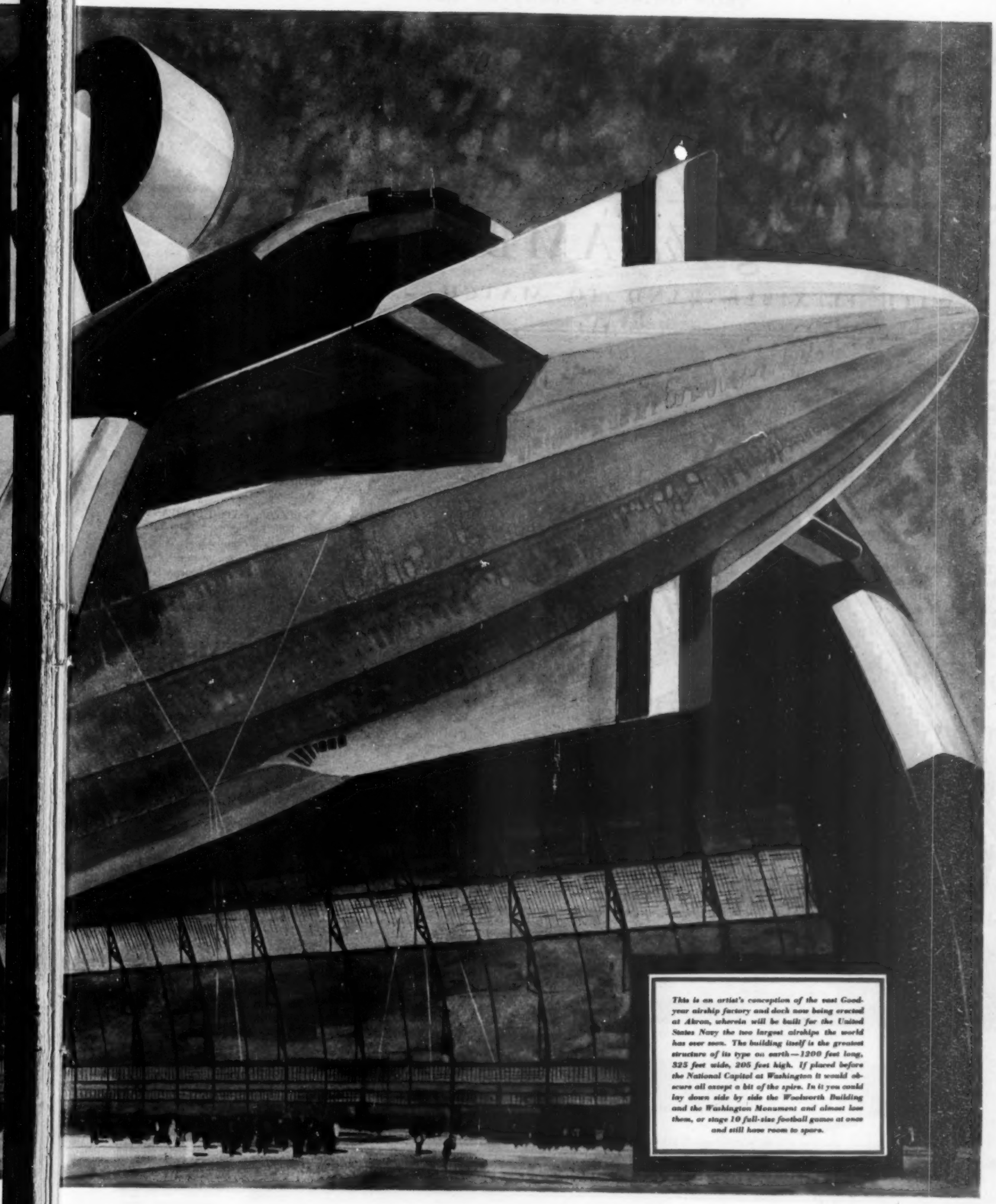

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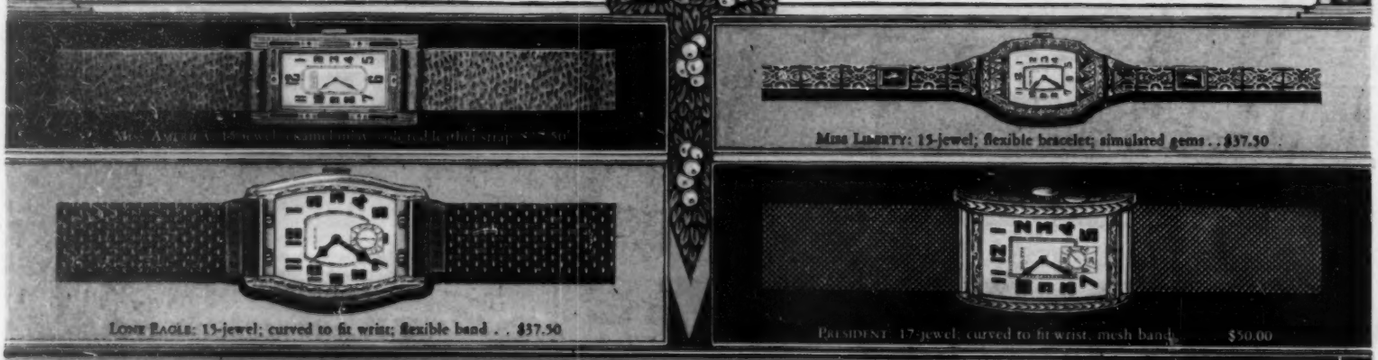

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AT THE BETTER JEWELERS · · EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 122)

"I want New York. Exchange 0777. . . . No, no name. Just call the number."

While she was waiting for the drowsy operator to put the call through, her elation diminished somewhat. To be sure, the evening had been a great success. Without resorting to any guile, she had got the very information she wanted. Moreover, Lucy Elder had given it to her through sheer pique and annoyance. She took up the names on her guest list, which she had placed in the drawer of a table beside the bed. Yes, there it was—Mrs. Adriance, marked with a tiny period, which had been her means of secret identification when she had copied it that morning. They had talked together for some time after most of the others had gone and the widow had said she didn't see half enough of her. Well, that was progress in a way.

At the first sound of the telephone bell she answered.

"News so soon?" said Justinian.

"Yes." She chose her words carefully. "The senator's not going to get what he wants."

But instead of being pleased, he exclaimed: "That's bad luck—bad luck for us, I mean. Well, who is going?"

"I don't know." She was bitterly disappointed. Only a moment ago she had thought of herself as the most astute of secret ambassadors. Now she felt inadequate and futile. "I'm sorry."

"I suppose it can't be helped." He seemed to be debating whether to say more. Finally he began: "Listen. This is serious. We got word this morning from a real-estate agent who helps us out occasionally that the senator wants to rent his house furnished. He told him not to mention it to anyone for a while. So of course we jumped to the conclusion that he was going to get what he wanted, and we acted accordingly. Now, suppose you find out what it's all about. His term's not up, so it must have some significance. The sooner we get the information, the better."

"I'll do my best."

As if he feared he had been too disheartening, he added: "It's fine that you've set us right. If our deduction was wrong, it's a good thing to know it before more harm's done."

After he had hung up she sat perfectly still, assailed by self-doubt. Why had she assumed so quickly that just because the Secretary of State had not talked to Mrs. Elder her husband was not to be appointed? No, she told herself, she had more than that on which to base her conclusion. He would not have talked to her the way he had about Phil if he knew Elder was chosen. This particular embassy was the only vacancy among all the diplomatic posts. The more she thought of it the more certain she became that Justinian's information was wrong.

When finally she fell asleep she was still disturbed. But the last thought that flashed into her conscious mind had no connection with Mrs. Elder. She was wondering, unhappily, why Jeremiah Cross had avoided speaking to her all evening.

The next morning, before she had gone downstairs, Phil telephoned. The other instrument did not ring in her room, but she heard it through the open door into the hall.

After a long preliminary, in which he apologized for calling her so early, he said, "I wonder if you will go with me to that new night club they were talking about last night? Some of the youngsters are making up a party to go and dance there after the Whitneys' dinner tonight."

Her first impulse was to say that she wouldn't; then, as she realized that it was part of her job to do it, she accepted as graciously as she could.

"But good heavens, it means a new dress!" she said to Maggie, who came in just then. "I haven't anything I can wear to a place like that. My old dinner gowns are all too formal and too tight to dance in."

"There're some very pretty dresses at that new place on Connecticut Avenue. I saw them in the window as I passed yesterday."

"Maggie, you're the brains of this establishment! I'll stop in there on my way to lunch."

It was just twelve o'clock when Diane entered the small shop the maid had described. It had been a long time since she had bought any new clothes, and since she felt that she was only carrying out Reagan's businesslike instructions in doing so now, she found pleasure in it.

The colors of most of the frocks which the woman who owned the establishment showed her were too bright for the girl's taste. She selected two or three of paler tints and then went back to the fitting room to try them on.

On a large table she saw the most vivid assortment of brilliant orange and black sport dresses in thin materials, and chiffon evening costumes of scarlet and Nile green. The pile represented all the colors of Easter eggs. It seemed scarcely credible that one person could have chosen them all.

The proprietress picked up a thin wrap of deep blue and gold, "This is a very popular model for Southern wear," she said. "One of my customers who is going to the tropics for a few months has just selected it, together with these other new things."

Diane finally chose a short full frock of golden yellow, and when she had received assurance that it would be delivered that very afternoon she left the place and walked toward the hotel where she was to meet her luncheon party.

It was still a few minutes before one, so she loitered on the way, looking into show windows filled with flowers, antique furniture, Chinese porcelains, and just as she neared her destination she stopped, out of habit, to gaze into a shoe shop.

The door opened as she paused, and she had a glimpse of a man whose face was familiar, trying on a pair of aggressively white oxfords. The door closed again, but she realized that it was Senator Elder who was sitting there.

"Of course," she said to herself. "No one but Lucy would have bought those dresses. What a fool I was!"

She hurried into the lobby and went straight to the telephone booths. Not wanting to be overheard by the other people who were waiting for calls, she wrote Justinian's number on a slip of paper and handed it to the operator.

Just as the girl told her to go into Number 5, Diane thought that someone spoke her name, but she was too preoccupied with her errand to turn.

"They are going to the tropics for a few months," she said into the instrument when Justinian had answered. She tried to sound casual about her discovery, but in reality she was delighted. "It's the conference, you know."

"I thought we weren't going to send a delegate. This is very interesting indeed."

"I'm glad." Her voice was demure. "It's been kept a secret purposely, I suppose."

"Well, this more than makes up for our mistake of yesterday. You're fine! I never thought you'd get it so quickly!" His praise warmed her. "I'm sending down some information via our mutual friend G——" he said. "I think you'd find it an interesting problem; a little difficult maybe, but you can do it I'm sure."

"I'll try." She felt equal to anything now.

As she paid for the call and hastened into the reception room she thought: "And if Lucy Elder didn't have such poisonous taste in clothes I'd never have found it out."

She smiled as she passed a mirror and saw her reflected image. Surely no one of all the men and women who were standing around here would dream that anyone who looked so innocently worldly, so conventionally smart, could be in reality an arch conspirator.

Suddenly she remembered the slip of paper she had given the young woman at the telephone. It might be just as well to destroy it. She retraced her steps.

"I wrote out a number for you when I made my New York call," she said to the haughty brunette who had effected the operation. "I'd like to have it, please."

The girl looked up, the hand which held a red brass plug poised in mid-air. Then she jammed it into a lighted hole on the switchboard.

"Oh, I gave that to the gentleman who said he was with you," she answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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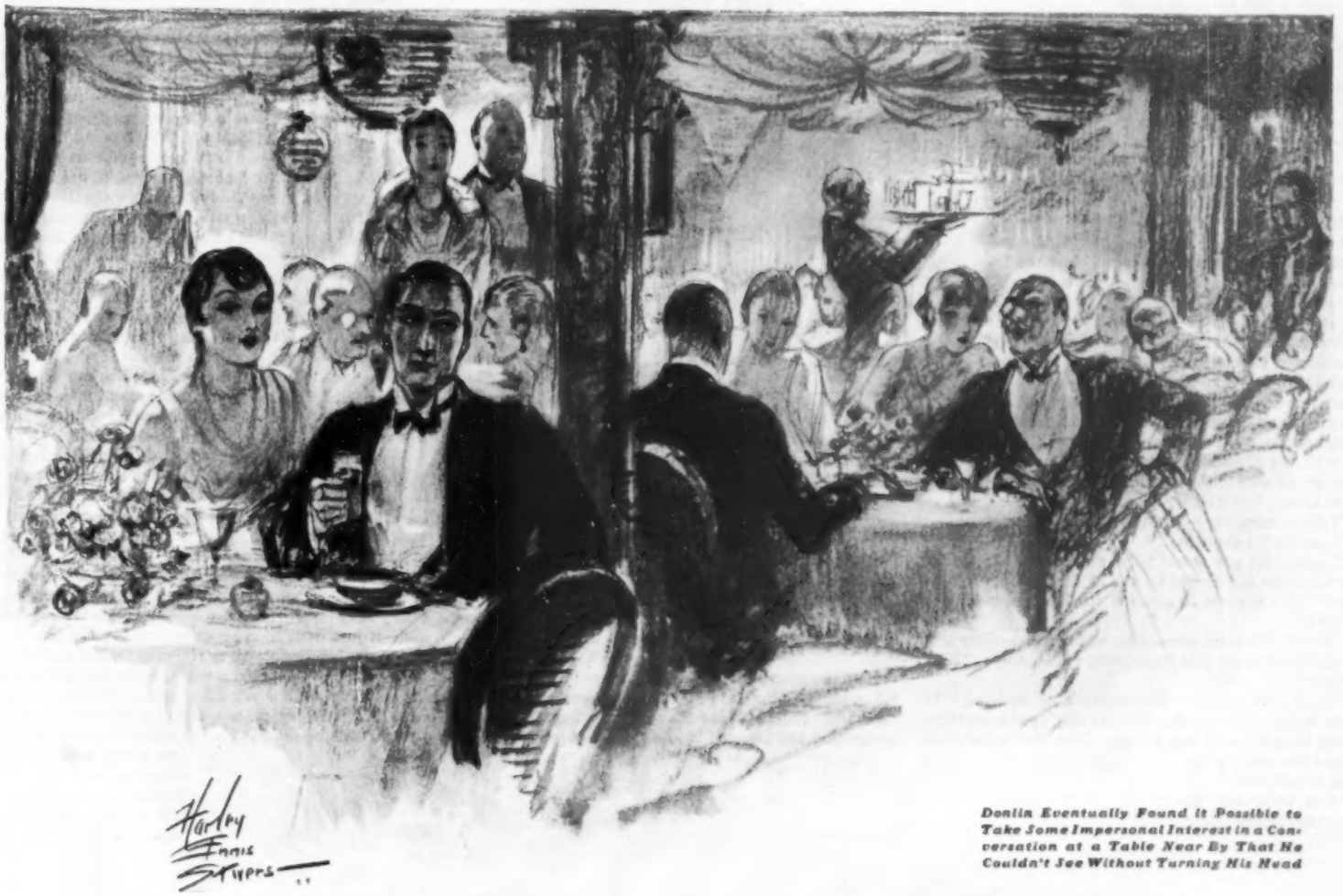
THE FLASH

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS



Donlin Eventually Found It Possible to Take Some Impersonal Interest in a Conversation at a Table Near By That He Couldn't See Without Turning His Head

DONLIN walked into this story one sultry night that summer, through the doors of the old Dump, where a good many untold tales of his time got their start. The Double Eagle was the title its white lights blazed to midtown, but to the regulars—until the courts plastered it with padlocks—it was just the Dump, roughest all-night joint this side the Loop, and the busiest. Park Avenue packed it till the walls bulged all winter long, and for no reason at all except that the show was fierce, the liquor poison, the food simply cynical, and the bulk of the crowd just mob—mobsmen, their molls, and their friends, the enemy from downtown. It was glad to have the high-hat trade, of course, but the Dump's real function in the urban organism was a dual one—that of central to the underground, the wireless ticker service of Queer Street, and crime exchange, where crooks could get together and canvass the sucker crop and swap lines on one another's rackets. Donlin called it the Cheat Pit.

This was during Donlin's first week out of secret-service harness, and the sense of freedom irked his back as the red-flannel underwear of his boyhood used to on the early edge of every winter.

He couldn't seem to settle down to the new order in the knowledge that, next time the dragnet took in his mob or some dick invited him to step downtown for a nice long talk, there would be no power in the background watching out for Stacey Donlin, ready to cover him if the pinch got too tight or it turned out someone was trying to job him.

Donlin had put in so many years existing shiftily as a crook among crooks that he found it hard to conceive of any other way to make an honest living, had thought so long as a crook thinks, because that was the only way he knew to beat a crook to his conclusions, that work, in the sense of drudging for a weekly wage, was still a remote and in many ways a fantastic abstraction to him. He hadn't sent in his resignation because he was tired of the service so much as because it was all at once either that or a dose of lead in the back some night. The grifters in the Narcotic Division had tumbled at last to his identity with the source of the private reports which had so long been cramping their style, putting it up to Donlin to choose between two ways of making his exit from the service—head or feet first—and he now acutely needed to know whether those crooks were satisfied with his scalp or wanted his blood to boot. One whisper from them, Donlin reflected as he drifted into the Dump to listen in on the underground, and any attempt to fill another job in this country would be much the same thing as staking a claim to a six-by-four plot in Arlington and filing a requisition for a headstone lettered:

STACEY DONLIN
2ND LIEUT. G-2 B.—G. H. Q., A. E. F. 1918-19
BORN. . . . 1895
MURDERED. . . . 192—

Donlin knew just where to look for the one man who would be sure to know what, if anything, "they" were saying about the show Stace Donlin stood of keeping his health; and his first blink of the garish, stuffy, overcrowded little room marked Schwartzstein on his regular ringside throne, flanked by his faithful bodyguard, an ex-middleweight title holder and a quick-firing gunman.

Leonard Schwartzstein was at that period winding up a notorious record as czar of all the racketeers—a man approaching middle age, with a fat, soft, bleached face and rather prominent, glassy, pale eyes. These passed on Donlin as he hung at shy gaze in the entrance, without a glimmer of interest or even recognition.

Donlin didn't mind. He liked to believe he was a guy easy to overlook in a crowd and, left to himself, would seep through almost any scene as vaguely as a puff of smoke through a woodland aisle. He knew, however, that nobody ever entered a room where Schwartzstein was, unobserved by those eyes of a dead fish; and having been in small ways useful to Schwartzstein on more than one occasion, he felt fairly confident that if the dirty, cheating skunk had anything to tell him he would get the office in good season.

Fortunately Donlin could count any number of acquaintances in the crowd; and nobody was going to think it funny if he should kill a couple of hours making a round of the tables at which he was welcome. A trick of his which ordinarily paid dividends—that of lending one ear to whatever might be addressed to him directly and with the other hearing everything uttered within its range, though not intended for it—he practiced this time without eavesdropping anything that bore on the fate of Stacey Donlin.

As the night wore on without sign from Schwartzstein, the itch of anxiety so abated that Donlin eventually found it possible to take some impersonal interest in a conversation at a table near by that he couldn't see without turning his head.

One of the voices was a woman's, a warm but rough contralto that he ought to know but couldn't at the moment place; a more pleasing voice than most of the women who frequented the Dump could produce, but too much at ease in its idiom to be an alien's. The other was an Englishman's. Or that was as good a guess as any.

Donlin had spent part of his war time in England, and as one result plumed himself on being able to tell as soon as an Englishman opened his mouth what part of the island he hailed from. Tonight for once, however, Donlin was obliged to own this knack at fault. The speaker struck pretty much the tune of a public-school man, but his "county" wasn't at all clear; there was some Anzac tang to be distinguished, making it seem likely that this one had lived more than a few years in Australia or New Zealand; but a fine, elusive undertone haunted his inflections like the ghost of stranger antecedents.

"It's fairly got the wind up me, my dear. More I think of it, less I make of it. Only thing I'm ready to swear to is either that chap's barmy or I am."

"Better change your bootlegger, old thing," Donlin heard him dryly advised. "Or consult an oculist."

"I thought of that, you know. Said to myself: 'See here, old boy, you're seein' things; either that or something's wrong with your glasses.'"

"Too many of 'em."

"I was referrin' to my binocular." Donlin thought this patient correction almost too thick to be true to any type of Briton but that whose sole habitat is the American theater. "You'll laugh when I tell you I was so taken

aback I actually staggered off and found another pair to check the first by. And when it did—well, I knew then it was the horrors at last, or else I was watchin' a lunatic at settin'-up drill."

"I suppose even a cuckoo's got a right to keep fit. Why begrudge a goof his daily dozen?"

"I mean to say, that must be the explanation. There couldn't be any other, could there?"

"Don't ask me. I might be mean enough to tell you."

"But I saw what I saw, you know; I'm not spoofin'. I took one squint through the second pair and popped off to get a whisky-and-soda."

"You would."

"First I'd had all day, dear thing—and I needed it. Think how you'd feel if you were innocently whilin' time away with your trusty binocular, simply glancin' hither and yon, admirin' the great outdoors and what not, and all at once you happened to bring it to bear on a window high up in one of these swanky blocks of flats you Americans are so proud of, and saw Charlie Chaplin standin' in it and treatin' himself to a busman's holiday!" The woman gave a brief laugh and the man proceeded with new earnestness: "Give you my word! There was this beggar, standin' square in the window with the sun beatin' in on him like fun, and no clothes on at all except shorts, a red necktie, dark gloves and, to top it all off with the absolute limit, a black bowler, and goin' through no end of the uncanniest calisthenics. . . . I mean to say, how would you feel?"

"Like phoning for a cot in the psychopathic ward."

"You don't believe me!"

"Listen: No guy would tell a girl a story like that on himself unless he believed it. . . . Oh, I believe you, all right." Her next words struck a troubled note: "I wish I didn't!"

"Why?" The man pressed for an immediate reply with a pulse in his voice that, to Donlin, told a story. "Why, Teddy?"

"Oh, I don't know!" The uneasy note repeated. "It seems a pity, sort of, a man like you that's got everything, letting himself go the way you do. I bet there hasn't been a night this week you've gone to bed sober."

"You know how to put a stop to that, dear girl."

"Just Take Down the Numbers I Call, Please. Ready?"

"Yeh, I know. That's what you keep telling me. But I always say a fellow who hasn't got self-respect enough to straighten out for his own sake won't ever do it for any woman."

"That's not quite fair, you know. You don't understand."

"'Course I don't. I'm only a woman. Besides, I'm too young to. That's a good gag!" Her laugh was this time not only curt but bitter. "I've told you about myself, Tim; you can't ever say I kept anything back that mattered. Oh, sure, there's a lot I don't savvy—an awful lot—about men in love and men in liquor. All I ask is that you won't try to tell it to me. I'm too dumb to take it in."

Here the young woman became aware of a shadow that fell on the tablecloth at which she was lowering, and looked up sharply to find Donlin standing over her, as if sudden recognition had arrested him in the act of passing.

"Why, Stacey Donlin!" Her face lighted prettily to his diffident smile, a hand darted impulsively out to detain him. "Hello, there!"

"'Lo, kid." Donlin sounded, as usual, rather husky and shy. "Been away, haven't you? When'd you get back?"

"Nearly a month ago. Meet my friend Mr. Kendal."

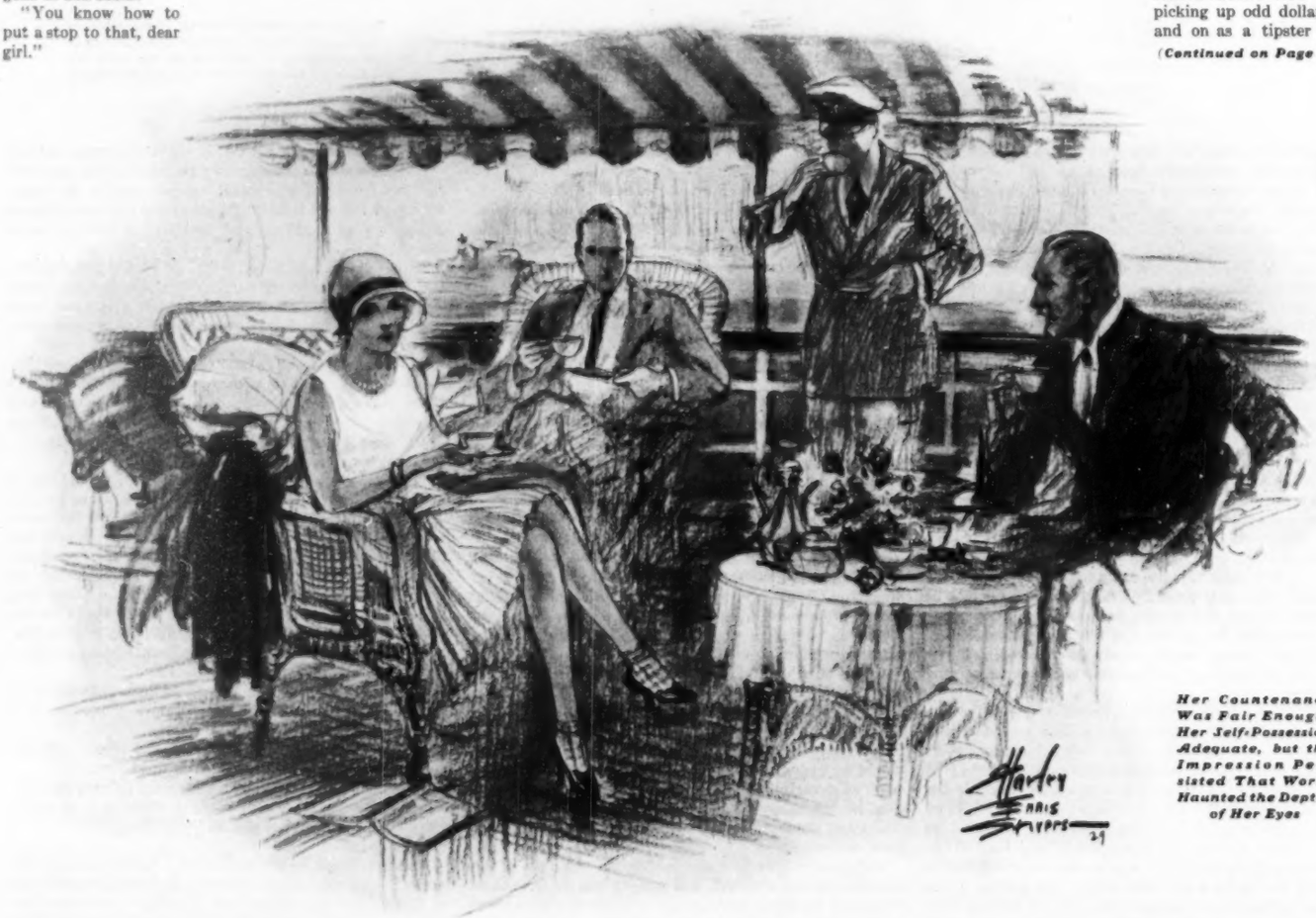
Her friend Mr. Kendal would have cut an upstanding figure on any stage, carried his heft and inches easily and looked surprisingly, in view of the young woman's strictures, in the pink. He had lived out under the sun a lot, the slate-gray eyes in his weathered mask had the steady cast of eyes at home with flowing horizons, but he was beyond doubt as happy in a dinner jacket and hard-boiled British linen as he would have been in oilskins or a Mackinaw. The hand which he got up to extend was firm if the pins he got upon were wabbly. Donlin knew the type that drink takes that way, a ticklish type to get gay with—knows what it wants and will have it, as a rule, though hell pops.

Donlin was thus less mystified than he might have been. The girl was manifestly finding her Britisher a bit too much for her; that almost gushing welcome had merely been her way of signaling an S O S in the hope that mob freemasonry would prompt Donlin to respond.

He accordingly sat down, accepted a dry ginger ale which Kendal fortified from a noble flask, made the good-natured noises which the circumstances called for, and rummaged his memory for data on this Teddy.

She worked under the name of Teddy Claire. Her mother had been Daisy O'Day, long a headliner on the Orpheum Circuit, and her father a Western race-track follower named Halloran. You couldn't blame the girl for wanting that forgotten. Her old man had done a stretch in San Quentin—for murder, as memory served—'way back when the century was young, but after two or three years had been pardoned out and found Daisy waiting to marry him. Daisy had been his girl before the conviction and—it just went to show there were women like that—had given her best years to Halloran, and it hadn't done either of them any good. San Quentin turned Halloran out a stir bug, and stir bugs never come back. Daisy had gone on working to take care of him till her draft in the big time petered out and she was glad to catch broken weeks in the four-a-day, while Halloran stalled around New York, picking up odd dollars off and on as a tipster or a

(Continued on Page 221)



Her Countenance Was Fair Enough, Her Self-Possession Adequate, but the Impression Persisted That Worry Haunted the Depths of Her Eyes

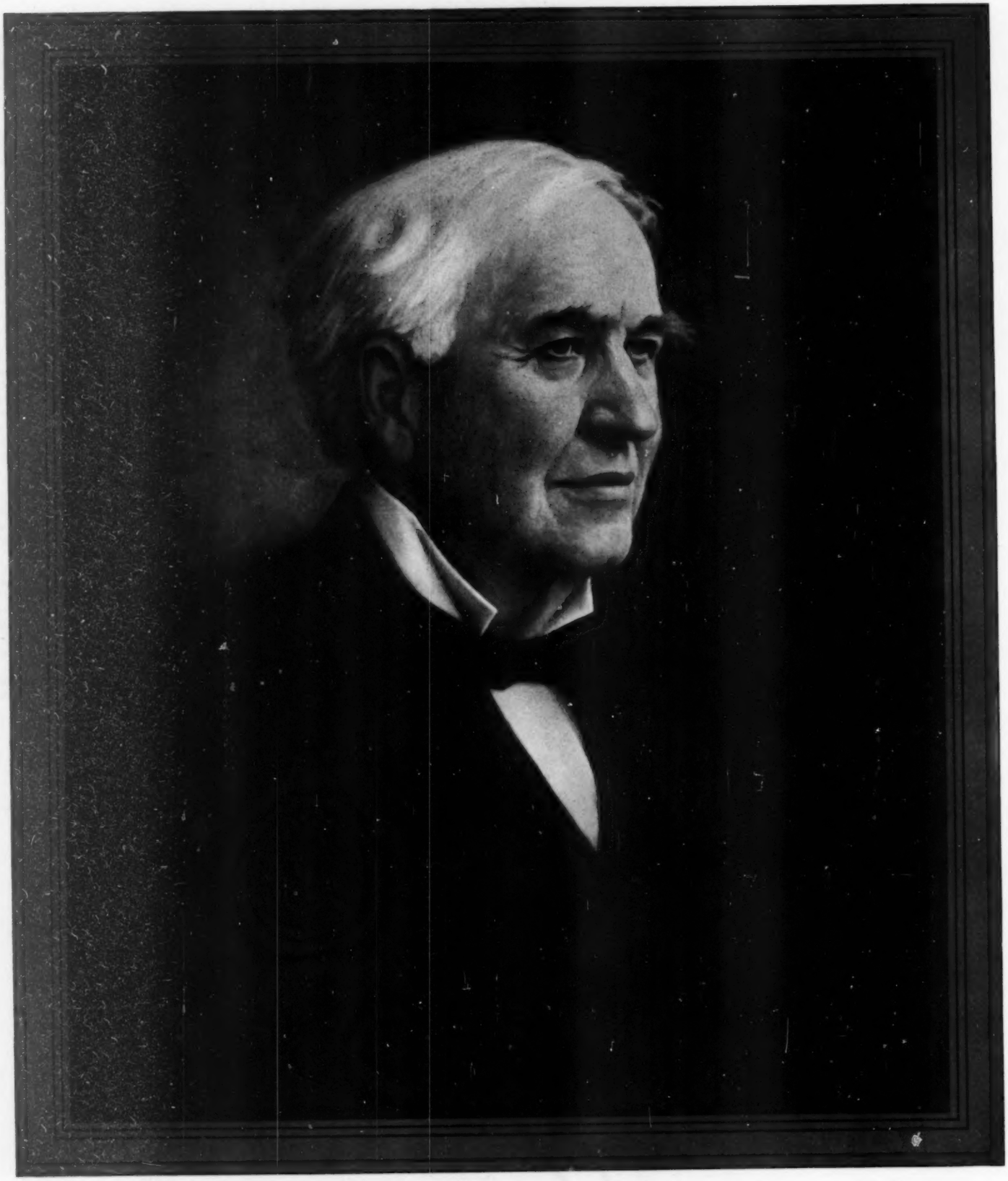
TO CELEBRATE THE FIFTIETH YEAR

OF THE GREAT MODERN AGE OF LIGHT

AND PAY TRIBUTE TO ITS FOUNDER

LIGHT'S GOLDEN *Jubilee*

OCTOBER 21, 1929



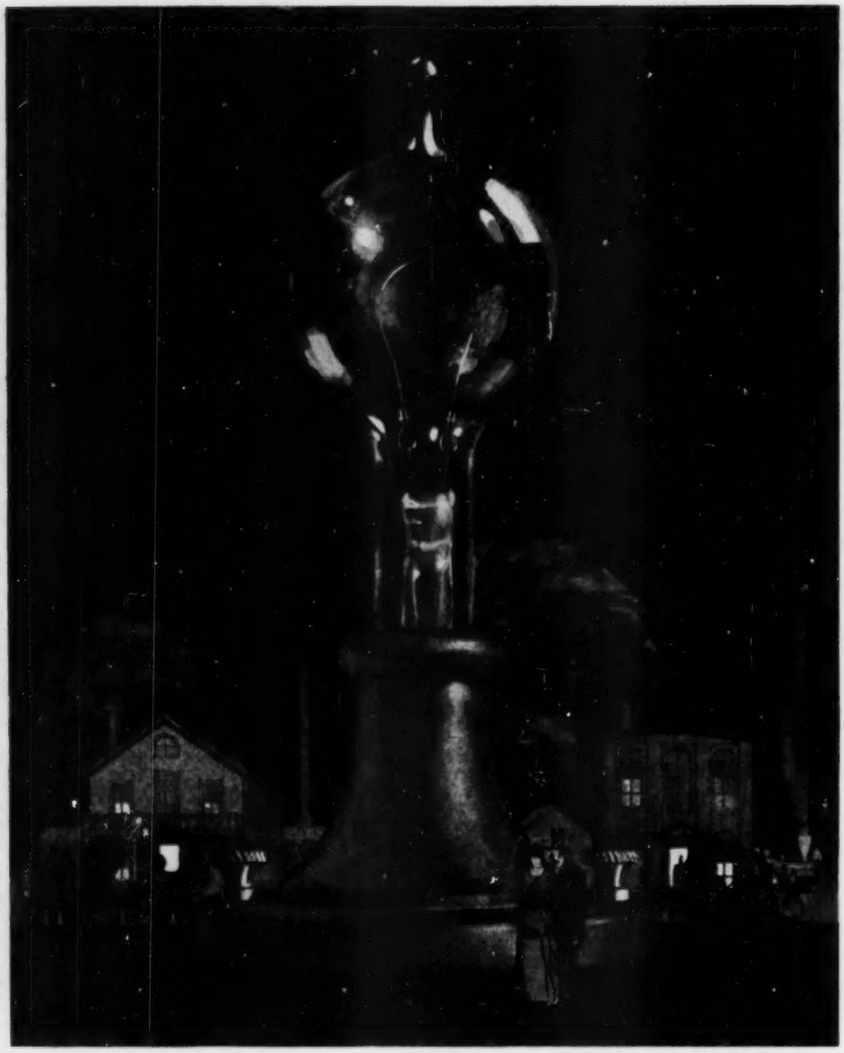
THOMAS A. EDISON

IT is given to few men to look back over the span of 50 years and see with mortal eyes the blessings their genius has showered upon a grateful people . . . rarely is it possible for a grateful people to express to a living man their appreciation of his gifts and accord him those simple, friendly tributes which are beyond all bronze and beyond all marble.

Light's Golden Jubilee is that sort of tribute to Thomas Alva Edison. Though his life is filled to overflowing with contributions to the public good, he will always be best remembered and best loved as the Father of the Incandescent lamp.

Light's Golden Jubilee is but an opportunity for the world at large to stand beside the man whose genius made possible a world forever free of darkness . . . a world of increasing productivity . . . a world of growing comfort, of expanding safety and improving health and consider with him what fifty years have wrought.

The Miracle of 1879

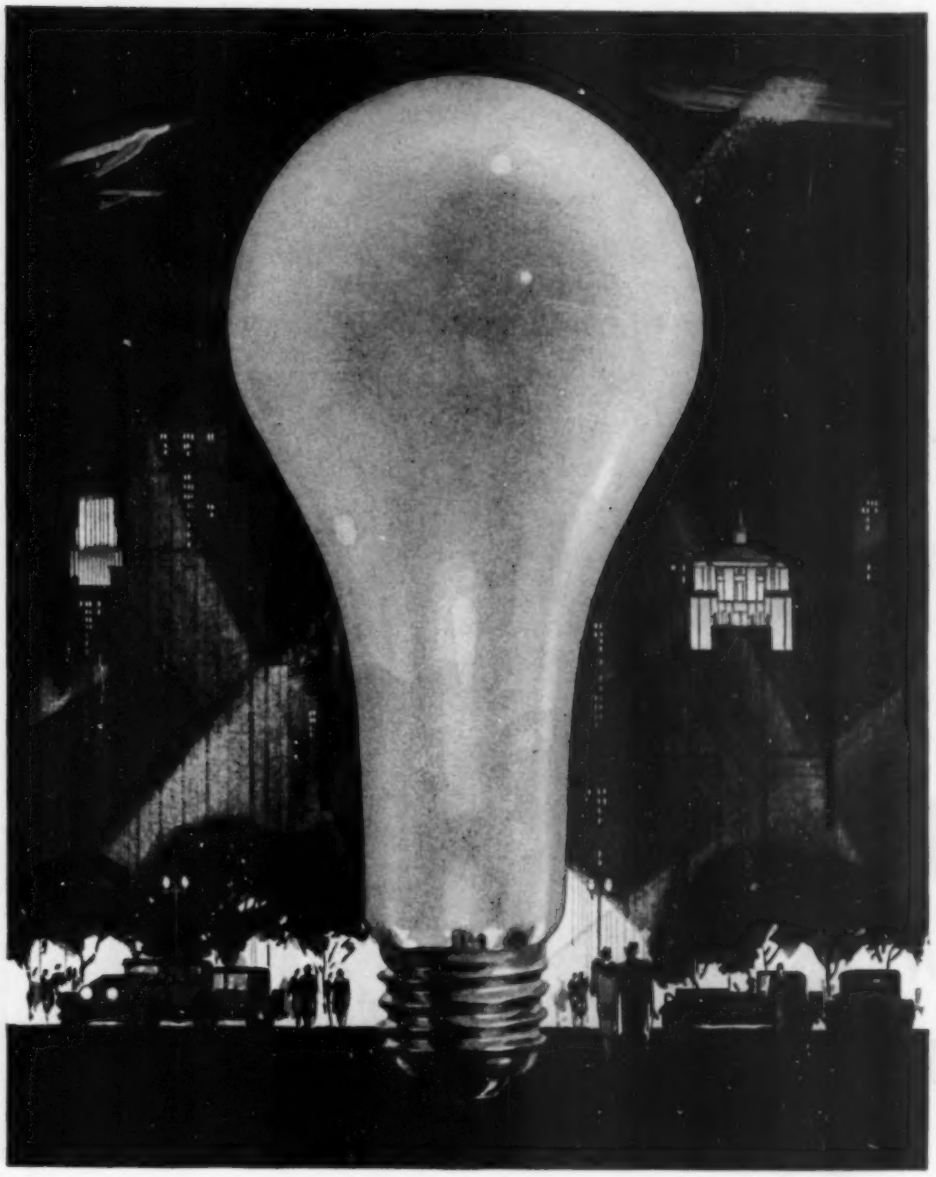


THE miracle lamp of 1879 burned steadily for over forty hours before it failed. Into it Edison and his little group of tireless workers had put thirteen months of ceaseless labor and over $40,000 in money. But in dying, it definitely established a principle which in a few weeks was to startle a world filled with smoking oil lamps and guttering candles.

When Edison, by substituting paper for sewing thread as a filament, obtained a lamp which would burn for several hundred hours, his lamp became a commercial success. Crowds came out to see Menlo Park and to see this miracle lamp which "Frank Leslie's" described as ". . . a bright beautiful light, like the mellow sunshine of an Italian Autumn."

The Pennsylvania Railroad had to run special trains to accommodate the crowds. ". . . Incredible as it may appear," prefaced most of the editorial comment of the day. Learned skeptics hooted.

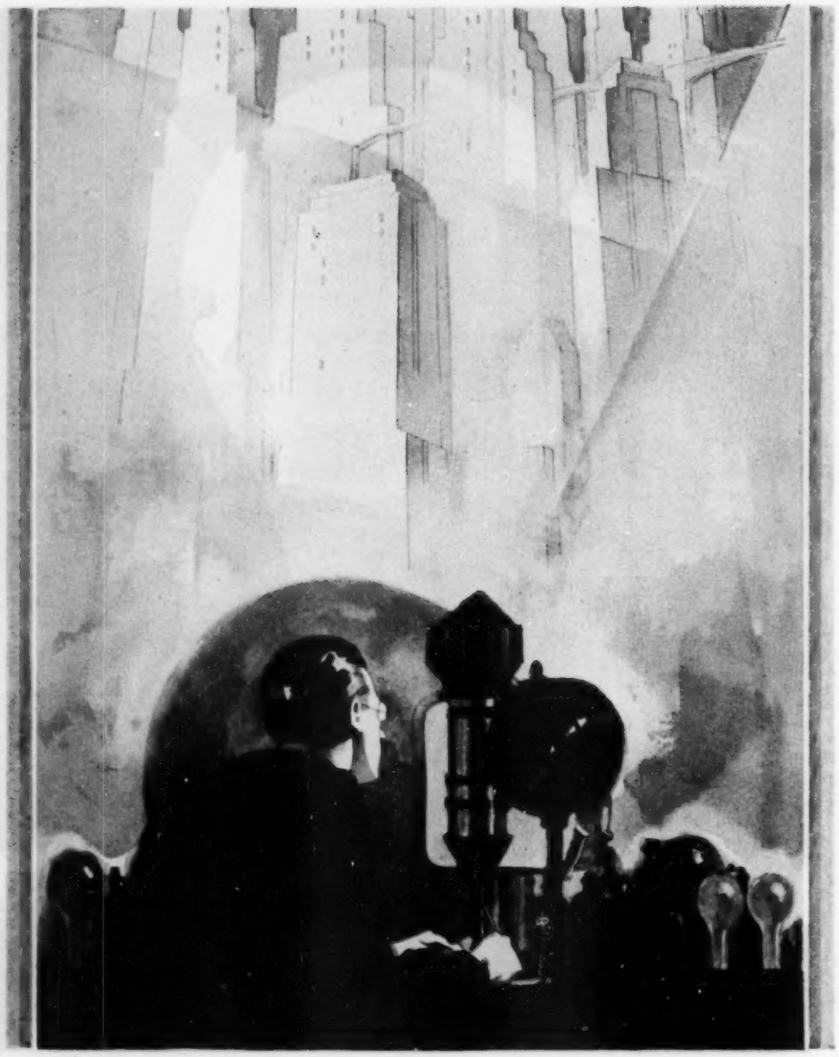
In this age of miracles it is hard to imagine trainloads of people going to see an



The Miracle of 1929

electric lamp burn. Yet it is infinitely more difficult to envisage the world of today without the modern Mazda lamp. A world without the great moving fingers which guide our flying argosies to safety; a world without safety and comfort for the motorist at night; a world without the sparkling jewels which blaze our advertising messages through the sky; a world of shadow-ridden homes; a world without the prosperity and productivity which Mazda Research has definitely given to industry; a world without pocket flashlights—electrically lighted medical instruments—beautiful stage effects—safe streets and the millions of miniature Mazda lamps which light the world's Christmas.

What a feeble bit of imagery Aladdin's lamp becomes in comparison with the modern Mazda lamp; what palaces and splendors could his lamp conjure up in comparison with the riches of every kind, scientific lighting has bestowed upon the entire world! What genii could he summon to compare with Edison whose miracle of 1879 made possible the lighting miracles of 1929?



MAZDA
the mark of a research service.

THE spirit which pervaded the little wooden laboratory of Thomas Edison at Menlo Park, N. J., in 1879 still lives—a vital, inspiring force in one of the greatest research laboratories in the world.

Mazda is the mark of this research service. The manufacturer who receives its benefits has at his command all the essential facts to produce the best lamp for a given purpose, which scientific knowledge and manufacturing skill can produce.

The Mazda lamp today is the result of this service. Correctly designed, of the best materials yet developed, manufactured by processes which are the result of the world-wide research, Mazda lamps give the purchaser a quality of light, a uniformity of life and beauty undreamed of fifty years ago. But even more than all this, Mazda Research enables the country as a whole to enjoy three times as much light for the same money as it did less than twenty years ago when Mazda Service was first inaugurated—a saving for the people of America amounting to $4,000,000 a day!

But the Mazda trademark has still a third significance for the lamp buyer. A thorough and comprehensive inspection system in every Mazda lamp factory is conducted as a Mazda Service activity by a disinterested and highly skilled agency—the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New York, operating under the general supervision of Mazda Research. Thus, the high standards of Mazda quality are maintained.

Today the consumer who purchases a Mazda lamp, whether it is an Edison Mazda Lamp, a National Mazda Lamp or a Westinghouse Mazda Lamp, is availing himself of the latest in lamp achievement. He is receiving the benefits of a service which is being carried on every day in behalf of the users of electric light with the same untiring zeal which characterized Thomas Edison and his little group of tireless workers at Menlo Park in 1879.

Mazda safeguards the Edison traditions.

Acme plant of The Toledo Edison Company, one of over sixty Cities Service public utilities subsidiaries

Two boys from Ohio whose dreams came true

EDISON, seventy years ago, at the age of 12, began his career as a train newsboy. Some years later another Ohio boy, Henry L. Doherty, at the age of 12, got his first job as an office boy in a utility company.

Both these Ohio boys were dreamers—they had visions of great accomplishments: inventions, discoveries that would enrich the world and themselves.

Edison's greatest invention—the incandescent lamp—had just been announced to the world when young Doherty went into the lighting business in Columbus, Ohio. Here was an inspiration to the office boy who was dreaming of great things.

Among the many organizations that have carried Edison's light across the country, one of the largest is that conceived by Henry L. Doherty—the group of public utility enterprises controlled by Cities Service Company.

Following the trail that was blazed by Edison, the Cities Service organization has grown to be nation-wide, serving more than 4,000 communities, and with total assets of more than $900,000,000.

To aid in the expansion of its public utility activities and other enterprises in this and foreign countries, Cities Service employs capital which comes from more than 500,000 investors, the second largest group of security owners in the world.

Cities Service assets place it among the ten largest industrial enterprises in the country. The organization is one of the many industrial achievements of modern America that owe their inspiration to the genius of the greatest of American inventors—Thomas Alva Edison.

Light and civilization have always gone hand in hand. Today, when we are all honoring the name of Edison, the country that gave him to the world is proud of the fact that it is the best lighted country in the world.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

60 Wall Street, New York

Light *to be Joyful!*

The birthplace of Thomas Alva Edison, Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847

WHEN Thomas Alva Edison gave the first practical incandescent lamp to the world he added safety to festivity and brilliance to gaiety.

Dripping colored candles, their flames lurching hungrily toward tinder-like pine needles at Christmas time . . . Japanese lanterns dropping like blazing meteors as the night breeze of summer swung tissue paper to flame . . . Smoking oil lamps, grim danger lurking behind their shiny reflectors . . . All have gone to that limbo where rest the torch and the blazing pyre.

Nineteen twenty-nine salutes eighteen seventy-nine with Noma Color Lights. In complete *safely. Beautifully. Modernly.* Because each light is a perfect little MAZDA lamp, the product of one of the greatest research laboratories in the world . . . A laboratory whose spirit and inspiration go back to Thomas Edison and his little band of tireless workers at Menlo Park in seventy-nine. *Economically.* Because, like the larger MAZDA lamps, the lamp filament is tungsten instead of carbon.

Each year some fifty million of these miniature MAZDA lamps are adding to the country's cheer. Each year many new and novel ways are being discovered to celebrate with light. What greater tribute can be paid to any man than to say that he is directly responsible, not only for world-wide comfort, world-wide health and world-wide productivity, but for the removal—forever—of the dangers of being joyful.

NOMA ELECTRIC CORPORATION

340 Hudson Street, New York City

Light
for Better Living

THE perfected incandescent lamp of Thomas A. Edison did not wait long to begin its contribution to better living. A few short months later, the first electric light fixture was installed in the home of Mr. F. R. Upton at Menlo Park, New Jersey.

This fixture—it was called an electrolier—came into being when the world thought of artificial light only as a poor imitation of daylight, a weapon to pierce the gloom and to fight off clutching shadows.

Today—at the moment of Light's Golden Jubilee—Lightolier is a glowing example of the progress toward better living which took its impetus from Thomas A. Edison's invention. In over 1,630,000 homes Lightoliers are controlling the rays of modern lamps so that light becomes an artist painting interiors in tones as soft as rain-water; a magician caressing rugs and furniture into new beauty; a master musician creating restful harmonies in every room of the home; a kindly physician guarding children and adults from eyestrain, nervousness, and the many other ill effects of glaring or insufficient light.

For good lighting today is more than the development of an invention—it is a distinct art. The new Lightolier booklet, "Art in Lighting," illustrates the heights of beauty and utility to which light has risen since that memorable day of fifty years ago. This attractive booklet, illustrated in color, will be helpful to those planning to decorate new homes, or re-decorate old ones. It is free for the asking.

Lightolier dealers in thousands of cities and towns are featuring light for better living. Consult them. Lightolier fixtures, in homes from coast to coast, will honor Thomas Alva Edison with light on October 21st, 1929—light that confers beauty and charm on the home—comfort and health on the family—not only for that day, but for many long years to come. Join them. Let Lightolier give you light for better living.

LIGHTOLIER COMPANY

569 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Making electric light *more usable* for the individual

NOT so long ago electric light was made for the room — the chandelier or wall bracket — a fixture in fact as in name, immovable as the mantelpiece.

When the old-fashioned table lamp took its place on the center table and cast its encircling rays to the group around it, electric light became a family affair.

And now electric light is made more usable for the *individual* — for the BUSS Light is a light of your own to use as you like — portable, convertible, adjustable. Not a light for the room or even for the family — but for you.

The BUSS Light twists and turns for you instead of you having to twist and squirm for it. You get comfortable, and the BUSS Light brings this modern sunshine of electric light to you just as you need it.

A BUSS Light is flexible — it can be twisted to any position to suit comfort and convenience. The lamp bends to any angle on a patent ball joint and the shade tilts to cast the light in any direction.

But the BUSS Light is more than an adjustable stand lamp. A simple twist of the wrist twirls out a base plate to form a clamp that clasps on bed or chair. Or the BUSS Light hangs by a slot in the base to make a handy wall lamp. Wherever individual light is needed the BUSS will fit.

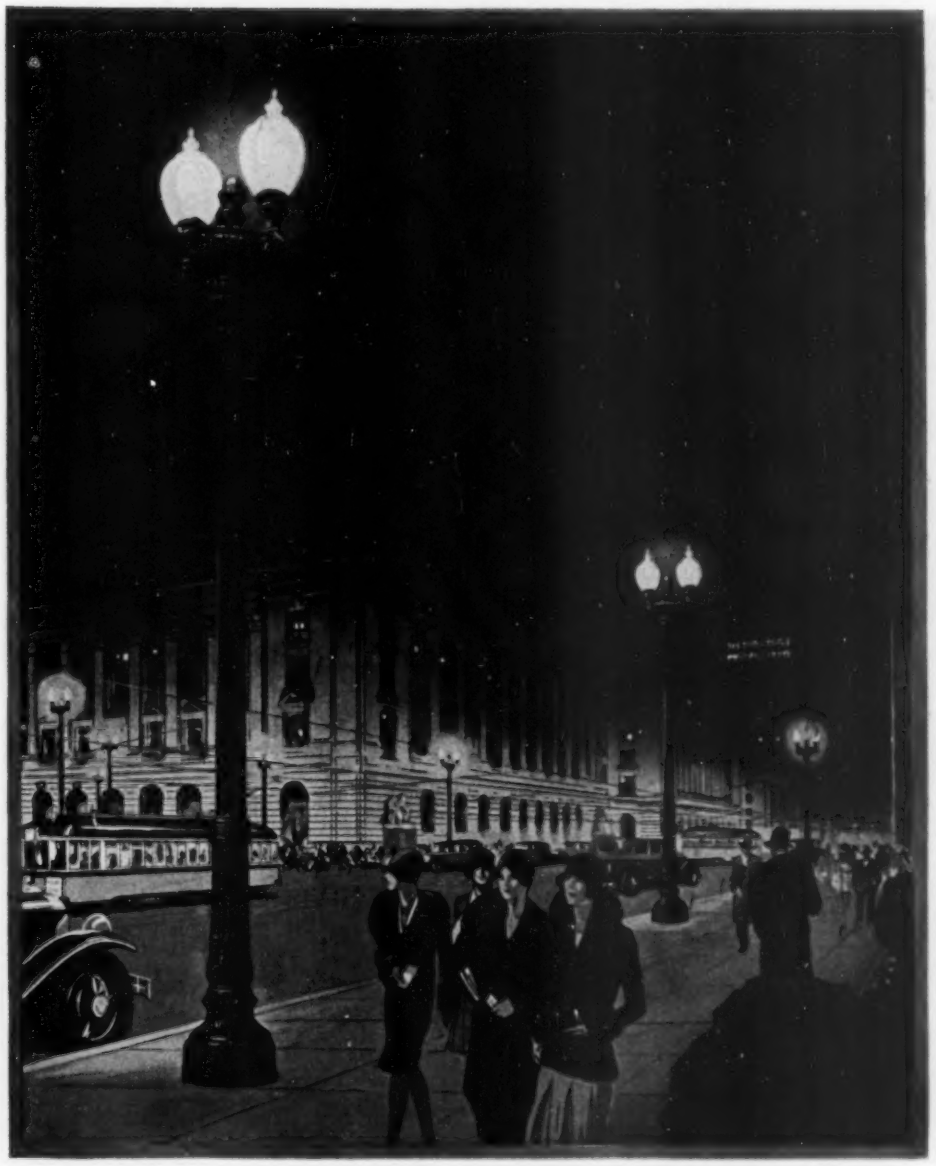
There are seven different models to choose from — all alike in size and mechanical features. The bases are made in Ivory or Bronze metal with decorated metal or translucent parchment-type shades in interesting colorful designs.

The remarkably low price of $3 has put these charming useful little lamps within the reach of everybody.

If this handy little light could speak, it, too, would pay tribute to the Wizard of Menlo Park, for even the BUSS Light owes its existence to the magic of electric light.

BUSSMANN MANUFACTURING CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Makers of BUSS Lights, and BUSS Fuses for Home, Automobile, and Industrial Use.



Superior Ave., at Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. Union Metal Lighting Standards Design No. 4237

Life-saving *with Light*

WHEN light first burst forth from Thomas A. Edison's incandescent lamp, perhaps no one in the small group at Menlo Park realized that here was a development which would mean the saving of thousands of lives. Unborn were the automobile, the motor bus, the electric street car. Traffic and parking problems had yet to arise.

But as man's desire for more convenient, more comfortable, more rapid transportation was fulfilled, the press of speeding traffic became a growing menace to life and property—particularly at night on poorly lighted thoroughfares.

Realizing that these tunnels of darkness must give way to avenues of light, Union Metal and the King Co. turned their attention to this problem. It was not sufficient to merely illuminate the thoroughfares by means of Edison's great discovery. It was essential that these incandescent lamps be mounted on supports which would conform to the standards of safety required by heavy traffic and also to the growing demand for city beautification. The result was the complete line of Union Metal and King Ferronite Lighting Standards—installed in thousands of municipalities throughout the world.

Superior Avenue, Cleveland, is a striking example of how these installations are saving lives. In one year, traffic accidents claimed eight lives on this poorly lighted thoroughfare. Then Union Metal Lighting Standards and General Electric Novalux Units with high intensity incandescent lamps were installed. Fatal traffic accidents were cut 60%; more vehicles made better time with greater ease; real estate values increased; the street became well-dressed—attractive.

Thus Union Metal has carried forward Edison's great discovery into a field where it has been a means of saving lives, building businesses, and beautifying cities. Let us help you add your community to those thousands which are already life-saving with light.

THE UNION METAL MFG. CO. , , , , , , KING COMPANY

General Offices: Canton, Ohio ***Factories: Canton, O., Sheffield, Ala.***

Rescues *at sea*

SOS! A foundering vessel, wave-lashed and weak, appeals for help. But her bow already is diving to death. The weary crew cannot wait. They lower away—abandon ship for a wildly rolling life-boat. From crest to trough—trough to crest—plunging over the cold, gray swells. At the top of each foam-fringed wave, the dog-tired men scan the swashing sea. Night comes on . . . hope droops lower. And then they sight a steamer's running-lights! *But their rockets and matches are wet!* The master remembers an Eveready Flashlight hastily jammed into his coat-pocket. A moment later, the passing ship veers toward the beam of light. . . . *Saved!*

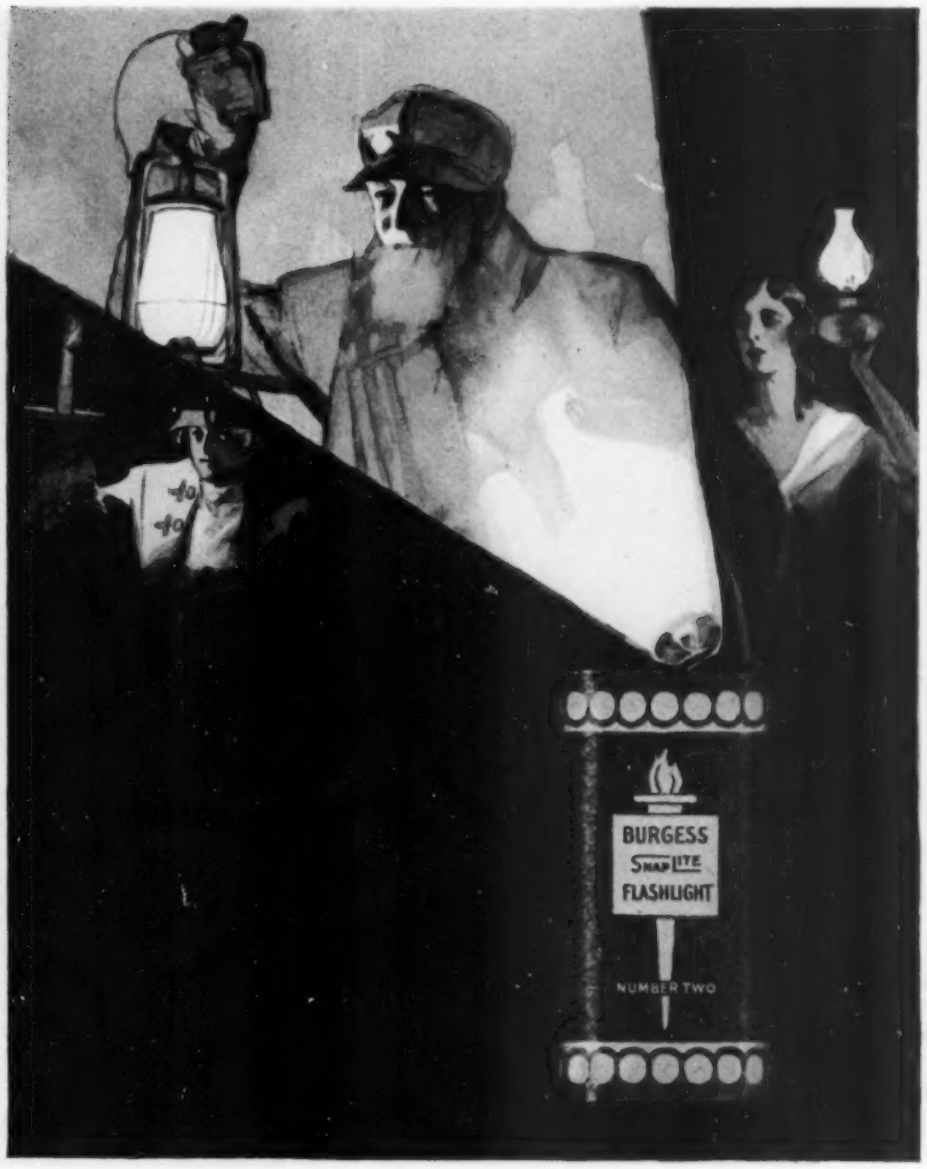
Thrilling stories such as this fill our flashlight files. Heroic records of rescues at sea with the aid of Eveready Flashlights. Yet, were it not for the incandescent lamp, Eveready Flashlights could never have been. Therefore, on Light's Golden Jubilee, while some pay tribute to Mr. Edison for brighter homes, safer highways, more comfortable offices, and better eyesight—we, with the men of the bridge and forecastle, honor him for lives saved at sea.

You don't have to go down to the sea to appreciate Eveready Flashlights. They are an *every-night* need! Wherever you are, whenever it's dark, carry an Eveready and step along with safety. That's better than groping and feeling your way—for one misstep may make you regret the light you left behind you. Danger lurks in yards at night in the form of clothes-lines and toy wagons. Show them up with the bright, white beam of an Eveready Flashlight. When you go down cellar, or in dark closets, or look under the hood of your car, don't risk the expense and horror of fire. Be safe with an Eveready. And have your flashlight ever-ready with long-lasting SEE-power . . . Eveready Flashlight Batteries and an Eveready-Mazda Flashlight Lamp.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

New York UCC *San Francisco*

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



The Light *in your pocket!*

SEVEN years before Thomas A. Edison perfected his incandescent lamp, a cow kicked over a lantern belonging to Mother O'Leary and started the great Chicago fire. This great catastrophe dramatized the dangers of portable lighting down through history. Torches, candles, lanterns, oil lamps, every one of them made a trip into the dark an uncertain venture. Every one of them a potential Mother O'Leary lantern!

Thomas Alva Edison took the dangers of the open flame out of lighting. To do it, he perfected in 1879 the first practical incandescent lamp and later built the first lighting plant in America and filled it with pulsing "Jumbo" dynamos and generators. Today a complete lighting plant is no larger than a match box. This supplies a broad, steady, true beam of light from a MAZDA lamp no bigger than a shoe button; a light that women and children can handle and handle with ease as well as safety. Just as Thomas Alva Edison built the first central station in America, it has remained for Burgess to build—30 years later—the smallest efficient electric lighting plant in the world.

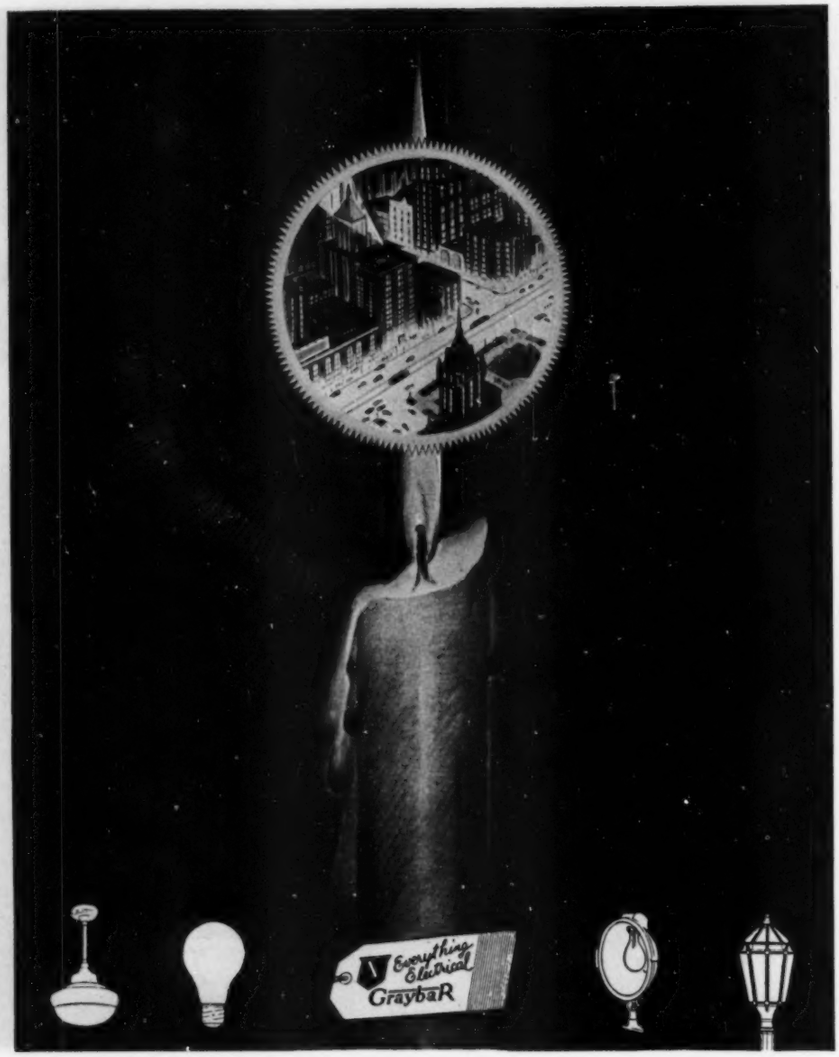
This SnapLite can be slipped into the vest pocket or a woman's hand bag without bulging. Out in the open today, millions of people are using Burgess SnapLites, simply snapping the lid up to obtain light and snapping it down to turn it off. While their Grandmothers and Grandfathers and even their parents messed around with coal oil, tallow dips and smudgy wicks.

The Burgess SnapLite supplies a complete portable power plant good for many months and many uses for only 39 cents, while the early incandescent lamps produced by Edison cost the consumer more than five times as much. The difference is a tribute to modern efficiency in electrical production and research—which has made the match and the candle expensive as well as dangerous.

LIGHT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE pays a tribute to the founder of the Age of Light because he laid the foundation a half a century ago for this tiny, portable, complete lighting plant which can be dropped so easily into your vest pocket or hand bag. Get a Burgess SnapLite today and learn its convenience for yourself.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY

General Sales Office: Chicago, Ill. In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



Out of the candle light...

YESTERDAY, dim and dull. Today, gay with light and life. That is the story of our homes, our streets, our cities, our very civilization... In the writing of this story, the distributor of electrical material has played an important part. For it is the function of the distributor, as typified by Graybar, to bring to each lighting problem the engineering skill and the kind of equipment that the situation demands.

And so—whether the problem be one of lighting a kitchen, a skyscraper, an airport or the streets of a city—Graybar engineers may be relied upon to give sound advice, and equipment from Graybar may be relied upon to render satisfactory service. Furnishing Graybar Shelcrest Fixtures to the smallest electrical contractor or Sunbeam Mazda Lamps to the largest industrial plant, Graybar's service of distribution covers the whole lighting gamut.

Nor does it stop there. To bridge the gap between the power plant where electrical energy is generated and the point where it is consumed an intricate network of electrical material is required. Poles, crossarms, cable, wire, conduit—on the one end; lamps, clothes washers, radio, vacuum cleaners—on the other end; Graybar supplies them all, and some 60,000 items besides.

This is more than a job of fetching and carrying.

Its breadth is measured by the breadth of the continent. Its size is measured by the size of the seventy-two Graybar-owned distributing houses. Its scope is measured by the scope of the electrical industry.

Interestingly enough, this task of distributing electrical materials is at least as old as the electric light. For side by side with the science of electric lighting, the Graybar organization has been building up the science of supply distribution.

And now, ten years after its own Golden Jubilee, Graybar acknowledges its debt to the industry it has endeavored to serve faithfully for sixty years.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC COMPANY

Graybar Building, New York, N. Y. Offices in 72 principal cities

DOTS INDICATE LOCATION
of GENERAL ELECTRIC SUPPLY CORPORATION
HOUSES

EVERY COMMUNITY which has electric service is within over-night shipping distance of one of these points

Helping to fulfill Edison's Dream

WHEN THOMAS ALVA EDISON developed the first practical incandescent lamp, he made possible the many economic, social and industrial benefits which we now enjoy because of increased hours of light.

It is for this outstanding achievement that we today pay homage to the great inventor.

However, Mr. Edison's original contributions to lighting did not stop with the invention of the lamp. In common with many other pioneers, he found his first contribution of limited use until other problems had been solved. One of the most important was the development of a comprehensive system of distributing electric current, which would make possible the widespread use of the lamp he had created.

These great fundamental accomplishments largely furnished the foundation for electric service as we know it today.

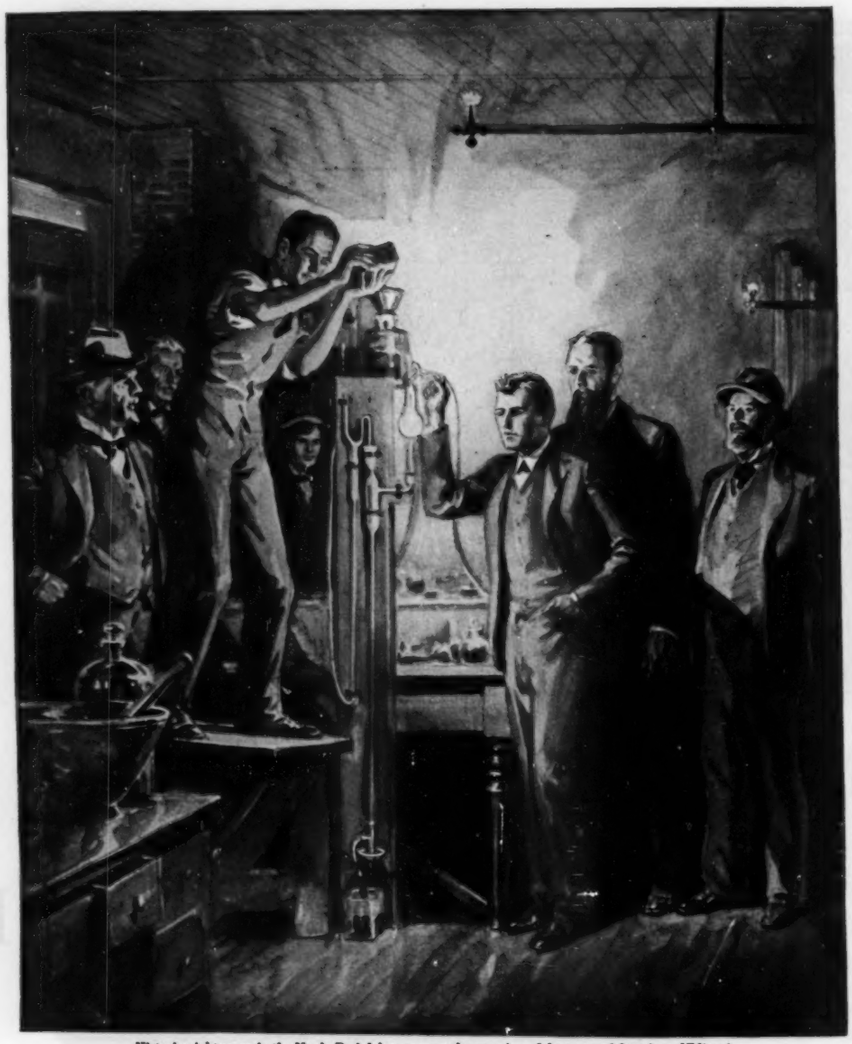
Fifty years ago this problem of electrical distribution was one of the greatest confronting the infant industry. Today that industry, grown to giant proportions, is again faced with a problem of distribution, but of a different kind—the problem of prompt and economical distribution of electrical supplies and appliances.

The General Electric Supply Corporation, a national wholesale distributing organization, extends sincere congratulations to Mr. Edison, and pledges its best efforts, and those of the General Electric Company which stands back of it, to the performance of its part in the great task of bringing the blessings of electricity to the American people.

GENERAL ELECTRIC SUPPLY CORPORATION

Main Office: Bridgeport, Conn.

Anaconda *honors Edison*



Historic night scene in the Menlo Park laboratory on the occasion of the successful testing of Edison's incandescent lamp. Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Francis Jehl, Edison Pioneer.

In the brief span of fifty years, the tiny glow of Edison's light has expanded into a radiance which floods the globe. This miraculous development has accounted for the growth of huge industries which depend on light and which, in turn, have contributed in extending its benefits throughout the world.

Copper is indispensable to commercial electric light, and without electric light and the industry it typifies, copper would not enjoy its most extensive use. Electricity springs into being in the arms of copper in huge generators. Copper conducts and controls this unseen power and guides it in its many useful purposes. Thus copper helps to light and clean our homes . . . brown our breakfast toast . . . refrigerate our food . . . annihilate distance for the human voice.

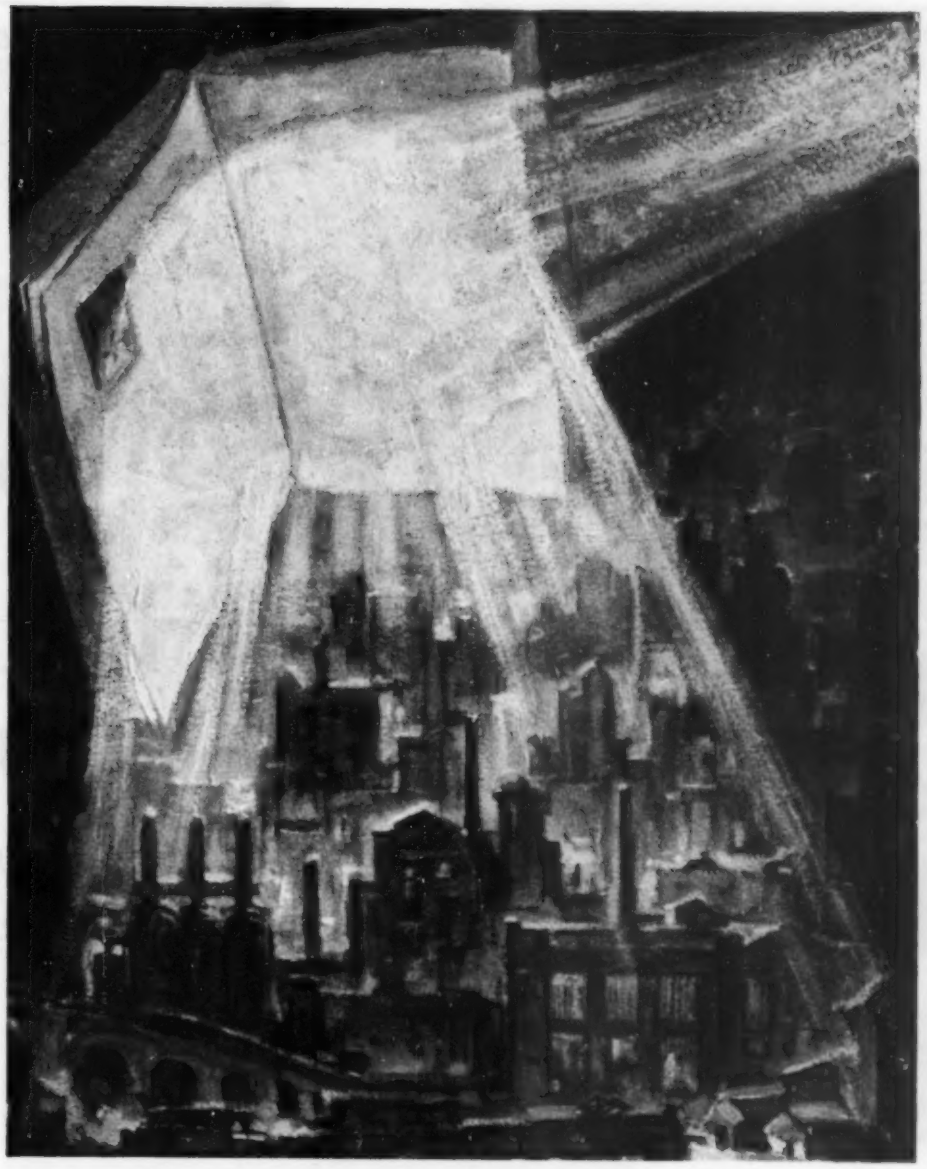
Anaconda pioneered in the mining and refining of copper of high conductivity. And for years The American Brass Company, an affiliated concern, has worked hand in hand with the electrical industry in developing copper alloys suitable for a multitude of uses. Today this organization, with a manufacturing background of more than a century, is the industry's principal source of supply for high-conductivity, non-corrosive metals.

As the electrical industry grows, Anaconda keeps pace. On this, the Golden Jubilee of Light, it is timely to announce the recent formation of the Anaconda Wire & Cable Company, with mills in seven states, from Rhode Island to Montana. This new subsidiary, which has taken over existing facilities, devotes itself exclusively to the manufacture of electrical wires and cables of every description, from the fine magnet wire that rings your doorbell to the super-voltage cables used in transmitting current great distances. These products are constantly studied and developed, to the end that Anaconda may serve, with increasing efficiency, the great industry which owes so much to Thomas Alva Edison.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer

ANACONDA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY
General Offices: 25 Broadway, N.Y.



Partner to light - *the printed word*

1879—A solitary figure labored in a little laboratory in Menlo Park . . . fighting the fight of his life . . . *for light.*

Then came the announcement in *The Operator*—forerunner of *Electrical World*—that Thomas A. Edison had won . . . had brought light to a world for ages doomed to dimness after sundown. "Edison expects to see the universe lighted by electricity . . . That is possible," printed *The Operator* in February, 1879.

But when the new light was born, the public was not ready for it, did not realize its portent. This Aladdin-like achievement was too far reaching to be grasped at once . . . light was here . . . *enlightenment was needed.*

To the McGraw-Hill Company it is a source of satisfaction to have proclaimed to the world that first achievement, to have been Light's biographers, and prophets presaging this new development from darkness to illumination . . . bringing enlightenment to thronging thousands.

For fifty years, McGraw-Hill Publications have diligently assembled, sifted and interpreted facts, experiments, tendencies—for the better understanding of leaders in the electrical industry, as they do for every branch of industry and business now served by these twenty-six publications.

And, through the eventful years ahead, this organization will continue . . . *Partner to Light.* 1929

McGRAW-HILL PUBLICATIONS

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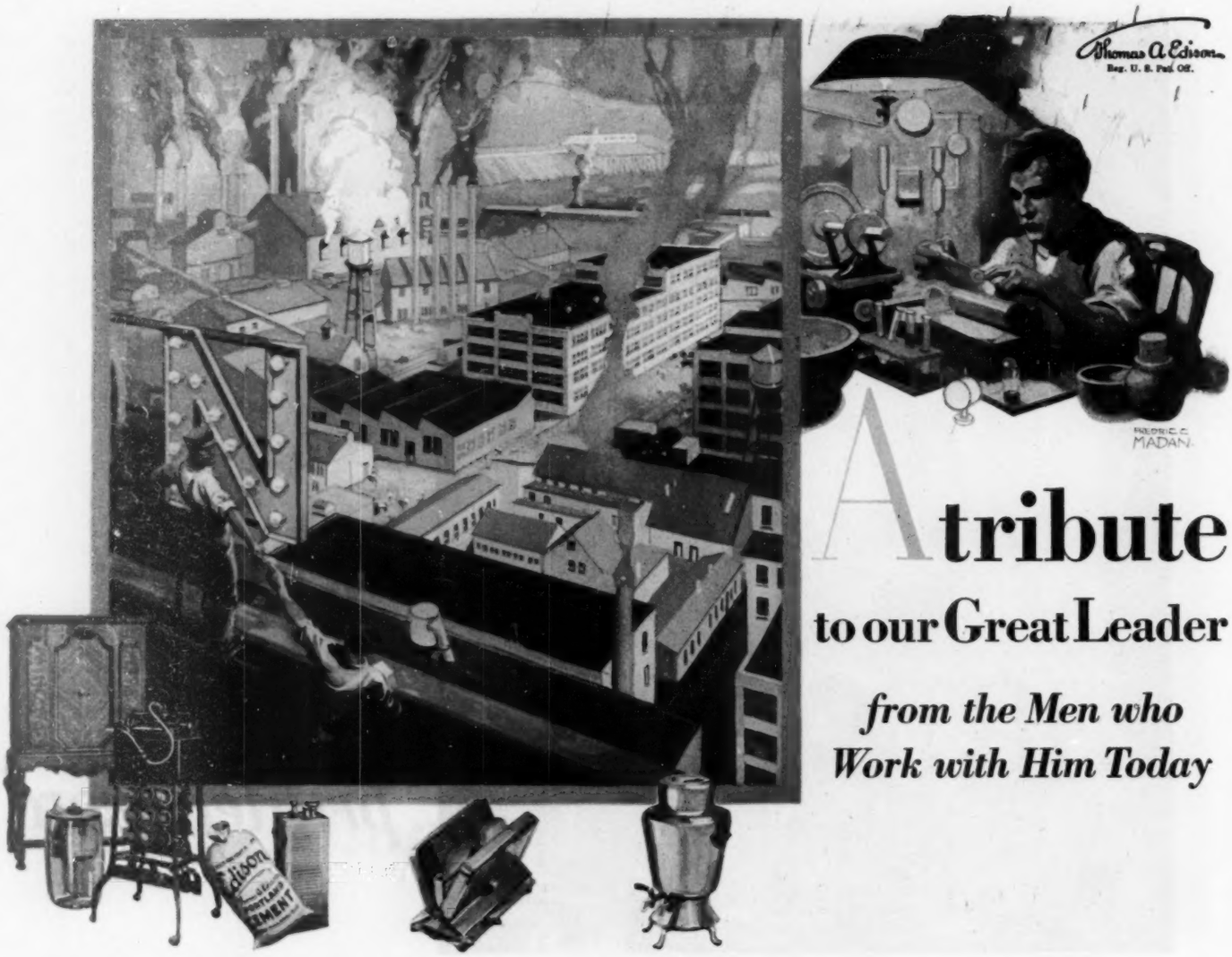


A tribute to our Great Leader

from the Men who Work with Him Today

THE story of Light's Golden Jubilee draws to a close. It records the development of one man's idea, brought to fruition through his indomitable spirit, his example of unwavering enthusiasm and his ceaseless application, which imbued the little group that worked with him at Menlo Park.

Beside his great gift of Light, countless other conveniences and comforts of our modern life have sprung from the genius of Thomas Alva Edison. Many of them are now products of THE HOUSE OF EDISON, manufactured under the personal direction of the Founder.

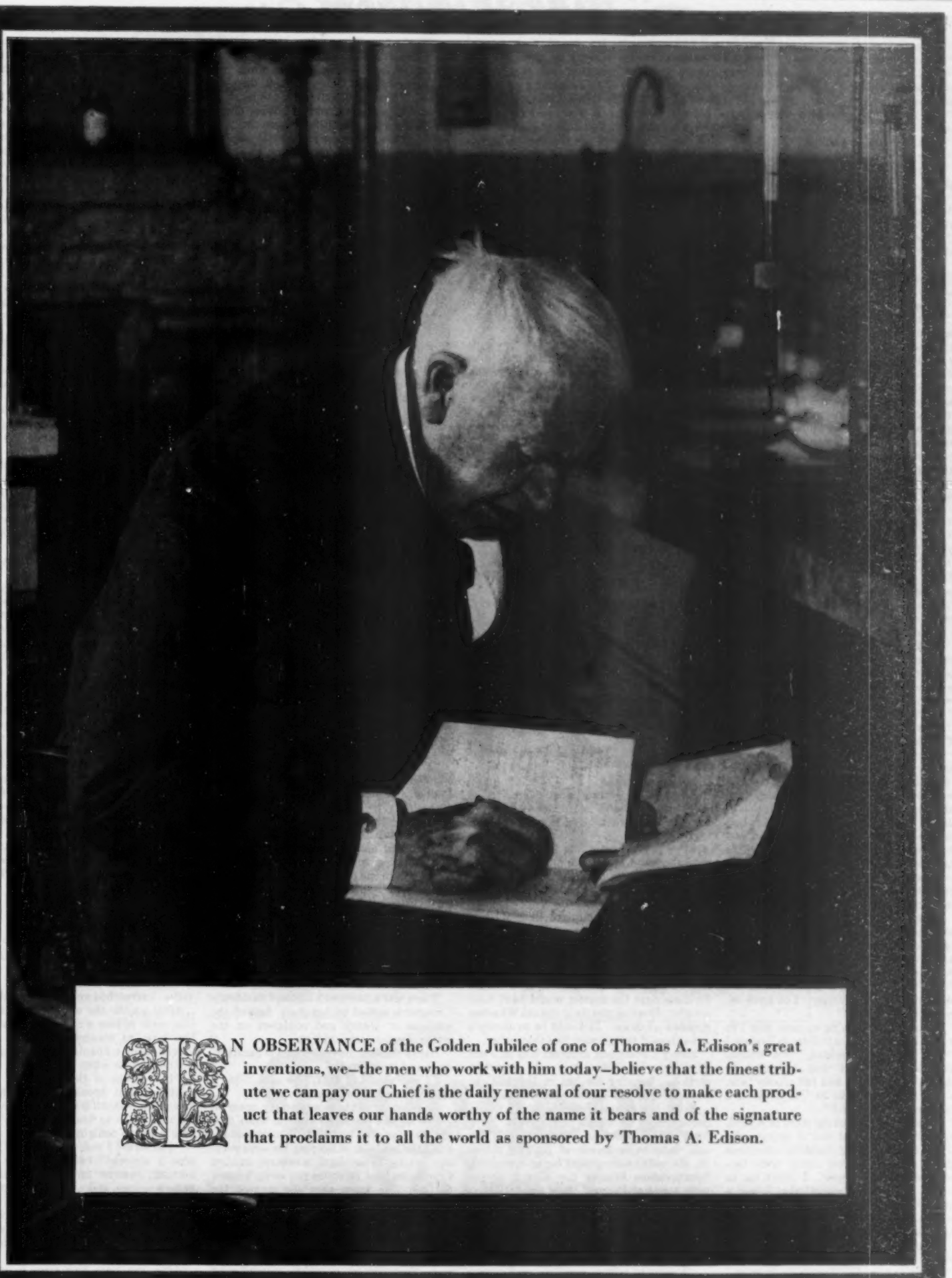
The old laboratory, central landmark of Menlo Park, was long ago outgrown, and THE HOUSE OF EDISON moved to West Orange, New Jersey. Here our Chief works as of yore, on problems of today that will become the industrial developments of tomorrow. His is a personality that never brooks compromise; that never spares self nor resources in aspiring toward perfection.

But now the laboratory is overshadowed on all sides by tall factory buildings, like a little mother surrounded by stalwart sons. Today THE HOUSE OF EDISON is a great industry, manufacturing many products. And beyond the horizon of the West Orange group rise other plants: at Silver Lake, N. J., at New Village, N. J., and at New London, Wis. Now the outposts of these plants reach the great cities of our own land, and beyond, to London, Paris, South America and the Orient.

Whether we work with him in producing a dictating machine —outgrowth of his phonograph; a new group of electric appliances, to more fully utilize the current that now lights 19 million homes; a radio set, for which his early invention of the Edison Effect Lamp paved the way; a storage battery of unique principle; a primary battery that safeguards the nation's railroads, or a new process of cement manufacture; Thomas A. Edison remains the power house of our inspiration and of our incentive.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.

Orange, New Jersey



IN OBSERVANCE of the Golden Jubilee of one of Thomas A. Edison's great inventions, we—the men who work with him today—believe that the finest tribute we can pay our Chief is the daily renewal of our resolve to make each product that leaves our hands worthy of the name it bears and of the signature that proclaims it to all the world as sponsored by Thomas A. Edison.

THE SWIMMERS

(Continued from Page 13)

"I'm sorry."

"What will you do now?"

"My brother and I are going to Antibes; there's swimming there all through October. Then Florida."

"And swim?" he asked with some amusement.

"Why, yes. We'll swim."

"Why do you swim?"

"To get clean," she answered surprisingly.

"Clean from what?"

She frowned. "I don't know why I said that. But it feels clean in the sea."

"Americans are too particular about that," he commented.

"How could anyone be?"

"I mean we've got too fastidious even to clean up our messes."

"I don't know."

"But tell me why you ——" He stopped himself in surprise. He had been about to ask her to explain a lot of other things—to say what was clean and unclean, what was worth knowing and what was only words—to open up a new gate to life. Looking for a last time into her eyes, full of cool secrets, he realized how much he was going to miss these mornings, without knowing whether it was the girl who interested him or what she represented of his ever-new, ever-changing country.

"All right," he told Choupette that night. "We'll leave tomorrow."

"For Paris?"

"For America."

"You mean I'm to go too? And the children?"

"Yes."

"But that's absurd," she protested. "Last time it cost more than we spend in six months here. And then there were only three of us. Now that we've managed to get ahead at last ——"

"That's just it. I'm tired of getting ahead on your skimping and saving and going without dresses. I've got to make more money. American men are incomplete without money."

"You mean we'll stay?"

"It's very possible."

They looked at each other, and against her will, Choupette understood. For eight years, by a process of ceaseless adaptation, he had lived her life, substituting for the moral confusion of his own country, the tradition, the wisdom, the sophistication of France. After that matter in Paris, it had seemed the bigger part to understand and to forgive, to cling to the home as something apart from the vagaries of love. Only now, glowing with a good health that he had not experienced for years, did he discover his true reaction. It had released him. For all his sense of loss, he possessed again the masculine self he had handed over to the keeping of a wise little Provençal girl eight years ago.

She struggled on for a moment.

"You've got a good position and we really have plenty of money. You know we can live cheaper here."

"The boys are growing up now, and I'm not sure I want to educate them in France."

"But that's all decided," she wailed. "You admit yourself that education in America is superficial and full of silly fads. Do you want them to be like those two dummies on the beach?"

"Perhaps I was thinking more of myself, Choupette. Men just out of college who brought their letters of credit into the bank eight years ago, travel about with ten-thousand-dollar cars now. I didn't use to care. I used to tell myself that I had a better place to escape to, just because we knew that lobster American was really lobster American. Perhaps I haven't that feeling any more."

She stiffened. "If that's it ——"

"It's up to you. We'll make a new start."

Choupette thought for a moment. "Of course my sister can take over the apartment."

"Of course." He waxed enthusiastic. "And there are sure to be things that'll tickle you—we'll have a nice car, for instance, and one of those electric ice boxes, and all sorts of funny machines to take the place of servants. It won't be bad. You'll learn to play golf and talk about children all day. Then there are the movies."

Choupette groaned.

"It's going to be pretty awful at first," he admitted, "but there are still a few good nigger cooks, and we'll probably have two bathrooms."

"I am unable to use more than one at a time."

"You'll learn."

A month afterward, when the beautiful white island floated toward them in the Narrows, Henry's throat grew constricted with the rest and he wanted to cry out to Choupette and all foreigners, "Now, you see!"

III

ALMOST three years later, Henry Marston walked out of his office in the Calumet Tobacco Company and along the hall to Judge Waterbury's suite. His face was older, with a suspicion of grimness, and a slight irrepressible heaviness of body was not concealed by his white linen suit.

"Busy, judge?"

"Come in, Henry."

"I'm going to the shore tomorrow to swim off this weight. I wanted to talk to you before I go."

"Children going too?"

"Oh, sure."

"Choupette'll go abroad, I suppose."

"Not this year. I think she's coming with me, if she doesn't stay here in Richmond."

The judge thought: "There isn't a doubt but what he knows everything." He waited.

"I wanted to tell you, judge, that I'm resigning the end of September."

The judge's chair creaked backward as he brought his feet to the floor.

"You're quitting, Henry?"

"Not exactly. Walter Ross wants to come home; let me take his place in France."

"Boy, do you know what we pay Walter Ross?"

"Seven thousand."

"And you're getting twenty-five."

"You've probably heard I've made something in the market," said Henry deprecatingly.

"I've heard everything between a hundred thousand and half a million."

"Somewhere in between."

"Then why a seven-thousand-dollar job? Is Choupette homesick?"

"No, I think Choupette likes it over here. She's adapted herself amazingly."

"He knows," the judge thought. "He wants to get away."

After Henry had gone, he looked up at the portrait of his grandfather on the wall. In those days the matter would have been simpler. Dueling pistols in the old Wharton meadow at dawn. It would be to Henry's advantage if things were like that today.

Henry's chauffeur dropped him in front of a Georgian house in a new suburban section. Leaving his hat in the hall, he went directly out on the side veranda.

From the swaying canvas swing Choupette looked up with a polite smile. Save for a certain alertness of feature and a certain indefinable knack of putting things on, she might have passed for an American. Southernisms overlay her French accent with a quaint charm; there were still college boys who rushed her like a debutante at the Christmas dances.

Henry nodded at Mr. Charles Wiese, who occupied a wicker chair, with a gin fizz at his elbow.

"I want to talk to you," he said, sitting down.

Wiese's glance and Choupette's crossed quickly before coming to rest on him.

"You're free, Wiese," Henry said. "Why don't you and Choupette get married?"

Choupette sat up, her eyes flashing.

"Now wait." Henry turned back to Wiese. "I've been letting this thing drift for about a year now, while I got my financial affairs in shape. But this last brilliant idea of yours makes me feel a little uncomfortable, a little sordid, and I don't want to feel that way."

"Just what do you mean?" Wiese inquired.

"On my last trip to New York you had me shadowed. I presume it was with the intention of getting divorce evidence against me. It wasn't a success."

"I don't know where you got such an idea in your head, Marston; you ——"

"Don't lie!"

"Suh ——" Wiese began, but Henry interrupted impatiently:

"Now don't 'Suh' me, and don't try to whip yourself up into a temper. You're not talking to a scared picker full of hookworm. I don't want a scene; my emotions aren't sufficiently involved. I want to arrange a divorce."

"Why do you bring it up like this?" Choupette cried, breaking into French. "Couldn't we talk of it alone, if you think you have so much against me?"

"Wait a minute; this might as well be settled now," Wiese said. "Choupette does want a divorce. Her life with you is unsatisfactory, and the only reason she has kept on is because she's an idealist. You don't seem to appreciate that fact, but it's true; she couldn't bring herself to break up her home."

"Very touching." Henry looked at Choupette with bitter amusement. "But let's come down to facts. I'd like to close up this matter before I go back to France."

Again Wiese and Choupette exchanged a look.

"It ought to be simple," Wiese said. "Choupette doesn't want a cent of your money."

"I know. What she wants is the children. The answer is, You can't have the children."

"How perfectly outrageous!" Choupette cried. "Do you imagine for a minute I'm going to give up my children?"

"What's your idea, Marston?" demanded Wiese. "To take them back to France and make them expatriates like yourself?"

"Hardly that. They're entered for St. Regis School and then for Yale. And I haven't any idea of not letting them see their mother whenever she so desires—judging from the past two years, it won't be often. But I intend to have their entire legal custody."

"Why?" they demanded together.

"Because of the home."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I'd rather apprentice them to a trade than have them brought up in the sort of home yours and Choupette's is going to be."

There was a moment's silence. Suddenly Choupette picked up her glass, dashed the contents at Henry and collapsed on the settee, passionately sobbing.

Henry dabbed his face with his handkerchief and stood up.

"I was afraid of that," he said, "but I think I've made my position clear."

He went up to his room and lay down on the bed. In a thousand wakeful hours during the past year he had fought over in his mind the problem of keeping his boys without taking those legal measures against Choupette that he could not bring himself to take. He knew that she wanted the children only because without them she would be suspect, even *déclassée*, to her family in France; but with that quality of detachment peculiar to old stock, Henry recognized this as a perfectly legitimate motive. Furthermore, no public scandal must touch the mother of his sons—it was this that had rendered his challenge so ineffectual this afternoon.

When difficulties became insurmountable, inevitable, Henry sought surcease in exercise. For three years, swimming had been a sort of refuge, and he turned to it as one man to music or another to drink. There was a point when he would resolutely stop thinking and go to the Virginia coast for a week to wash his mind in the water. Far out past the breakers he could survey the green-and-brown line of the Old Dominion with the pleasant impersonality of a porpoise. The burden of his wretched marriage fell away with the buoyant tumble of his body among the swells, and he would begin to move in a child's dream of space. Sometimes remembered playmates of his youth swam with him; sometimes, with his two sons beside him, he seemed to be setting off along the bright pathway to the moon. Americans, he liked to say, should be born with fins, and perhaps they were—perhaps money was a form of fin. In England property begot a strong place sense, but Americans, restless and with shallow roots, needed fins and wings. There was even a recurrent idea in America about an education that would leave out history and the past, that should be a sort of equipment for aerial adventure, weighed down by none of the stowaways of inheritance or tradition.

Thinking of this in the water the next afternoon brought Henry's mind to the children; he turned and at a slow trudgen started back toward shore. Out of condition, he rested, panting, at the raft, and glancing up, he saw familiar eyes. In a moment he was talking with the girl he had tried to rescue four years ago.

He was overjoyed. He had not realized how vividly he remembered her. She was a Virginian—he might have guessed it abroad—the laziness, the apparent casualness that masked an unfailing courtesy and attention; a good form devoid of forms was based on kindness and consideration. Hearing her name for the first time, he recognized it—an Eastern Shore name, "good" as his own.

Lying in the sun, they talked like old friends, not about races and manners and the things that Henry brooded over Choupette, but rather as if they naturally agreed about those things; they talked about what they liked themselves and about what was fun. She showed him a sitting-down, standing-up dive from the high springboard, and he emulated her inexpertly—that was fun. They talked about eating soft-shelled crabs, and she told him how, because of the curious acoustics of the water, one could lie here and be diverted by conversations on the hotel porch. They tried it and heard two ladies over their tea say:

"Now, at the Lido ——"

"Now, at Asbury Park ——"

"Oh, my dear, he just scratched and scratched all night; he just scratched and scratched ——"

"My dear, at Deauville ——"

"—— scratched and scratched all night."

After a while the sea got to be that very blue color of four o'clock, and the girl told him how, at nineteen, she had been divorced from a Spaniard who locked her in the hotel suite when he went out at night.

"It was one of those things," she said lightly. "But speaking more cheerfully, how's your beautiful wife? And the boys—did they learn to float? Why can't you all dine with me tonight?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to," he said, after a moment's hesitation. He must do nothing, however trivial, to furnish Choupette weapons, and with a feeling of disgust, it occurred to him that he was possibly being watched this afternoon. Nevertheless, he was glad of his caution when she unexpectedly arrived at the hotel for dinner that night.

After the boys had gone to bed, they faced each other over coffee on the hotel veranda.

(Continued on Page 152)

The VICIOUS CIRCLE

Habitual regrinding of worn valves certainly doesn't lessen wear. In fact, it adds wear because it shears off metal in order to give the valve a perfect sealing surface.

More wear follows. Wear, grind, wear . . . as long as your car runs around in this vicious circle it will give you "in and out" performance.

Your repairman advises you to break through this vicious circle at once by replacing all of the old worn valves with a full new set of Thompson Valves. Then note the difference: There's a new lift to your motor. It's back—that tight-as-a-drum, new-car feeling.

Note another thing: Your repairman says *Thompson* Valves. Because he knows that only a scientifically heat-treated valve can stand the increasing strain imposed by today's high-compression motors and fuels.

For the same reasons the leading builders of cars, trucks and busses choose Thompson Valves above all others. Thompson Valves are also first choice in 95% of all American-built aeroplane motors.

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND and DETROIT

Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks, Brake-Rod Assemblies, Pistons and Piston Pins.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

This sign identifies a repairman who will give your valves a square deal . . . If re-grinding is what they need, he'll take care of them . . . But if replacement would be more economical in the long run, he will tell you so—and will install genuine THOMPSON VALVES.

Thompson Valves

TRADE MARK

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

As in a

FINE WATCH

. . . . . the movement is the secret!

JUDGE a lighter as you judge a watch—by its *works*—by the worth of its *movement* as well as the beauty of its case.

The one-finger Ronson automatic action has revolutionized lighter design and construction—made possible smarter, smaller, slimmer, more convenient cases.

It has given the Ronson supreme reliability—ticking off lights with the steady regularity of a watch.

There's no substitute for Ronson perfection. Get the genuine. All sizes, all styles, all finishes, for pocket, desk or table. $5. and up, at smart shops all over the world.

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

THIS is *The Ronson Movement.*

Just press—and *up* flips the snuffer cap, *Flash!* goes the spark, *Zip!* there's your *light!*

Entirely automatic—precise, uniform—and unfailing.

A flip and it's lit! Release and it's out!

NEW 1930 MODELS

RONSON

TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING

De-light

THE PERFECT LIGHTER IN THE PERFECT CASE!

(Continued from Page 150)

"Will you kindly explain why I'm not entitled to a half share in my own children?" Choupette began. "It is not like you to be vindictive, Henry."

It was hard for Henry to explain. He told her again that she could have the children when she wanted them, but that he must exercise entire control over them because of certain old-fashioned convictions—watching her face grow harder, minute by minute, he saw there was no use, and broke off. She made a scornful sound.

"I wanted to give you a chance to be reasonable before Charles arrives."

Henry sat up. "Is he coming here this evening?"

"Happily. And I think perhaps your selfishness is going to have a jolt, Henry. You're not dealing with a woman now."

When Wiese walked out on the porch an hour later, Henry saw that his pale lips were like chalk; there was a deep flush on his forehead and hard confidence in his eyes. He was cleared for action and he wasted no time. "We've got something to say to each other, suh, and since I've got a motorboat here, perhaps that'd be the quietest place to say it."

Henry nodded coolly; five minutes later the three of them were headed out into Hampton Roads on the wide fairway of the moonlight. It was a tranquil evening, and half a mile from shore Wiese cut down the engine to a mild throbbing, so that they seemed to drift without will or direction through the bright water. His voice broke the stillness abruptly:

"Marston, I'm going to talk to you straight from the shoulder. I love Choupette and I'm not apologizing for it. These things have happened before in this world. I guess you understand that. The only difficulty is this matter of the custody of Choupette's children. You seem determined to try and take them away from the mother that bore them and raised them"—Wiese's words became more clearly articulated, as if they came from a wider mouth—"but you left one thing out of your calculations, and that's me. Do you happen to realize that at this moment I'm one of the richest men in Virginia?"

"I've heard as much."

"Well, money is power, Marston. I repeat, suh, money is power."

"I've heard that too. In fact, you're a bore, Wiese." Even by the moon Henry could see the crimson deepen on his brow.

"You'll hear it again, suh. Yesterday you took us by surprise and I was unprepared for your brutality to Choupette. But this morning I received a letter from Paris that puts the matter in a new light. It is a statement by a specialist in mental diseases, declaring you to be of unsound mind, and unfit to have the custody of children. The specialist is the one who attended you in your nervous breakdown four years ago."

Henry laughed incredulously, and looked at Choupette, half expecting her to laugh, too, but she had turned her face away, breathing quickly through parted lips. Suddenly he realized that Wiese was telling the truth—that by some extraordinary bribe he had obtained such a document and fully intended to use it.

For a moment Henry reeled as if from a material blow. He listened to his own voice saying, "That's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard," and to Wiese's answer: "They don't always tell people when they have mental troubles."

Suddenly Henry wanted to laugh, and the terrible instant when he had wondered if there could be some shred of truth in the allegation passed. He turned to Choupette, but again she avoided his eyes.

"How could you, Choupette?"

"I want my children," she began, but Wiese broke in quickly:

"If you'd been halfway fair, Marston, we wouldn't have resorted to this step."

"Are you trying to pretend you arranged this scurvy trick since yesterday afternoon?"

"I believe in being prepared, but if you had been reasonable; in fact, if you will be reasonable, this opinion needn't be used." His voice became suddenly almost paternal, almost kind: "Be wise, Marston. On your side there's an obstinate prejudice; on mine there are forty million dollars. Don't fool yourself. Let me repeat, Marston, that money is power. You were abroad so long that perhaps you're inclined to forget that fact. Money made this country, built its great and glorious cities, created its industries, covered it with an iron network of railroads. It's money that harnesses the forces of Nature, creates the machine and makes it go when money says go, and stop when money says stop."

As though interpreting this as a command, the engine gave forth a sudden hoarse sound and came to rest.

"What is it?" demanded Choupette.

"It's nothing." Wiese pressed the self-starter with his foot. "I repeat, Marston, that money —— The battery is dry. One minute while I spin the wheel."

He spun it for the best part of fifteen minutes while the boat meandered about in a placid little circle.

"Choupette, open that drawer behind you and see if there isn't a rocket."

A touch of panic had crept into her voice when she answered that there was no rocket. Wiese eyed the shore tentatively.

"There's no use in yelling; we must be half a mile out. We'll just have to wait here until someone comes along."

"We won't wait here," Henry remarked.

"Why not?"

"We're moving toward the bay. Can't you tell? We're moving out with the tide."

"That's impossible!" said Choupette sharply.

"Look at those two lights on shore—one passing the other now. Do you see?"

"Do something!" she wailed, and then, in a burst of French: "*Ah, c'est épouvantable! N'est-ce pas qu'il y a quelque chose qu'on peut faire?*"

The tide was running fast now, and the boat was drifting down the Roads with it toward the sea. The vague blots of two ships passed them, but at a distance, and there was no answer to their hail. Against the western sky a lighthouse blinked, but it was impossible to guess how near to it they would pass.

"It looks as if all our difficulties would be solved for us," Henry said.

"What difficulties?" Choupette demanded. "Do you mean there's nothing to be done? Can you sit there and just float away like this?"

"It may be easier on the children, after all." He winced as Choupette began to sob bitterly, but he said nothing. A ghostly idea was taking shape in his mind.

"Look here, Marston. Can you swim?" demanded Wiese, frowning.

"Yes, but Choupette can't."

"I can't either—I didn't mean that. If you could swim in and get to a telephone, the coast-guard people would send for us."

Henry surveyed the dark, receding shore.

"It's too far," he said.

"You can try!" cried Choupette.

Henry shook his head.

"Too risky. Besides, there's an outside chance that we'll be picked up."

The lighthouse passed them, far to the left and out of earshot. Another one, the last, loomed up half a mile away.

"We might drift to France like that man Gerbault," Henry remarked. "But then, of course, we'd be expatriates—and Wiese wouldn't like that, would you, Wiese?"

Wiese, fussing frantically with the engine, looked up.

"See what you can do with this," he said.

"I don't know anything about mechanics," Henry answered. "Besides, this solution of our difficulties grows on me. Just suppose you were dirty dog enough to use that statement and got the children because of it—in that case I wouldn't have much impetus to go on living. We're all failures—I as the head of my household, Choupette as a wife and a mother, and you, Wiese, as a human being. It's just as well that we go out of life together."

(Continued on Page 154)

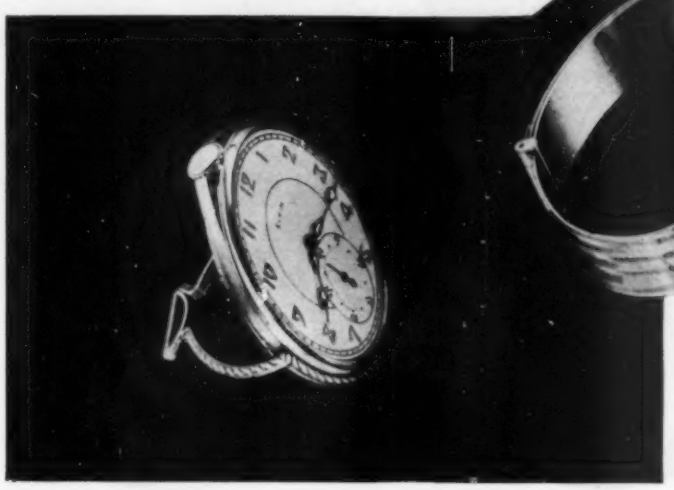
Wadsworth cases are sold to the makers and importers of good watch movements only.

Therefore, one way to be sure of getting a good watch is to look for the name Wadsworth in the case

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY,
Dayton, Ky., Opposite Cincinnati, Ohio.
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



On this page are illustrated fine watches with movements by leading watch manufacturers, and cases by Wadsworth. Other Wadsworth models will appear in succeeding advertisements.

Now *Everyone*

can buy an Oak Floor like furniture

COMPLETELY FINISHED

before it leaves the factory

• • •

Ten Successful Years have proven the soundness of This Revolutionary Idea

UNTIL quite recently, Cromar FACTORY FINISHED Oak Flooring could be bought only in the East. Then a new plant, tripling the capacity of the old, and new distribution connections brought CROMAR within the reach of the entire country.

Many exclusive features of quality and convenience explain the popularity of CROMAR everywhere it has been sold. But the one most startling fact about CROMAR Oak Flooring is this—

It Can Be Laid and Used the Same Day!

Clear the dining room, for example, after breakfast, start any good carpenter nailing down the completely finished flooring strips—and you may dine in your re-beautified room in the evening. You avoid all the harassing muss and trouble and delays of scraping, sanding, filling, varnishing, and drying of hand-finished hardwood floors. With CROMAR, all that *has been done* before it leaves the factory!

Yet, a CROMAR floor costs you no more. And you have in CROMAR an oak floor far more beautiful and wear-resisting. How these amazing results are obtained by patented machines is fully explained in interesting booklets, which will gladly be mailed on request.

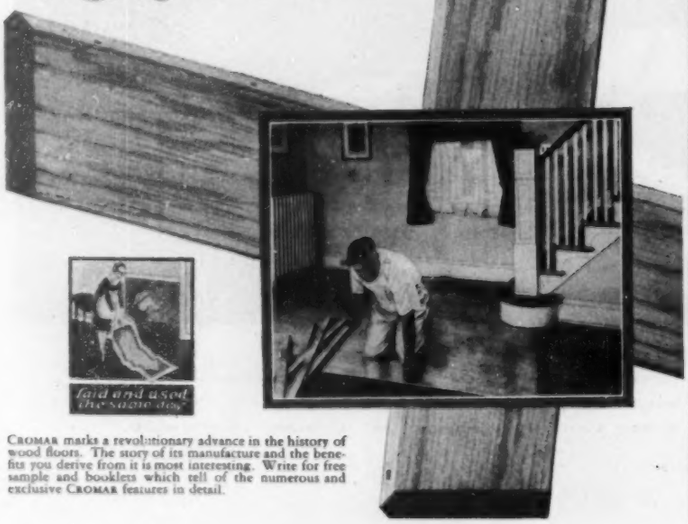
CROMAR is a tongue-and-groove flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the finished surface, but through the tongue, and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

CROMAR is sold by lumber dealers, but carpenters and contractors install it. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

THE CROMAR COMPANY
Williamsport, Pa.

Pacific Greater West Distributors:
THE C. L. THOMPSON COMPANY
Offices and Warehouses:
200 Davis Street, San Francisco, California
324 N. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, California

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED
Oak FLOORING



CROMAR marks a revolutionary advance in the history of wood floors. The story of its manufacture and the benefits you derive from it is most interesting. Write for free sample and booklets which tell of the numerous and exclusive CROMAR features in detail.

(Continued from Page 152)

"This is no time for a speech, Marston."

"Oh, yes, it's a fine time. How about a little more house-organ oratory about money being power?"

Choupette sat rigid in the bow; Wiese stood over the engine, biting nervously at his lips.

"We're not going to pass that lighthouse very close." An idea suddenly occurred to him. "Couldn't you swim to that, Marston?"

"Of course he could!" Choupette cried.

Henry looked at it tentatively.

"I might. But I won't."

"You've got to!"

Again he flinched at Choupette's weeping; simultaneously he saw the time had come.

"Everything depends on one small point," he said rapidly. "Wiese, have you got a fountain pen?"

"Yes. What for?"

"If you'll write and sign about two hundred words at my dictation, I'll swim to the lighthouse and get help. Otherwise, so help me God, we'll drift out to sea! And you better decide in about one minute."

"Oh, anything!" Choupette broke out frantically. "Do what he says, Charles; he means it. He always means what he says. Oh, please don't wait!"

"I'll do what you want"—Wiese's voice was shaking—"only, for God's sake, go on. What is it you want—an agreement about the children? I'll give you my personal word of honor ——"

"There's no time for humor," said Henry savagely. "Take this piece of paper and write."

The two pages that Wiese wrote at Henry's dictation relinquished all lien on the children thence and forever for himself and Choupette. When they had affixed trembling signatures Wiese cried:

"Now go, for God's sake, before it's too late!"

"Just one thing more: The certificate from the doctor."

"I haven't it here."

"You lie."

Wiese took it from his pocket.

"Write across the bottom that you paid so much for it, and sign your name to that."

A minute later, stripped to his underwear, and with the papers in an oiled-silk tobacco pouch suspended from his neck, Henry dived from the side of the boat and struck out toward the light.

The waters leaped up at him for an instant, but after the first shock it was all warm and friendly, and the small murmur of the waves was an encouragement. It was the longest swim he had ever tried, and he was straight from the city, but the happiness in his heart buoyed him up. Safe now, and free. Each stroke was stronger for knowing that his two sons, sleeping back in the hotel, were safe from what he dreaded. Divorced from her own country, Choupette had picked the things out of American life that pandered best to her own self-indulgence. That, backed by a court decree, she should be permitted to hand on this preposterous moral farrago to his sons was unendurable. He would have lost them forever.

Turning on his back, he saw that already the motorboat was far away, the blinding light was nearer. He was very tired. If one let go—and, in the relaxation from strain, he felt an alarming impulse to let go—one died very quickly and painlessly, and all these problems of hate and bitterness disappeared. But he felt the fate of his sons in the oiled-silk pouch about his neck, and with a convulsive effort he turned over again and concentrated all his energies on his goal.

Twenty minutes later he stood shivering and dripping in the signal room while it was broadcast out to the coast patrol that a launch was drifting in the bay.

"There's not much danger without a storm," the keeper said. "By now they've probably struck a cross current from the river and drifted into Peyton Harbor."

"Yes," said Henry, who had come to this coast for three summers. "I knew that too."

IV

IN OCTOBER, Henry left his sons in school and embarked on the Majestic for Europe. He had come home as to a generous mother and had been profusely given more than he asked—money, release from an intolerable situation, and the fresh strength to fight for his own. Watching the fading city, the fading shore, from the deck of the Majestic, he had a sense of overwhelming gratitude and of gladness that America was there, that under the ugly débris of industry the rich land still pushed up, incorrigibly lavish and fertile, and that in the heart of the leaderless people the old generosities and devotions fought on, breaking out sometimes in fanaticism and excess, but indomitable and undefeated. There was a lost generation in the saddle at the moment, but it seemed to him that the men coming on, the men of the war, were better; and all his old feeling that America was a bizarre accident, a sort of historical sport, had gone forever. The best of America was the best of the world.

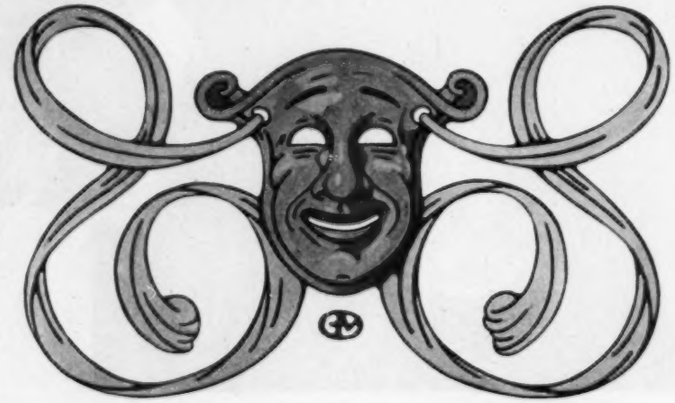
Going down to the purser's office, he waited until a fellow passenger was through at the window. When she turned, they both started, and he saw it was the girl.

"Oh, hello!" she cried. "I'm glad you're going! I was just asking when the pool opened. The great thing about this ship is that you can always get a swim."

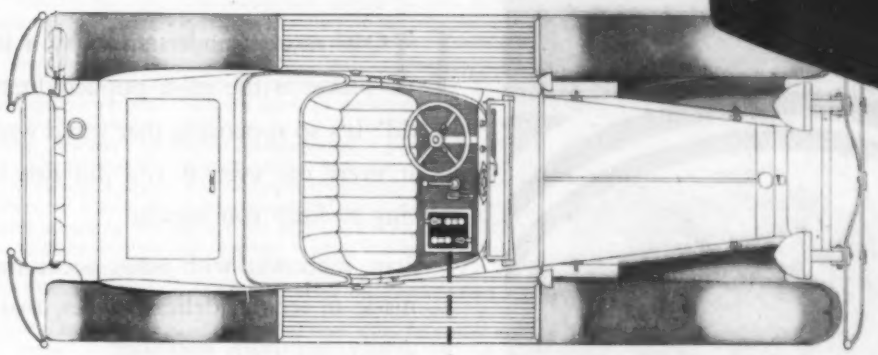
"Why do you like to swim?" he demanded.

"You always ask me that." She laughed. "Perhaps you'd tell me if we had dinner together tonight."

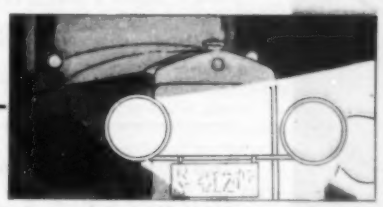
But when, in a moment, he left her he knew that she could never tell him—she or another. France was a land, England was a people, but America, having about it still that quality of the idea, was harder to utter—it was the graves at Shiloh and the tired, drawn, nervous faces of its great men, and the country boys dying in the Argonne for a phrase that was empty before their bodies withered. It was a willingness of the heart.



Do You Realize *you need* THIS *Battery?*



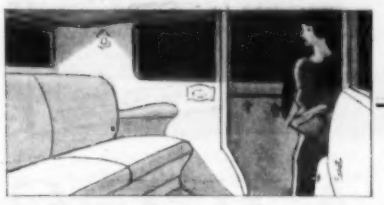
WINDSHIELD WIPER AND HORN—Let it storm. Let jaywalkers wander. Your battery keeps vision clear and warns pedestrians or cars.



HEADLIGHTS AND COWL LIGHTS—The battery power cleaves the darkness far ahead . . . keeps parking lights bright for long hours.

STARTER, CIGAR LIGHTER, IGNITION, DASH-LIGHT—Motor turns over . . . dash is lit . . . cigarette glows . . . thanks to battery.

REAR LIGHT, STOP LIGHT, REVERSE LIGHT—Vital warnings to traffic. They add to motoring safety and battery drain.



INSIDE LIGHTS—Living-room comfort for closed cars. When light is needed, the battery supplies generous current for it.

Exide
BATTERIES

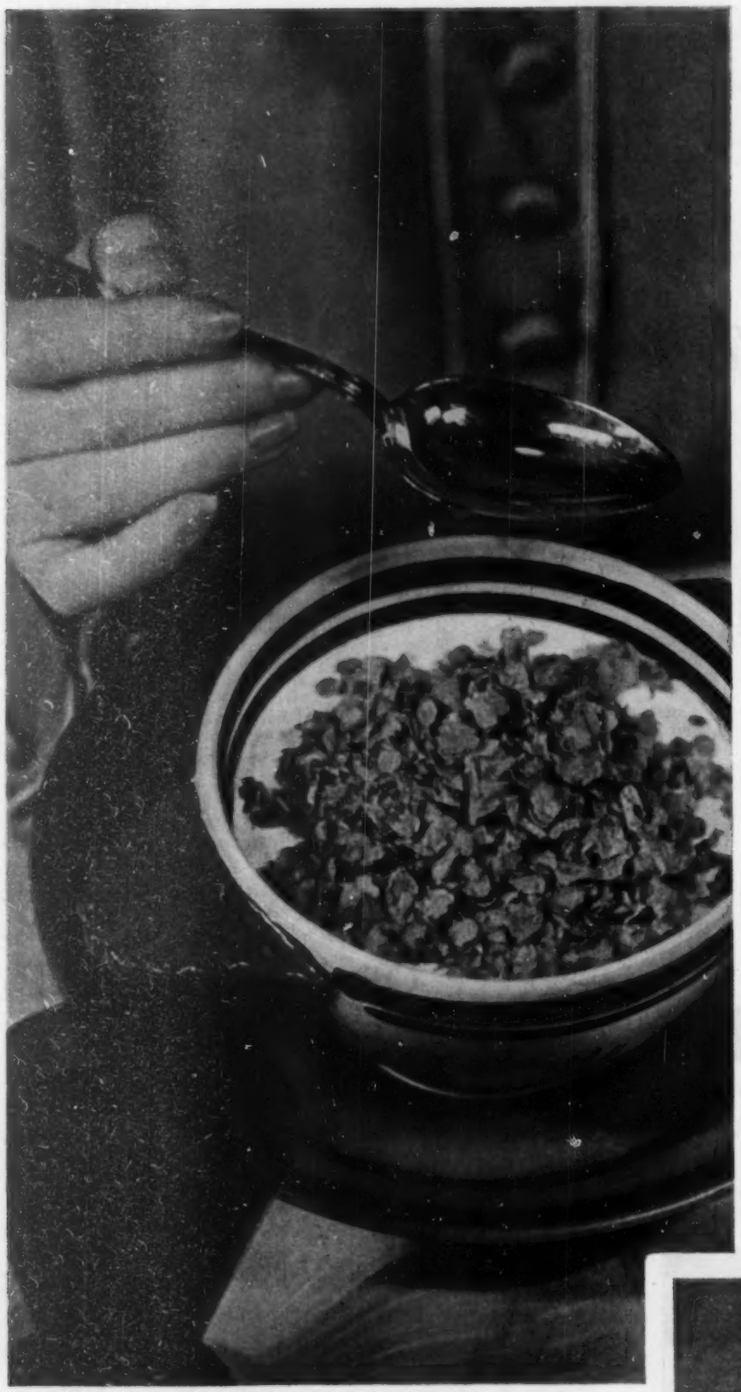
TWELVE OR MORE SERVICES DEPEND ON IT

LOOK to your car battery. It works harder than ever before. More starts and stops—a dozen points to be powered, all adding to the drain on the battery. It's reasonable, therefore, that it should be chosen with greater care.

As the battery was called upon for added duties, Exide Batteries met the demand. That's why Exide has been a leader (with millions now on the road) since 1911.

There's an Exide Battery Station near you where you can get intelligent information and expert service. The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia. Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF STORAGE BATTERIES FOR EVERY PURPOSE



The *Delicious* Bran Cereal for gentle, natural regulation

Of the bran cereals here's the favorite!

HOW easy to understand why it is that Post's Bran Flakes is the most popular bran cereal in all the world! It's so appetizing that you'd want to enjoy a bowl of it every day even if you did not know its value in helping to keep you regular.

Bran, mellowed with other nourishing parts of wheat, — made in tender, delicate flakes, that help elimination so gently, naturally, normally!

In these days of concentrated foods it's common sense to make sure one's diet includes plenty of bulk. Which will you try for tomorrow's breakfast—the delicious bran flake cereal, or tempting Post's Bran Muffins? Enjoy Post's Bran Flakes either way for a couple of weeks and see if it doesn't help you, too, as it has millions of others! . . . *"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN."*

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
3½ teaspoons baking powder	¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons sugar	1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins. *All measurements are level.*

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Post Food Products

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

MISS GRADUATE HUNTS A JOB

(Continued from Page 15)

career; institutions of higher education have no exclusive copyright on them; you are just as apt to find them outside of the halls of learning as inside. When you find them in a college-bred individual, man or woman, that person has a pull over his competitor without educational advantages, for he can forge ahead and take short cuts. But the four cornerstones come first.

"And now, still speaking from the employer's point of view, I'd like to make a few remarks about the approach to a job. A young woman, for example, walks into my office looking for a place.

"'What can you do?' I ask. That's always the first shot out of the locker in driving a bargain in the employment market. Trot out your merchandise. What have you got to sell that I want to buy? Now, here is a typical reply from the girl who is thinking, not so much of what she is going to give as of what she plans to take—namely, our hard cash. 'Oh, I'll do anything,' she says. That's not so good, young lady. Why? First of all, as I said before, we don't want a vague 'anything'; what we want is a very concrete something in exchange for the concrete dollars we propose to pay. Secondly, besides being vague, the reply is patently untrue. She can't do anything we'd set her to, for she doesn't know the ropes. And it reveals a self-assurance or an indifference or a lack of preparedness which doesn't appeal to the average employer. The first thing we wish the applicant to tell us is what she can do well—her aptitudes, gifts, special training. Maybe we can use her assets in our business, maybe we cannot, but in any case we want her to exhibit her wares. I should like to mention in this connection that a knowledge of shorthand and typing is an excellent equipment for a girl entering the business field, for it opens the door to promotion in many directions; it gives her a fine chance to learn a business from the inside which very often she cannot obtain in any other way, for women are more limited with respect to opportunities than are men.

"'But I don't want to be a stenographer all my life!' wailed one girl to whom I made this suggestion.

"'Who said you're going to be a stenographer all your life?' I replied. 'I'm giving you a key which will open many doors. Take it or leave it, as you please.'

"But let us return to the girl who has come to my office seeking a job. 'What can you do?' I inquire.

"'I have a college education,' she replies hopefully.

"I shake my head. 'We don't buy college educations. What can you do? What are your assets, your qualifications?'"

The Other Side of the Question

"And then that girl begins to think. 'Well,' she says, 'I have a little above average intelligence, judging from my marks in college. I'll try to learn if you give me a chance, and I'll put my mind on the job and stick to it.'

"That's pretty good, as replies go. For we don't like to have our staff leave just when we've broken them in to be of some use. So intelligence, perseverance and teachableness are definite business assets.

"Still speaking on the important subject of the approach to a job, I would like to say something about letters from applicants who are seeking work. A constant stream of these written applications flows into this office, and some of them are highly amusing. I wonder if their authors realize how unconsciously revealing those letters are. It wouldn't take a psychoanalyst to size up the characters, obsessions and delusions of grandeur which some of the applicants exhibit. Now it doesn't much matter whether the letters are typewritten or not, provided they are absolutely legible at a glance, and to the point. An applicant who won't take the trouble to write so clearly that her letter may be read as easily as print by a busy official isn't worth bothering with. Hieroglyphics may do for the signature of the president of a great corporation, but they are not tolerated in beginners.

"Now, even before setting down the first word of that letter, the applicant should do some preparatory thinking. She should ask herself two questions: First, has this business organization to which I'm writing got what I want in the way of a job? Is it in the market to buy the particular commodities which I have to sell? There's no use in taking your pigs to the wrong market. It's simply a waste of everybody's time. The second question is: Have I got what that firm wants? Far too many applicants concentrate on the first question without considering the second. Perhaps they do possess the proper qualifications, but let them examine themselves thoroughly on this matter and exhibit at least as much eagerness in satisfying the requirements of the employer as they show in nailing the job. Tact and sufficient imagination to grasp the other person's point of view are valuable assets in the business world. The employer is not so hard-boiled as he is sometimes portrayed in popular fiction; he is often quite a nice guy, as his employes will testify; but frequently he has to probe, cross-examine and waste valuable time digging down into the hidden possibilities of an applicant in order to discover pay dirt."

The Letter of Application

"Remember that what he's after is human timber to build into a solid organization which will stand the intense wear and tear of competition and speed, and the raw recruits of today may be important executives ten years hence. So help him and help yourselves by deciding what you want, and also what you have to sell that he wants to buy, before you write a letter or seek an interview.

"We come now to the letter of application itself. What should such a letter contain? First of all, we want to know what the writer desires, the object of the letter, and that should be stated as clearly and concisely as the headlines of a newspaper. We're not going to search through pages to find what all the shootin' is about. Second, we wish to know what qualifications she possesses, her experience, background and specialized training.

"Here again we demand, not vague, glittering generalities, unformulated aspirations and dreams, but very concrete facts. So many firms now advertise for their employes, asking the applicants to state their qualifications, that business and commercial schools give special courses on this phase of employment alone; and yet the great mass of illegible, vague, unthought-out scrawls which pour into this office from college graduates as well as from applicants without that discipline reveal an astonishing ignorance.

"For example, a college girl wrote in to us recently asking for a position. The entire letter was given over to stating exactly what she wanted. She omitted entirely any mention of her own qualifications to fill that specialized job, which was the angle of chief interest to us. Another explained lengthily that she was tired of doing nothing and the social whirl, and she wanted to go into business—without specifying what she wanted to do or her qualifications therefor. The chief impression left by her letter was a strong sense of her own importance and social background. It was written on monogrammed personal stationery in a large slovenly hand, about two words to a line. No, thank you, Miss Junior League. It is fashionable these days to go into business as a stunt. Sometimes these girls of excellent social background make good—not, however, because of their social positions but because they possess the solid qualifications for business success which I have already mentioned.

"Still another college graduate stated frankly that she desired to write plays and she wished us to finance her with an easy part-time job so that she could give her real brains and energies to literature. I read that letter over twice with a real pang. It is such an old, old story! It happened to coincide with my own little private dream when I was a burning lad with my head in the clouds, save that poetry was my goal. And in my odd hours or when the winy sap of spring stirs my ancient blood, I still pound out an occasional sonnet. But bless you, part-time jobs which don't make you sweat and still pay a living wage are scarcer than hen's teeth in the business world. In addition, part-time workers tend to disintegrate the unity of an organization and to lower its speed; they have to be broken in just the same as a whole-time recruit; they're here and they're not here. There's a sense of impermanence connected with them which subtly communicates itself to the rest of the organization, so that they're apt to be clogs on the wheels, and even when we're under a great pressure of business we prefer to double up with our own force or hire whole-time help. The exception to this situation is with highly specialized episodic jobs such as a particular piece of research, or consultation with experts.

"To sum up the essential points of this discussion, if I were asked to make an address to a group of young women just graduating from institutions of learning, poised expectantly on the rim of the home nest and eager to try their pinfeather wings out in the great business world, I would suggest that they overhaul their equipment as painstakingly as a seasoned fisherman overhauls his tackle and flies before he begins to whip the stream for the wily old trout down below. What have you got for that trout that will tickle his fancy? What are your business assets? What have you got to sell? If you haven't specialized in anything, why don't you learn shorthand and typing, just as a tool? It's an open sesame for a girl in the business world. In addition, I would beg you to be tactful. Don't show that you know it all, even if you do. We old fellows who have ruled the business roost of our generation have somehow imbibed the idea that we know a thing or two ourselves, so humor our little idiosyncrasies. Don't treat us like earthworms and tramp on us too hard, especially when you come seeking a job. Don't high-hat your associates; it's too risky, for it often happens that the person you scorned as a poor dub becomes your chief, from whom you have to take orders. That is a frequent occurrence in the business world. Women are more inclined than men to carry their social or personal likes and dislikes into their business careers. Get over that petty point of view. Be courteous, impersonal and just. Remember that the business world is the only place where real democracy rules, and the lowliest may climb to the high post of honor and his word becomes law. And finally I would say, God bless you, my dears. I wish you good luck, but don't come to me for a job unless you have something to sell!"

A Product of Prosperity

And now let us penetrate behind the scenes in the financial world and observe what are the opportunities for women and what are the qualifications demanded by employers in this important field. With this purpose in view, I sought an interview, first, with an executive of one of the greatest banks in America, next, with an official of a prominent investment banking concern with branches scattered throughout the leading cities of this country and abroad, and finally, with the personnel manager of a well-known brokerage firm. Of these three, the brokerage house was the most

This is the Last Time--

IT may be an ancient and honorable practice to borrow folding tables from the neighbors—but don't you find it embarrassing? Haven't you always detested the task of returning them after the party? Folding tables are not expensive, you know, and really there's no reason why you shouldn't have an adequate number in the home. While you're at it, get the kind that are both stylish and sturdy. Ask any good dealer to show you the new Carrom tables—smart looking and easy to handle. Let their good looks and perfect behavior impress your guests with your thoughtfulness and good taste. And if anybody should ask who makes such lovely tables, just point with pride to the "Carrom" nameplate underneath the top.

Carrom Folding Tables
for PARLOR TENNIS
or PING PONG
For the fascinating modern game of Ping Pong specify genuine Carrom Folding Tables. With their sturdy Plywood Tops and patented, self-acting Pearless Braces they represent the last word in stability and attractiveness. Easily opened or closed completely.
Adaptable to a wide variety of uses in home or cottage.

...at Your Dealers

The Carrom Company
ESTABLISHED 1900
LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN

Carrom
FOLDING TABLES
AND FOLDING CHAIRS TO MATCH
At Home With Fine Furniture

liberal in its attitude toward women employes, and the bank the most conservative. In the West and Middle West, women have climbed to important executive positions in banking, but New York, the powerful inner citadel where most of the great banking institutions are located, still maintains a somewhat reactionary attitude, Brahmanistic, sacrosanct. And yet even here, in those lofty marble halls of finance, a revolution is quietly taking place. Women have not as yet invaded the higher councils where policies are outlined, but a vast army of them has stormed the outer walls and captured the lower strategic positions of the redoubt without a single outcry of alarm. How far they will march up the stately marble staircases where the overlords sit depends largely upon their own capacities and desires.

Speaking of this invasion, the banking official said, "The past ten years have witnessed a profound change with respect to the number of women employed in banking. I can remember the time before the war when, save for a few stenographers tucked away, you rarely saw a woman employe. Now all that is changed. Banks employ thousands of them in their organizations. About 40 per cent of our entire personnel are women. You find them in the research and personnel departments, acting as assistant secretaries, managers of women's departments and assistant managers of uptown branches. They occupy positions of power and responsibility and earn comfortable incomes. A large proportion of them are college graduates.

"The underlying cause for this sudden influx of women into the financial world is the great tide of prosperity which has swept the entire country, with its consequent vast increase in the buying of securities by women investors as well as by men, so that the banks have expanded tremendously and women have seized their opportunity to enter this new field. And I may add that they are making good. We are constantly on the lookout for young women of brains and personality who can be employed in a variety of ways. For example, we can use them in the research department. There are three types of research work carried on in a large bank—investment research, personnel research, and economic research dealing with foreign countries, economic forecasts, and so on. A trained woman can analyze customers' security holdings and become assistant cashier or manager of a women's department. The salaries of these various positions range from around $1800 to $6000, with special opportunities to invest the savings with profit in good securities.

"The trouble with many young women applicants who are seeking a foothold in the banking world is that they do not possess a basic knowledge of economics or finance. If they contemplate such a career they should take these courses in college."

Women Brokers

The investment banker confirmed these statements and stressed the importance of stenography to be used as an entering wedge. In the big bond and stock houses which float new issues and conduct a general brokerage business, unusual women with special training in economics and finance are welcomed on an equal footing with men, especially in the sales department. An executive of a large investment firm was enthusiastic over the advance women have made in this field since the war.

"One reason why women have climbed so rapidly in this particular branch," he explained, "is the phenomenal increase in investment by all classes of people, women as well as men. Business women all over the country are coming into their own. Women buyers in department stores, owners of novelty shops, tea rooms and antique stores, interior decorators, real-estate dealers, insurance and advertising specialists are earning incomes ranging from $10,000 to $50,000 a year and investing their surplus in sound securities. Such women like to talk over their financial problems with a member of their own sex; they can get down to brass tacks in a shorter time and ask questions that they would hesitate to ask a man. Nor do I find that business men have any objection to dealing with a competent woman broker, provided she has integrity and knows her job. In fact, I sometimes think that men really prefer a woman, and it is true that our saleswomen can very often nail a busy client in his own office and win a hearing where a man would get the gate. Of course, it goes without saying that most of the customers which women bring in are men, simply because they're more get-at-able. Then the women follow. For example, Miss Helen Smith, who is selling securities for Blank and Co., captures Mr. Jones as a customer. Jones goes home and tells his wife, and presently Mrs. Jones drops in to give the paragon the feminine once-over and to invest a little money on her own.

"In New York, women have not yet climbed to the controlling executive positions which deal with the purchase of securities or the floating of new issues, partly because their background and training are not broad enough; as a class they are still ignorant of national and international finance and the whole vast network of industry. In addition, even between men, the competition for these high executive positions is keen. But women make excellent managers of uptown brokerage branches; they are just as good in sales work as men and they are able and conscientious in the research field. In fact, there is no sex bias in this business; it's personal merit which counts."

Woman's Own Field

"Now, what are the qualifications we require in women applicants? They are exactly the same, no more and no less, that we require in men. They must begin at the bottom and learn the job from the ground up. For this reason a knowledge of shorthand and typing is a valuable asset, for it will often land a girl a job when all other qualifications fail; it is a universally salable commodity in the business world. The women who succeed down here have brains, personality, perseverance, and last but not least, physical vitality. The college graduate with special training in economics and finance has a better chance than the person lacking those aids. But not all of our successes are college women. Of course, in sales work a persuasive personality and a knowledge of human nature count for a lot. A shy, meditative girl, for example, would do better in the research end. An active, dynamic personality is better in the field. Poise, courtesy, good manners are always business assets. Snobbishness in man or woman is a serious defect. Business is a democratic game."

And now let us turn to another new field which has developed amazingly in the past few years, where there is no such thing as sex discrimination and where women have achieved important executive positions with salaries as high as $50,000 a year. This is the retail-merchandising field, the modern department store. Let us look at one of these vast caravansaries. Its sales in 1928 were more than $90,000,000. It requires an average of 9000 people to conduct its tremendous business and during the holiday seasons that figure increases to 15,000. Within ten years, with the general rise in prosperity, it has expanded to four times its original size. Like many other organizations of its kind, this store sends out its own representatives to colleges and technical schools to hand-pick the raw recruits who, a few years hence, will form its executive personnel.

"What we require in young women," said an official of this store, "is a high endowment of native intelligence, genuine executive capacity, exceptional initiative and physical stamina. For these requirements we are willing to pay large rewards. The merchandise business is growing by leaps and bounds. In 1905 our sales amounted to $14,000,000; in 1919 they reached $25,000,000, and last year they exceeded $90,000,000. In order to handle this tremendous volume of business we must have a strong organization, specially trained to fill our needs. To facilitate this end, we evolved the idea of a training school on the premises. This school provides a six months' course in retailing, during which the newcomer serves her apprenticeship in the store, attends classes, talks over her problems with special counselors and is examined by them and also by our own psychiatric department to determine her aptitudes. Her pay during this period of training is thirty dollars a week. Now the raw recruit is rarely worth that sum to us, but we regard it as a long-term investment, for it enables us to hand-pick the best material for our great organization. It is by no means necessary for all graduates to take this schooling. The training squad is naturally a limited group and we receive hundreds of applications for the course. Its purpose is to draw more exact specifications for the type of person we desire and to weed out the unfit.

"Now, before I describe our system in detail, let me give you a skeleton of our organization in order to show you what a wide diversity of talents can be employed. First of all, the organization is divided into four main divisions—merchandising, management, finance and publicity—each with its own executive vice president. The merchandising department is responsible for the selection, purchase and sale of all merchandise. There are five merchandise counselors in this division who interpret the policies and supervise the managers of one hundred and sixty-seven departments. These buyers or department managers purchase the merchandise for their own departments and are responsible for selling it at a sufficient profit over and above costs. These are highly responsible positions and are accordingly very well paid. Now, suppose a college girl, during her training course and while she is working in the store, has shown exceptional ability along this line. She has a flair, we'll say, for knowing what the public wants to buy. When she finishes her training, she applies, along with other competitors, for a position as head of stock, which is the next step up. In this job, in addition to her selling duties, she has charge of the arrangement of the stock on the counters, the ordering from the reserves, and, in general, acts as an understudy to the assistant buyer, her direct superior. The head position as buyer is attained only after distinct ability has been shown in these subordinate places. We have some college graduates, young women of about twenty-eight or twenty-nine, who after six or seven years in the business are pulling down salaries of $25,000 a year. These are the outstanding successes. But many women, after four or five years, earn from $5000 to $15,000 a year. And a large proportion of them are college graduates."

Helping Along the Business

"In the merchandising department fine physical health is a basic requirement. The hours are long and the demands for industry and alertness are constant. It is clear that the type of woman who is fitted to hold positions of such responsibility must possess certain definite characteristics. What is essential is the work habit, the ability and willingness to study, accompanied by an active intellectual curiosity. She must be quick and adaptable, able to mix with all kinds of people and to impress her personality upon them. Girls who are fragile, easily exhausted or with the pleasure habit strongly established cannot hope to succeed. In this division of merchandising a distinguished taste in clothes, style, dash, and a social background of good breeding are distinct business assets. For this reason, the number of girls from fine families is constantly increasing. And we like them to have initiative, originality, ideas. For example, a college girl in the training squad was put in charge of the counter where sweaters imported from Scotland were sold. The quality was excellent, but somehow they didn't sell. The girl decided that it was because the American public didn't like the foreign style, which was not chic. So she evolved a smart sports pattern and sent it over to the manufacturers to use, with the result that the next batch of sweaters went like hot cakes and the public clamored for more. It goes without saying that we began to keep an eye on that girl and to push her along.

"And now let us look at the management division. This important branch includes the operating, service and personnel departments. It does all the hiring and firing, promoting and transferring of employes. It has charge of delivery, warehouses, adjustments and mail orders. The girl with executive ability, but with no gift for selling, may find her proper niche in this division. If she is a good judge of character, analytical, impartial, with a knack for straightening out small snarls without upsetting people, she may fit into the personnel department or the bureau of adjustments.

"For the mathematically minded girl with a turn for research, the finance division offers excellent opportunities. This division controls the disbursement of all moneys, the recording of day-to-day facts concerning the income, expenses and disbursements of the organization. It involves constant handling and interpretation of figures."

Departments for Every Gift

"Perhaps a college girl comes to us who likes to write and has done distinctive work on the college magazine. We try her out in the publicity division, which controls all newspaper advertising, posters, signs and special promotion activities. The copywriting job is a very responsible and well-paid position, and many college girls with a flair for expression have succeeded in this line. Or take the young woman who has majored in psychology in college; she may fit into our psychiatric clinic. We started that work as an experiment several years ago, with one psychiatric expert; now we have a staff of fourteen, and we keep them constantly busy with human problems of all kinds. Perhaps the college girl has been a leader in sports and loves the out-of-doors; we may be able to use her to sell camp-equipment merchandise, or she may prove good timber as floor manager of girls or as adjuster of complaints. Maybe during her college course she has shown special ability in designing; she's clever at devising all those little gadgets which make a simple frock alluring and she knows what women like to wear. In that case, she may be useful as a stylist, suggesting modifications of the Paris models to suit the American taste. You can see from all this what a broad range of special gifts we can employ with profit in an organization of this size. And, moreover, many of these gifts are peculiarly feminine; they are native talents which women have possessed throughout the ages. In this field of retail merchandising a knowledge of stenography is not a necessary equipment to open the door of promotion to higher jobs, for a girl can serve her apprenticeship in the store without its aid.

"Finally, what we are seeking—what I suppose all business organizations are seeking—are exceptional girls of grit and determination, workers, not players, who are interested, not in the size of the pay envelope—in due time, that will take care of itself—but in a real business career. For such girls the business world today offers great opportunities. Never in the history of the world were the doors to them opened so wide. How high they will climb in retail merchandising or in other fields depends not upon adventitious circumstances, favoritism, sex appeal or accidental good luck, but solely upon their own fitness to succeed. And nobody else can make them fit; that is a job which each one must work out for herself."

IF YOU THINK YOU *Can't Afford* an automatic refrigerator read these facts

YOU can operate Electrolux a month on what you probably pay for ice in a week. A few pennies a day, 25 to 55 cents a week, that's all it costs to run this latest type automatic refrigerator.

No other piece of equipment in your home will save you so much money, and go on saving it every day you live. If you had to borrow the cash to buy Electrolux and pay interest on it, you'd still come out ahead on what this marvelous refrigerator saves you.

But you won't have to borrow. Purchase terms are so liberal that almost any home with a steady income can own an Electrolux. Prices range from $210 to $510 at the factory.

And not only is Electrolux the world's most economical refrigeration system, but also the simplest, safest and most dependable.

Electrolux is absolutely silent, not merely quiet. There is no noise at all as long as you have it. And you should have it indefinitely, for there are no moving parts, no machinery, and hence no friction, no vibration or wear.

A tiny gas flame does all the work. It circulates the refrigerant that makes the cold. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed for life inside a solid one-piece steel unit. It never needs renewal.

The cold in Electrolux is constant. There is no stopping and starting. The temperature never varies more than a degree or two from the ideal point. Ice cubes freeze in a jiffy, and as for frozen desserts, chilled salads, ices, jellies, you can make all you want of them.

At the display room of your gas company or other Electrolux dealer, you will see a wide range of sizes and models. Or if you wish complete illustrated information by mail, write Servel Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

Kitchenette model . . . ideal for the small family . . . freezes four trays of large ice cubes at one time.

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts.

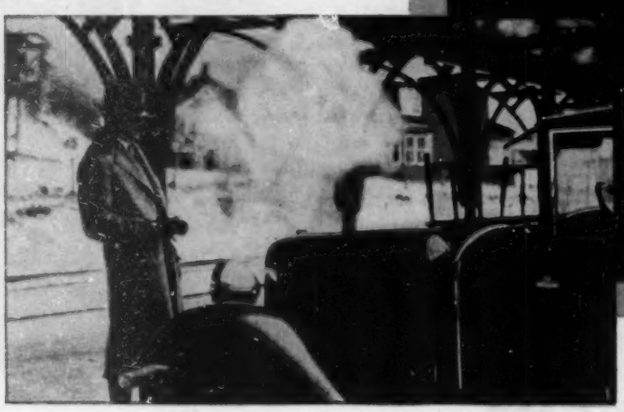
ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Fully Protected

B-R-R-R-R! Looks cold and it *is* cold! But this motorist knows he's safe! A few quarters invested in Denatured Alcohol have protected him to below-zero temperatures. Your motor is safe with Denatured Alcohol in the radiator. Even full strength Denatured Alcohol will not corrode metal or rot rubber.

AVOID THIS! Just look at that cloud of steam! Danger there, and no mistake . . . because this car owner took a chance. He'll be lucky if he hasn't lost a lot of power and pep. And a dollar or so spent for Denatured Alcohol would have avoided it entirely!



"NOT A CHANCE FOR A FREEZE-UP!" Here's the way your service man "reads" your radiator with the Alco-Tester. Just as he checks your water supply in summer, in cold weather he checks your anti-freeze solution. You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere . . . simplest, surest, safest anti-freeze protection known. 96 seconds after you drive in . . . away you go fully protected.

Save time and money with DENATURED

against Cold Weather

in 2 minutes!

No unnecessary lay-ups · · · no special servicing required when you use DENATURED ALCOHOL

"COLD WAVE DUE," warns your local paper. And there's your car with its costly motor, needing immediate protection!

What will you do? How will you make sure of protection without risking your motor?

Here's the answer . . .

Just drive to the nearest filling station or garage. Tell the man you want Denatured Alcohol. He'll consult a Protection Chart that shows how much your car requires . . .

In it goes! The Alco-Tester checks the solution strength. You pay him a dollar or so . . . maybe less . . .

And away you drive . . . fully protected, ready for winter . . . in only 2 minutes! Simple? Of course . . . simplest thing in the world! And yet . . . it's the surest and safest and cheapest protection you can get as well!

For with Denatured Alcohol you *know* you are protected. No danger of undetected leakage . . .

It won't corrode metal, rot hose . . . "gum up" your motor, damage pumps, or short electrical systems. It's safe . . . absolutely and always.

Lastly . . . Denatured Alcohol is cheap. You buy only what you need to begin with . . . and even in the severest climates an entire season's supply usually won't cost more than a fraction as much as one filling of some preparations.

So don't let cold weather bring worries about your cooling system. Change your oil. Inspect your tires, look at your plugs. But your cooling system needs only two minutes' attention . . .

Just play safe . . . rely on the only anti-freeze universally endorsed by manufacturers of both motor cars and motor car radiators . . . trustworthy Denatured Alcohol. Look for the orange and green sign at the first indication of cold weather.

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., Graybar Building, New York City.

ANYWHERE, ANY TIME! Look for the orange and green Denatured Alcohol sign. It's found everywhere you go. And it stands for sure and complete protection against freeze-ups . . . in the shortest time and at the lowest possible cost.

SO EASY TO AVOID THIS!

A FEW QUARTS of Denatured Alcohol in his radiator would have made this unnecessary. You can get it anywhere . . . and be protected in 96 seconds. Play safe . . . rely on the trustworthy Denatured Alcohol.

6 INDISPUTABLE FACTS

You've heard a lot about anti-freezes. Here are the real facts in the case . . . the indisputable reasons why more motorists use Denatured Alcohol than all other anti-freezes combined.

1. An entire season's supply of Denatured Alcohol usually costs less than half as much as one filling of some preparations.
2. Denatured Alcohol is harmless to radiators, engines and electrical systems. It will not corrode metal parts and does not cause leaks.
3. No special servicing is required to make your car ready for winter. Just put Denatured Alcohol in your radiator as it is.
4. Every car manufacturer approves Denatured Alcohol, and the firm that made your radiator is also emphatic in its endorsement.
5. If your protective solution is lost through accident or carelessness, the cost of replacement with Denatured Alcohol is one-sixth that of replacement with some preparations.
6. You can get Denatured Alcohol anywhere, anytime. Service when you need it, wherever you are.

ALCOHOL

. . . THE SAFEST, CHEAPEST ANTI-FREEZE

Louis Verveer, Jr.,

"majors" in #1656 and #820

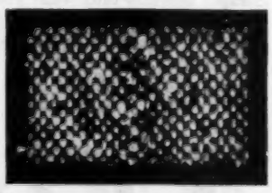
LOUIS VERVEER, JR., *senior at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Member of the Editorial Board of the university publication, member of the "Stylus" and "Pi Delta Epsilon," national journalistic fraternity. Mr. Verveer is one of many thousands of undergraduates who are regular patrons of Nash.*

WHEN Louis Verveer, Jr., returned last month to register at Boston Tech, among this popular senior's electives was a suit of Nash pattern No. 1656 as well as a top-coat of Nash pattern No. 820. Count on the university engineer to "major" in the subject of clothes!

And it is not surprising, this undergraduate preference for the silk-stripe suit of worsted and the invisible-check top-coat of tweed. Trust the men of the campus to register for smartness and service; follow their lead with assurance, in the matter of texture and shade.

But, of course, patterns No. 1656 and No. 820 are only two of the 197 sparkling patterns in the new Nash line for late Fall. Near you is one of our 1800 Nash representatives who will be glad to call—show them to you—measure you for your Nash suit and overcoat. If you don't happen to know him, write; we'll send you his name. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

One of the most popular of all the 131 Nash suitings. Light gray worsted, enlivened by alternating broad and thin silk stripes.



Tweed texture, coarse-woven, with semi-invisible striping and checks, Nash pattern No. 820 is deservedly popular for top-coating, as well as extra-weight suiting.

NASH

394,111 Suits and Overcoats Custom-Tailored in 1928

© 1929, The A. N. Co.

YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from Page 5)

closely by a waiter with the seltzer, which Jim Andrews, owner of the room, surveyed with scorn.

"One bottle!" he said bitterly. "What's that for—to put a rose in? Waiter," he added, "the sample's okay. Bring us up a case, and bring it quick."

Drenched coats were peeled off and thrown into corners. Typewriters were thumped down here and there. Gentlemen swore in a whole-hearted manner and felt much better at once.

"You all know Toby McLean?" Blake inquired.

They all did but Andrews, who said he was glad to.

Shorty Ross, of the Gazette, who knew Toby like a brother, having roomed with him on Southern baseball trips for several years, averred that he believed he had not the pleasure, and he and Toby gravely shook hands. "The name, please?" Toby said, cupping his ear.

Andrews took bottles from a suitcase under the bed and began a systematic search for a corkscrew. Toby surreptitiously put on his coat and vest. Talk of the fight, apparently postponed for a moment only, was resumed. There was an uproar of unfinished sentences:

"But listen here! As I said before ——"

"Listen, remember in the seventh ——"

"Hell, you could tell when he came out ——"

And so on, and so on.

At the end of a noisy interval someone suddenly cried, "Hold! Where you going with that?"

Toby, a full drink in his hand, was nine-tenths of the way to the door.

"He's taking it to a lady," Blake said. "Need any help, Toby?"

"What lady?"

"Where?"

"Ann Vaughn," answered Blake. "She's up in ten-something, writing her story."

"Bring her down!"

"I'll try," Toby said. "I'll be back."

He shut the door firmly.

In the elevator mirror, going from the fourth floor to the tenth, he surveyed his image with unwonted interest. Black, slightly curly hair, parted in the middle. Heavy black brows and sea-blue eyes. Skin the color of health and weather, and a mouth the shape of affability. An engaging image, anybody would have said, but Toby scowled at it. "Irish mug!" The ears stuck out. . . . She was used to these darn beautiful movie actors.

One of his hands steadied the highball glass in his suit coat pocket. With the palm of the other he smoothed his hair, first on the left side, then on the right, and adjusted his tie. Then he thought sarcastically, "Now that helps a lot, doesn't it?"

He got out at the tenth floor, disgusted with himself.

The ice in the glass clinked faintly with every move he made; his pace was leisured, so that it should not spill. From afar he caught the busy clatter of Ann's machine through the open transom, and as he came nearer a curious pride welled in him. "At-a-baby!" he thought. Smart little girl.

He waited respectfully for the inevitable lull. When it came, after a moment's very special clatter which he recognized as the *x*-ing out of a line, he knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" called Ann.

"Young Mister McLean, the eminent journalist."

There was a tiny vocal sound, then the sound of a chair pushed back. Then quick soft steps. Ann opened the door an inch or two and smiled at him.

"The valet has my dress," she explained. "He's trying to make it look like something. I've got on your bathrobe. Do you mind?"

The top of her head seemed lower down than it had been. "No heels," thought Toby.

"Mind?" he said. "I'm honored."

He wished fleetingly that the bathrobe were newer.

"How's the story coming?"

"All right. I'll be through in just a minute."

"I brought you a drink," said Toby, "to spur you on."

"Oh, you're wonderful!"

Her small hand, cuffed with a great roll of familiar cotton sleeve, reached out and took the glass.

"Thanks ever so much."

"Let me see what you've written," Toby said.

"It's not too hot."

But she brought it to him. Two pages of typing, double-spaced. "Read copy on it," she directed. "Will you please, Toby? See if I've spelled 'separate' right. I never do. And then will you take this much down to the Western Union and tell them to start it? Because I'm late. And I'll have the rest in a minute."

He read the two pages sitting on a bench by the elevators, his long legs crossed, a pencil in his hand. Twice he made corrections in spelling, smiling gently; at one point he inserted a paragraph mark. Once he laughed aloud delightedly, and once, almost with reverence, he murmured, "Swell—swell stuff!"

He felt a little sad when he had finished. It was a little cruel, somehow, that she could write so well. Better than he—much better.

This story, done so fast to catch an imminent edition, was better than the best of his. It was as good as the story he always meant to write, when he typed "By Toby McLean" on a blank sheet.

"I could, though," he thought. "I could if I tried. There's a mine of it there."

Invariably he thought this in self-analytical moments. There was a mine untapped in his mind. A deep rich vein of phrase, of skillful style and nice technic. Only he was lazy and would not dig for it.

"She could make me," he thought now. "Shame me into it." He stared moodily down at the pages. "She's got me licked!"

But he was proud—proud.

You must know this young man.

People loved him. His blue eyes said to each, "Say, I think you're grand!" And he did think so. Though he was subject at times to the exquisite melancholia of his race, usually life elated him. His laughter was frequent, beginning always with an abrupt great shout that did something to you—something warm and heartening—so gay it was, so insouciant, and younger than his youth.

He was twenty-six. He had been born at high noon on a flash-bang Fourth of July, at a summer resort; and everything in his life had been like that. Confusion, color, glamour—these things attended him always. Or perhaps it was that he created them as he went along. There was an excitement about him, subtly contagious. Where he was, things happened, things began.

He had no parents. He could not even remember his mother. She was a stranger's photograph under things in his third desk drawer. Once in a great while, coming across this photograph, he held it close and regarded it solemnly. He always felt that he ought to feel something. But he never did.

His father, Tom McLean, had been at one time or another an actor, a soldier, a poet, a theatrical press agent, and the owner of a small-town newspaper. Always he had been spectacular, charming, and slightly mad, as Toby was. His life had been lived at high tension, with the aid of alcohol. People said he would die drunk. They were wrong, as people are. At the age of forty, Tom McLean died soberer than usual, in the collapse of a wooden bleachers from which he had been watching his son play halfback for the local high school.

Toby was seventeen then. He had no near relatives and he had no money; his father's newspaper—equipment, circulation and good will—belonged to his father's banker. The war was going on, and America was in it. Toby looked of age and vowed he was. In an aviation uniform that splendidly became him, he went to Mineola, where he wrecked a training plane, and himself got scratched slightly.

Then he went to France. On his third day up from Tours, far behind the lines, he fell two thousand feet into a tree and wrecked another. "Three American planes more," he said afterward, cheerfully grinning, "and I'd have been a German ace!"

He spent seven months in a hospital, following the fall at Tours, and emerged with a silver plate in his neck and a leg that troubled him on rainy days. The Armistice had been signed in the meantime, and after considerable Paris, Toby came home. That is, to New York; always he thought of himself as belonging to New York, though he and his father had lived not so long there as elsewhere. "My town!" he said, with a kind of fierce ecstasy, to the sharpening sky line.

He was hailed as a hero, which amused and dismayed him; he protested at first, but later, weary of beaming dowagers who wagged reproving forefingers and called him modest, he let it go. One of the dowagers, a wealthy widow named Prentiss whose hair was defiantly orange and whose proud boast it was that she had knitted one thousand, one hundred and four mufflers for Our Boys, desired to send young Toby McLean to college.

This extraordinary beneficence on the part of a lady whom her creditors knew as a skinflint is mentioned only because it put the idea of college into Toby's head. A great idea, now he thought of it. After all, he was only nineteen.

He thanked Mrs. Prentiss politely, refused her offer, gave a spectacled, wan young man with a dusty public-library mind fifty dollars to take—and pass—five college board examinations, under the nom d'exam of Toby McLean; and entered, in September, 1919, the most glittering university in the East. The end, he thought with composure, justified the means.

He had to earn his tuition and living, and this he did in divers ways, none of them arduous, all of them characteristic. It became at once apparent to him that almost anything could be sold to freshmen, so he posed as a sophomore, lofty and wise, and did—until apprehended—a rushing business in ancient furniture, textbooks, alarm clocks, flivvers, and actresses' photographs. Next he originated and put on the market a series of cards designed to relieve the tired campus man of the burden of correspondence. There were cards to be sent to mothers, to fathers, to sisters, to sweethearts, to friends. The fathers' card read:

Dear Dad: I am well. I am suffering from ——
I am broke. I received your check for $——.
I am studying hard.

Etcetera. The sender crossed off such statements as did not apply to him, filled in the blanks, and mailed the result to his outraged parent.

The sale was tremendous.

Other sources of income were a dance orchestra—Toby McLean and His Banjo Boys—a campus news bureau, which supplied the city papers; and a very dazzling roadster named Giddyup-Whoa, which Toby matter-of-factly won in a fifty-cent raffle, painted a lipstick red, and thereafter rented, cash in advance, to comrades wishing to impress their girls. The revenue which accrued to him from this chance possession set him thinking; and a project to purchase a second-hand aeroplane and take passengers up from the baseball diamond

GIVE YOUR RADIO A NEW VOICE

THIS aristocrat of radio tubes—Ken-Rad from Kentucky—is giving a new voice to thousands of radio sets the country over—bringing glorious volume and clarity to sets that have been handicapped by old or inferior tubes.

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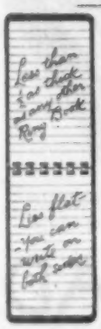

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had to be nipped in the bud by the wild-eyed dean of freshmen, who learned of it just in the nick of time.

When Toby had been two months in college everyone knew him by sight, and almost everyone had paid him money. Despite the antiquity, fragility and general worthlessness of some of the things for which they had paid him, they liked him. They said, "You've got to hand it to him." They said, "Say, did you know he was in France?" The Class of 1923 elected him president, and reelected him in sophomore year. The best fraternity pledged him. The captain of the football team nodded as he passed him. "McLean." Then, suddenly smiling: "How's the boy?"

Toby always said "Fine, thanks," but as a matter of fact he never felt very well just at that moment. The sight of the football captain was sufficient to remind him that he had played football once, and could no longer. He had loved football. That the injuries to his leg and his neck prevented his playing it in college, fulfilling his early promise—which his mind exaggerated, until he seemed to himself to have been a potential Brickley or Mahan—was a terrible thing.

He left college in his sophomore year richer by several hundred dollars, a roadster and countless friends, than when he had entered. The friends were his for life. The roadster, two hours away from the campus, passed into the possession of an ex-doughboy whom Toby had picked up on the highway. The doughboy was walking south. His shoes were incredibly worn, and he had two thousand miles to go. He coughed dreadfully. But he was cheerful. That was what tugged at Toby's heart—the darn fool was cheerful about it. Smiling, and full of hope. "Guess I'll make it," he said, "some way."

It took argument, Toby with Toby. "What do I need of a car, anyhow? A car in New York's a nuisance. Garage rent. Never can park. It isn't as though I'd bought it—saved money a long time and bought it. I just got a great break, and here's this poor guy ——"

"Listen," he presently said; "can you drive a car?"

"Sure can! I used to work in a garage."

"Well, listen," said Toby. "Where I'm going, I don't need this car, do you see?" He looked at the doughboy. The doughboy looked blank, so he added, "I've got lots of cars, do you see? Three or four good cars. So I don't need this one." He jerked the brake suddenly, and Giddyup-Whoa skidded perilous yards to a standstill. "Tell you what I'll do with you," said Toby, reaching in a trousers pocket. "I'll match you for this car. Heads I keep it, tails it's yours."

Without looking again at the doughboy, he flipped a coin. It spun silver for an instant in the sun, then lay flat on his palm. They stared at it. "Heads," said Toby. There was a short pause, then he cleared his throat: "Well, make it two out of three."

He flipped the coin again. This time it was tails.

The doughboy found his voice—a queer, suffocated voice. "Say," he said, "wait a minute!"

Toby pretended not to hear. He flipped the coin a third time, and hastily closed his hand.

"It was heads again," said the doughboy.

"Tails."

"No. Heads it was. I know."

"We-ell ——" said Toby.

He restored the coin to his pocket and slid low in his seat. He crossed his arms on the steering wheel and surveyed the road ahead. "You see?" he said. "That's how I am. I can't lose. Never could. That's the way it is—some guys are shot with luck, and some ——"

He stopped.

"I couldn't of took it anyway," the doughboy said.

In the end, Toby sold him the car for an I O U and a Croix de Guerre. The one he would destroy. The other he would return by mail.

"What's your address?" he asked very casually when they parted.

He wrote it down.

"What's yours?" said the doughboy.

Toby said, "I'll let you know."

But he never did.

He was a reporter for the next two years. "For the experience," he told himself. He wanted to Write—the word in his mind had a capital W—and this was the way people said you ought to begin. He covered police courts. He covered the piers. He covered the heart of Broadway. He learned a great deal, but he felt that he really got nowhere. His time was absorbed, and he saved no money at all toward future leisure. A city room was, as they said, an excellent prep school for writing; the trouble was you couldn't graduate.

He perceived that the boys in the sports department had a good deal of spare time, especially in winter; and they made good salaries, as newspaper salaries went. If he were a sports writer he could live well, write fiction galore on the side, and when he had written enough of it to establish himself, quit and be a fiction writer exclusively.

So he reasoned, in 1922.

They put him on sports. He covered the Brooklyn ball club that first summer, traveling about to Boston, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati. . . . Sleeper jumps. Terrific heat. A thousand words a day. "The Robins pecked three runs from the Pirates in the first game of today's double-header." He wrote nothing else. He was weary, and slept late of mornings. In the afternoons he sat in balconies in sunny ball parks, marking in a little latticed book. In the evenings somebody had a quart or somebody knew a blonde.

His returns to New York were always too joyous to be literary. Too many people were always too glad he was back.

The season ended. There was the World Series; then, at once, football began. He had looked forward to the football season. "Nothing to do between week-ends." But it was amazing how the week-ends absorbed the weeks. One Saturday saw him in Ann Arbor. Another in Annapolis. Another in Champaign, Illinois. Week-ends lasting sometimes from Thursday until Monday, making other work impossible.

In December, Toby had a two weeks' vacation. "Now!" he said to himself. On his first day of freedom he wrote a fiction story of a ball player and a girl and another girl. The story was called Strike Three and he was tremendously pleased with it. He sent it to a magazine. While he waited for a report on it, he rested from his labors, and by the time it came back—to be torn to angry shreds—his vacation was over.

In January he fell in love, briefly but engrossingly. In February he went to Florida with the New York Giants, remaining until late in March. His second year as a sports writer began with the month of April, and the second was like the first. And the third like the second.

He was always away, or busy, or tired, or emotionally upset. There was always some sufficient reason why, today, he could do nothing creative, beyond the counted words required of him. In time he ceased to expect to do anything "today"; even his mental "tomorrow" became "soon." He had money enough to live on. Just living—working, playing, getting there and back, and sleeping sometimes—crammed the hours.

He spent six weeks every winter in the South, and lay in the silver sand. He accompanied pugilists to their training camps and golfed with them. He knew a bootlegger, a good dance place, and at least one party girl in every Big League baseball town. He was lightly in love almost all the time, always with spectacular young women. A svelte red-lipped divorcee in Chicago one summer. A famous artist's model one spring.

He wrote stories in press boxes covered and uncovered, in Pullman cars, in tents and telegraph offices. He wrote stories signed by tennis players, polo players, outfielders, a racing driver's widow, a boxer's manager, and by countless temporarily incapacitated brethren of the sports-writing fraternity. Stories were written for him upon occasion. On one occasion forever memorable, when loyal friends failed to consult one another, no less than four accounts of a single baseball game, each signed "By Toby McLean"—who lay asleep in a Turkish bath meanwhile—reached his editor, provoking the laconic answer, by wire, "Yes, yes, I believed you the first time."

Once he changed papers. The Bulletin one warm day sent him to cover the annual regatta at Poughkeepsie. He was to do the lead story, delivering it straight from the scene over a field telephone installed for the purpose. The thermometer registered 92°, the race was late in starting, and the field-glass case slung over Toby's shoulders contained no field glasses, but instead concealed two neat flasks of Scotch whisky. These, sitting in the sun on a cliff by the river bank, he emptied.

In time he rang his office on the field telephone. "The McLean story," he said with difficulty.

"Shoot it," they said.

Toby took a deep breath. "Poughkeepsie, N'York. June—June what. By Toby McLean." He paused. He had forgotten what he meant to say. Perhaps he had never known. But as his eyes wavered toward the streaming, figured ribbon of blue, inspiration was born.

"Here they come!" he began. "Here they come! Heretheycome!"

"The-e-ere they go!" he concluded, triumphant.

So he left the Bulletin and went to the Star.

"And," said Toby McLean to Ann Vaughn, "then, in the twenty-seventh year of the young man's life, he met little Ann Vaughn."

Across the damask and silver and glass, he smiled at her. She was beautiful—Ann. Her eyes were beautiful, dark and shining in their incredible frames. Her mouth was beautiful as a strange bright flower. Her face that had been so pale in the rain was pink with a little rouge or with the warmth of this crowded supper room. Or perhaps with a reflection of the burning that was in him, Toby, regarding her with eyes grown grave, grown stormy, all at once.

They knew each other well now. In the past hour, at this table, they had exchanged opinions, reminiscences, selective autobiographies; they had found with excitement that they liked the same things, enjoyed the same books and plays and people. They were very good friends now. And they were something more—something potentially intense, of which both were aware.

Toby let his eyes fall. With a burnt match in fingers not quite steady he marked on the tablecloth little meaningless marks. He was thinking back over that hour. Things Ann had said of him: "I like you, Toby McLean. You're mad, and I adore mad people." Of herself: "I'm ambitious, you see, Toby. Oh, ridiculously! I've got an engine in me that won't let me rest. It's bigger than my capabilities, I'm afraid. It shakes me to pieces." Of life in general: "I don't pretend to know what it's all about, but I think it's grand; don't you?"

Toby dropped the burnt match in an ash tray and sat back. "What about love?" he inquired.

"What about it?"

"What do you think about it?"

"Oh, I believe in it," Ann said earnestly. She put down the spoon with which she had been eating a cupped moon of orange ice. She folded her hands, and rested her chin on them, and looked at Toby. Her eyes neither flirted nor invited; there was merely abstract interest in her voice. "Don't you?"

Toby nodded. "Ever been in love?" he said.

"Once."

"What happened?"

(Continued on Page 167)

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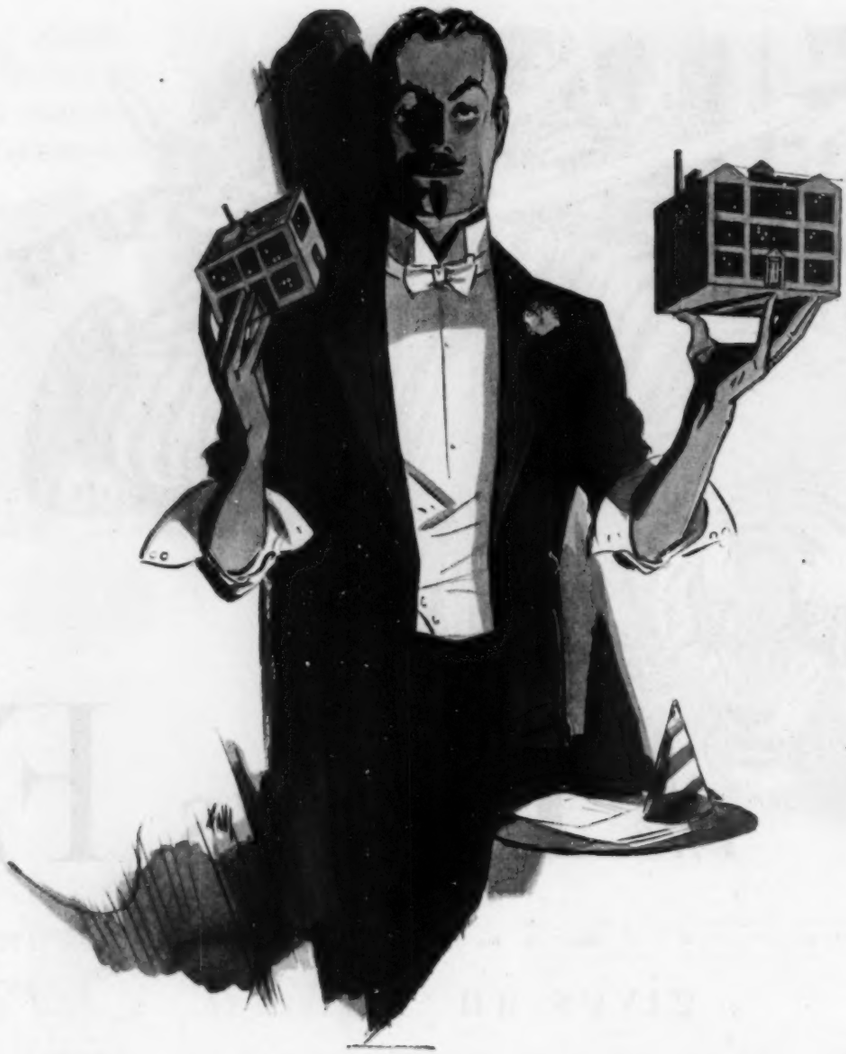

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(Continued from Page 164)

"Nothing," said Ann. "The boat got to Cherbourg. . . . You know how it is."

"You never saw him after that?"

"Once. About a year later. Just a few weeks ago, it was." Ann mused a moment. "He suddenly looked like a horse," she said solemnly then. "It was the most curious thing."

Toby laughed loudly—too loudly, he thought—and he abruptly checked himself.

"No one else?" he presently asked.

"No. . . . Oh," Ann amended, "of course, the usual slight flurries at odd moments. But no one who meant anything."

"And you're not in love with anyone now?"

"No."

"You will be," said Toby.

There was a pause.

"You've got to be," said Toby. He sat forward and leaned on his crossed arms. "Because," he said, "I've decided we're going to be married."

"Really!" gasped Ann.

It was by no means a question, but Toby chose to answer it precisely as though it had been. He nodded his head. "I think so," he said. Then his glance flashed up. "Don't you?"

"I hadn't thought ——"

"It's on the cards," said Toby. "I knew it the minute I met you. And I knew it when I read your piece, because I was so proud. Then I said to myself, 'Why are you proud, you ass? What right have you to be proud of her?' And the answer —— Do you want to know what the answer was, Ann?"

She was looking down at her spoon, fingering its handle absently. Her lashes were exquisite etchings on ivory. "I sort of do," she said.

"Look at me, sugar."

The lashes came up slowly, as if weighted.

"That's the answer," Toby said, low, after a long moment. "I'm in love with you."

Then they sat very still. All over the grill room people—gay people in moist, mussed clothes—were moving; leaning, gesticulating, cutting with knives and forks. Rising and dancing. But the two in the corner were still. They were listening, under the tumult, to the echo of Toby's words; it was as though they dared not stir, lest they lose it.

Ann spoke at last, in a small voice, haltingly, "You've known me—exactly two hours."

"Makes no difference," Toby said. "I know."

"Things don't happen like that."

"No, they don't. But this did."

Another silence. Then Toby sat back in his chair, slid his hands in his trousers pockets. With his chin digging his chest and his eyes regarding the lights in his water goblet, he began a monologue.

"You don't need to say anything now unless you want to," he said. "But I had to tell you. And I want you to think about it. There are other things I ought to tell you, too—that's only fair. About drinking, for instance." He cleared his throat. "I don't know what you've heard about that in connection with me," he continued, "but whatever it was, it's probably pretty true. I like the stuff. I always have liked it. I was thrown off the Bulletin because of it, and I still get tight pretty often—and in a big way." He paused, to allow that to sink in deep. Ann must know now. She must know everything.

"The reason," he said then, lifting his head and meeting her eyes directly—"the reason is that there's never been any reason why I shouldn't, d'you see, Ann? Nobody to care if I did or didn't. Nobody to want me not to."

He believed it himself. "Liquor hasn't got me," he said. "Don't think it! I can take it or let it alone. Once I was on the wagon for four whole months. I could go on indefinitely if I wanted to."

He paused again. "If I had you I'd want to," he said simply. "And that's that."

They thought about it. The eyes of each were fixed on things on the table, neither could have told you what. Ann twisted a match folder around and around in her fingers. Toby's hands were in his pockets still, the thumbs outside. They did not hear the dance band playing The Birth of the Blues, but always thereafter that tune, played anywhere they were, would check their words and for an instant make their faces dreamy.

A waiter came, removed Ann's orange ice and crumbed the table; set finger bowls before them and the supper check on a plate. Absently Toby turned it over and glanced at the total. He laid a bill down. The waiter scurried off.

"And about women ——" Toby said.

Ann stirred in her chair, interrupting. "Don't," she commanded him gently. "You needn't feel you must tell me things like that. They're none of my affair. Even if—if we were married some day, they wouldn't be. As long as they're over with ——"

"They are."

"Then that's enough."

Toby parted his lips as if he would comment or protest. Then he closed them again. He reached for cigarettes, took one, and tapped it on the table's edge. "'If we were married.'" He repeated it musingly. "Of course," he said, "I suppose I'd make the world's worst husband."

"Oh," said Ann, "unquestionably!"

Her eyes were laughing. Toby, looking into them, laughed too. Then he sobered.

"Well, now, why would I?" he presently demanded, as if it had been Ann's idea. "I believe I'd make a very darn good husband, now I think of it. Because look! I wouldn't be jealous. Or domineering. I wouldn't try to run your life for you. I believe in individuals, Ann. You're one, if there ever was one, and I'd respect that. Always. I'd respect your work, and your time, and your right to do as you chose. If you felt like keeping your job you could. If you didn't you wouldn't need to. I wouldn't want you to cook or clean or grub around with housekeeping, but if you craved that sort of thing—which you wouldn't, would you?—you could have it. You'd be free, do you see? Free as you are now. All I'd ask of you would be to live where I lived, and smile at me sometimes, and let me buy your little shoes, and flowers for your shoulder—and typewriter ribbons ——"

"And put the ribbons on for me," interpolated Ann, "because I hate to so."

"And put the ribbons on, because you hate to and shouldn't have to."

They considered this, smiling.

"We'd work together," Toby said. "Do magazine stuff. Do a novel apiece, maybe. Make names for ourselves. And we'd play together! Go places and see things. Travel. Go to Italy and Spain. And home would be a studio apartment full of books, and great fat chairs, and firelight in the winter."

He stopped. His eyes were seeing the apartment. The books, and the firelight—and Ann. He looked over at her. One pink-tipped hand supported her chin. Her expression was rapt. Her eyes were seeing too. And they were shining.

"Go on," she said softly. "Tell me more."

The wedding guests, numbering forty or fifty, could have produced among them a complete and quite remarkable newspaper. There were various reporters, male and female. There were a managing editor, a sports editor, two city editors, a Sunday editor, three rewrite men and eleven sports writers. There was Harriet Cottle, perfumed and silken, who told men what to wear and signed the admonitions "Harry." There was Charlotte Hull, who wrote serials. There was Nick Standish, author of the Bagdad-on-the-Subway column in the Star, whose breakfast costume was a dinner jacket. There was old man Flaherty, keeper of the morgue—the graveyard of dead news and rotting clippings—at the Bulletin. And there was the cartoonist, Hamburg; and Eunice Hay, greatest of sob sisters; and the star photographer, Evan Jones; and big Jake Jacobs, specialist in crime. People like that. People whose tired bright eyes were surprised at nothing, awed by no one. People of a terrible wisdom and a beautiful tolerance. People who loved laughter, knowing the tears of the world. Newspaper people.

In addition, there were present Toby's janitor's wife, a cornet player who had lent him money, four or five old friends of Ann, and—because he liked Toby—Jack Dempsey, still with thin cuts on his face. The stage was represented by a famous dancing team, and baseball by an umpire and an outfielder and the little hunchbacked mascot of a club.

The ceremony was performed in church at high noon. The breakfast that followed was served in a private dining room at a big hotel. It was, taking it all in all, a very elaborate wedding, considering the haste with which arrangements had been made. Ann's father, summoned from Portland to meet a sudden son-in-law-to-be, was responsible. He had insisted on the church, the guests, the organ music and the wedding breakfast. The Municipal Building, with Shorty Ross and Eunice Hay beside them, would have better pleased the bride and groom.

They had known each other five days and fourteen hours. "And," Toby said, "twenty minutes."

Everyone felt very misty eyed and sentimental about them. They were so beautiful, so right together. When they looked at each other you quickly looked away, stabbed as with a knife by that sharp glory. You thought, "It will not die"—though you knew better. Toby and Ann would never be like other married couples. You pictured them, those vivid children, fabulously living; forever twenty-odd, forever happy.

They went to Atlantic City for three days only. They called it a week-end, not a trip. With the World Series at hand, and college football coming after, Toby could not be spared for long just at this time; and Ann had been unable in the past five hysterical days to compose more than four movie columns in advance. They took a portable typewriter to Atlantic City with them, having vowed, until the last minute, that they would not.

"Put that," Toby said to the bell boy, "on some high dark shelf."

Their windows overlooked the sea. They had a suite of rooms—Toby being Toby—a costly and marvelous suite of rooms that royalty might have occupied, with taffeta bedspreads and curtains, and mirrors everywhere. Over it they strewed their personal effects in immediate intimate confusion. The result, the marriage of Ann's things to Toby's things, pleased them inordinately. "Look," said Toby, on their second day there. "Look at this." He smiled, but his voice was somewhat husky. He was looking at Ann's little feathered mules, side by side with his tan leather slippers.

"Darling," Ann said, "don't let's go away from here, ever."

Her eyes were somber, frightened almost, fixed on the symbolic shoes. "We're so happy," she said. "I hate to change anything. I didn't think there was perfect happiness in the world, did you? And maybe there isn't—in the world. Just only here." Her eyes met Toby's. She made a sad little gesture with her hands. "How do we know? This is all we're sure of."

But such moods came seldom. Usually their spirits were high, their viewpoints quite insanely sanguine. They made glittering plans. Sitting close together on the cooling sand, wind-blown, with the sea's song in their ears, they planned by the hour. Things they would do. Tales they would write. Pitfalls they would avoid.

"On matrimony," Ann said, "I have theories."

"Have you, honey?"

She nodded, lips compressed.

"Dish out a few."

(Continued on Page 169)

"No idle boast."

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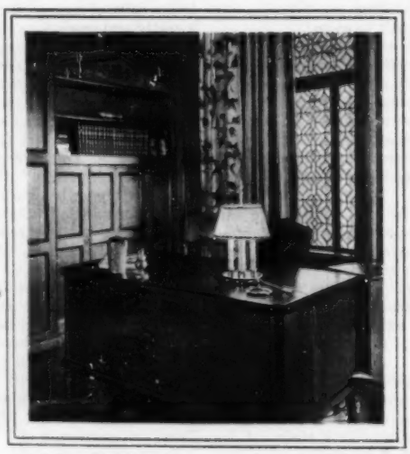

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(Continued from Page 167)

They were on the beach again. They had been there, in the sunshine, all this halcyon September afternoon. It was too cold for bathing, and they were dressed in sport clothes. A gray golf suit and cap. A little scarlet sweater suit. Their shoulders were rounded a trifle, their arms hugged their up-propped knees, their heels, flat heels and spool ones, dug the sand. Ann had pulled off her hat; it lay beside her, weighted with a stone. Her boy's hair, that was still so triumphantly feminine, was ruffled, and the sun had found red and gilt in the brown of it.

"You know something?" Toby said.

"What?"

"You're gorgeous."

"I like you too," said Ann.

"All right, now. Go on about the theories."

"Well," slowly, "for one thing, married people ought to go out sometimes with other people. Separately, I mean. They ought to have dates."

"Why?" asked Toby.

"Why not? It's wise," said Ann. "It's an intelligent precautionary measure. If you can take some other girl to dinner whenever you want to—with my full knowledge and consent—you won't feel nearly so much like seeing her without it. And the same applies to me, with some other man. In other words," she added, "we shouldn't forbid each other the jam. Then it won't look so tempting, ever."

"It won't, anyway, to me," retaliated Toby promptly. "What do I want of jam, when I've got all the honey?"

Ann's face remained earnest. "Variety, of course," she said. "Something different. Don't be silly, darling. You know how people are as well as I do."

"People, yes."

"We needn't think we're exceptions."

Ann leaned forward and picked up a small pearly shell. "Tell me," she said, fingering it, "who were you wining and dining when I came along?"

"Nobody special. I told you that."

"I know, but who in general? For instance," she elaborated, "suppose, two weeks ago today, Shorty Ross or somebody had phoned you, wanting to get up a foursome to go night-clubbing that night. Whom would you have called?"

She tossed the shell away and, cheek on the summit of her knees, peered sideways at Toby. He was gazing drowsily at the sea.

"I don't know," he said. "Some doll who could dance—Joyce Frazer, maybe. Or Dot Nash. . . . Do you know Dot Nash?"

"No. Who's she?"

"Nobody. Just a girl who gets around. I thought you might have run across her."

"And who's the other one? Not," Ann added hastily, "that it matters."

"Joyce Frazer. She's a fashion artist," Toby said. "Nothing to me, but a good wag on a party. Dresses well, dances marvelously, and never drops her cigarette butt in what's left of her Welsh rabbit."

Ann smiled. "She sounds nice," she said. "Well, when we get back, you take her out somewhere some evening."

"Is this an assignment?" Toby demanded, amused. Then he frowned. "And in the meantime, who's going to be taking you?"

"Oh, any one of several people."

"This theory," said Toby, "leaves me cold."

"If you won't be serious, I won't go on."

Toby became serious. His face grew thoughtful and he shifted his position so that he half reclined, leaning back on one elbow. "I suppose your reasoning is sound," he admitted. "I'd know it was—for anybody else." He pondered a moment, poking holes in the sand with his forefinger. "But we don't have to inaugurate the system right away, do we? I mean, not for a week or two."

His voice was beseeching, and Ann laughed, and leaning over, kissed him swiftly. "Darling! Of course not. It's for later."

"Do that again."

"I won't. Those people are looking."

"Do it anyway."

So Ann did it anyway.

They decided solemnly, sitting there on the sand, that they would always tell each other everything. "Everything!" They could bear anything, forgive anything, except deception. And they would always trust each other, never be suspicious. Ann was to keep her job because she would be happier "and," she assured Toby, "a lot more interesting to you." Toby was secretly dismayed to discover that his salary exceeded hers by only five dollars a week; but he salved this wound to his pride by a proclamation to the effect that his money was to pay all bills. Also, he would save some money from now on. "Economize," he characteristically said, "on necessities, never on luxuries."

It was upon their return to the hotel after this heart-to-heart talk that Ann received a business telegram. It lay under their door. Toby as they entered picked it up. "'Mrs. Ann Vaughn McLean,'" he said. "Hey, hey! How's that for a name?"

"Is it mine?" Ann asked wonderingly. "What's that 'Mrs.' doing?"

She had taken the telegram and opened it, and now, standing still in the parlor of the suite, she fell silent while her eyes absorbed the message.

"Damn," she said.

"What is it?"

"The office. Wouldn't you know?"

She read the telegram aloud:

JULIETTE ARNOLD AT AMBASSADOR ATLANTIC CITY REPORTED MARRIED TODAY TO POLISH COUNT PLEASE COVER THIS WILLIAMS

They stared at each other expressionlessly.

"Juliette Arnold," repeated Toby, "married. Hell, that's not news!"

"I wish it wasn't," said Ann. "But it always is." She smiled a small, half-apologetic smile at Toby, tossed her hat to a couch, and dropped into a chair. "Oh, Lord! And I've got to do it, of course."

There was not in either newspaper mind the slightest question of this. But Toby looked disturbed and somewhat angry.

"Confound it," he said, "they might have sent somebody. This is a hell of a note—on our honeymoon!"

"There wouldn't be time. And anyway," said Ann, a shade jealously, "it's my story."

Juliette Arnold was a movie star.

"You can't expect a paper to have a heart," Ann added, "even if one of the cogs is newly married."

She sat a moment longer, drawing the yellow slip through her fingers. "Well——" she sighed then. And stood up.

"Going over there?"

"Going to do some telephoning first."

She took up the instrument, unhooked it, and turned her back on the writing desk on which it had stood, so that the edge supported her. One buckled shoe was crossed over the other, and a forefinger with a pink, shiny nail manipulated the hook impatiently. "Operator—operator, will you get me the Ambassador, please . . . yes."

This was a businesslike Ann, with a crisp, quick, businesslike voice. Toby, from the window seat, watched and listened. His eyes were moody. He tapped his cigarette to remove the ash oftener than there was an ash to remove.

"Why do I feel like this?" he thought. "It's ridiculous."

It was. But he could not help it. He felt troubled, annoyed at this professional intrusion—annoyed particularly—and here was the rub—that it was Ann's work, not his, that had intruded. If anyone had to work during this honeymoon it should be himself. The prospect of sitting here, idle, with nothing whatever to do, while his bride rushed out to cover an assignment, was somehow humiliating. It was somehow insufferably reminiscent of cartoons of men whose wives made the family living.

Ann was talking to Juliette Arnold's maid. "The New York Chronicle-Press," she was saying. "Chronicle-Press, yes. Miss Vaughn, tell her. V-a-u-g-h-n."

A Helpful Hint *on Buying Ice Cream*

Below—the popular SEALRIGHT WAY to Serve Ice Cream.

1 After holding container under cold water an instant, remove cover and press on bottom with thumbs.

2 Cut Ice Cream in attractive round slices and serve.

NO excuse nowadays for bringing ice cream home in soft, half-melted, unattractive condition. Here's the remedy. Always ask the dealer to pack it in a Sealright—the modern, leak-proof, practically air-tight paper container. Sealrights keep ice cream firm longer—make it as easy and safe to carry as a box of candy—and enable you to serve it beautifully! (See the two little drawings at the left.) Sealrights have the clean, natural wood color, inside and out, of the pure spruce paper of which they are made. Always accurate in measure. Made in all popular sizes from one-quarter pint to one gallon. Sealrights are used by progressive stores everywhere. Patronize them—it pays! Sealright Co., Inc., Dept. PO-10, Fulton, N.Y. Canadian Sealright Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.

If it's a Sealright, it can't leak! Look for "SEALRIGHT" on the top or bottom of every container.

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The horn of this new caster is of heavy gauge steel with a brass plated finish. Rugged in construction—beautiful in appearance.
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Above the transmitter she winked one eye gayly at Toby. He made, in response, a little salute with his hand. Then he turned to the window and eyed the sea without seeing it. "I'm a fool," he thought. "Why, this will happen often! She'll be busy when I'm free, and vice versa. For instance, days when I haven't a game or anything, she'll be working. I won't mind that, will I? Of course not!"

But he minded this.

Ann left ten minutes later, hatted, furred and freshly tinted. She kissed him good-by and shook him slightly by the shoulders. "Don't look so tragic, darling! Your wife will be right back!"

"My wife," Toby said queerly, "is a newspaper girl ——"

There was a pause. Ann's grip on the cloth of Toby's coat relaxed. Shadows darkened the eyes that searched his face.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked slowly.

"Nothing."

"Tell me, Toby."

"Nothing," he said again, more convincingly this time. He kissed her, feeling contrite and ashamed. "Nothing at all, honey. I just wished, just for a second, that you were Mrs. Toby McLean, and nothing else, d'you see? But I'm over it now."

Ann's eyes were still shadowed. Questioning. Her white teeth worried her lip. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure." He smiled blithely to prove it. "Positive," he said.

But he lied.

The apartment into which they moved when they returned to New York was a four-room one on East Ninth Street. They had chosen it for its living room, which had an open fireplace with a step, oak rafters, many bookshelves, and a huge sheet of leaded window facing south, rising from the baseboard to the ceiling. An artistic living room, made, they thought, for creative people. It offended them a little that the previous tenant, a Mr. Vidabeck, had owned a laundry.

From the living room, three steps led down to a hardwood gangplank of hall and the doors of the one bedroom and the bath. The kitchen was a cupboard adjoining the living room. It contained a stove with two burners, a porcelain sink like an overgrown soap dish, and a yellow-painted ice box three feet high and two feet wide. Ann was enchanted with the ice box.

She said it was "adorable and cunning." But Toby, looking anxious, said that all the ice it would hold at one time could be set in a ring.

Into these rooms came Oriental scatter rugs, two couches, several easy-chairs, a painted bedroom set, a brocade to hang on a spear, a pair of seven-branch, wrought-iron candlesticks taller than Ann, and other things made possible by wedding-present checks and, beyond those, by high young optimism. Into the rooms also came Toby's private stock—nine quarts—his golf clubs, his portable phonograph and a leaning tower of records, his ten suits, his twenty-one custom-made shirts, his books and his dirty-faced banjo. And Ann's hats and shoes and gowns and frothy underwear, and her doll with the dangling legs, and her boudoir pillows, and the scrapbooks of her stories, and her Roget's Thesaurus, and the pile of Pullman towels she had collected in her travels to use for wiping off cold cream.

They had the usual difficulties. The truck that left Toby's former landlord's house at ten o'clock one morning, laden with his lares and penates, was located at half-past four that afternoon in front of a restaurant barroom around the corner. A delivery man thrust one of the legs of a table through one of the panes of a window. There were not enough floor plugs. The shower bath, despite a shower curtain, rained in a radius of some yards. The mattress of one of the twin beds fitted, but the other was much too small. "Am I," Toby asked the store indignantly, "a Singer midget?"

The decorators could not promise the draperies before October fifteenth, and the wary telephone company would not promise anything. Ann's electric iron, two lamps and the coffee percolator were made for alternating current; the current in the apartment was direct. They drove nails into walls and then changed their minds and had to plug the holes with putty and paint them. Their combined libraries only half filled the bookshelves built, surprisingly, by the laundry-owning Mr. Vidabeck. They filled the rest by two methods: Ann's, which was to beg the book department of her paper for all the review copies lying around; Toby's, which was to betake himself to a neighboring book shop and rapidly run up a bill three figures high.

That they ever got settled at all was a miracle, for their settling—their shopping and unpacking and arranging and rearranging—had to be done in odd moments between assignments or late at night. The Star and the Chronicle-Press continued to come out relentlessly, and, as Toby said, "Our Publics must not suffer. Especially my Public," he added fondly. "He's so nice."

The World Series began before they were finished. Two games in New York, then the clubs and the correspondents would leave for St. Louis. They were to be gone five days at least; longer if it rained.

"I suppose," Ann said, "I'll live through it somehow."

She would not go, insisted that she could not possibly go. The days preceding Toby's departure were dreary with argument.

"If you'd only come with me!"

"Darling, you know I can't."

"You could," Toby always thought, "if it weren't for your job." But he did not say it.

"There's this place to fix." Ann would speak hurriedly, as if she read his mind. "I couldn't go away and leave it, with things being delivered all the time, and electricians and telephone men pounding on the door."

"When you hear any telephone men pounding on the door, let me know."

"They may come any time. And besides, we can't afford it, Toby. You're on an expense account, but I wouldn't be, and it would cost a lot to take me all the way out to St. Louis and back, and feed me, and all. And we're awfully broke already. I was figuring yesterday. We've spent ——"

"Don't tell me."

"All right. I won't. But the point is ——"

One of them always concluded the discussion, for the nonce, by saying bravely, "Well. After all, five days isn't long."

"No, it really isn't," the other would agree.

It was a century.

On the afternoon of the opening game Ann had to attend a preview of a picture; but she went to the second game, to be with Toby. He was leaving at six-something, on the newspaper train. They were sad all day. In the special bus marked PRESS with its escort of police on motorcycles that rushed them sensationally uptown to the Yankee Stadium they held hands under cover of a copy of the Star, and Toby muttered grimly to the bus driver's back, "Go on. Hit something. See if we care." In the little noisy smoky room in the labyrinth under the grand stand, where salad and rolls and *spumoni* and coffee were served to the baseball writers, they could not eat much, nor could they smile very heartily when genial friends joked them on their impending separation.

The press box was a high steep bank of faces under felt hats, with here and there a woman's face. Their countless pairs of eyes, scanning the diamond down below where men in clean new uniforms were practicing, were like so many marbles threatening to drop on Ann and Toby, whose seats were in the second row. They sat forward, resting their arms on the board that served as a writing table. Toby's telegrapher sat at his right; Bill Hastings, also of the Star, was beyond Ann. Ahead of them a radio announcer in a gray slouch cap already talked into his microphone. An assistant slipped him scribbled suggestions.

"At two o'clock," Toby dictated to his telegrapher, "the stands were full to overflowing."

Here and there in the press box, other telegraph instruments and a few typewriters were tapping and clicking—hailstones, forerunners of the storm. Uniformed boys were running about with sheafs of blank telegraph paper. Pencils were being sharpened, scorebooks laid out. At the foot of the center aisle near by a man was arranging the placards he would hold up during the game for the men of the newspapers to see—H, A, E, black letters on white cardboard, signalizing the feats or failures of batters and basemen.

"That's all for now," said Toby.

He turned to Ann. Her face was averted. She was saying something to Hastings on her left; but as Toby eyed her profile she suddenly looked around, as if his eyes commanded her. Together they knew a curious, breathless moment: The whole scene fell away—the stands, the patterned green below—even the men whose elbows touched their elbows had no existence, and the world was only the tiny space between them, spanned by their gaze. A moment like part of eternity, and yet so brief that when it was over the foul ball knocked from the plate before it began still coasted down the silver slope of wire above their heads.

"I can't leave you," Toby whispered, his face twisted. "I love you so."

The next instant he was leaning forward, peering alertly down and around at the stands where thousands rose in a great, sudden, speckled wave.

"Came the Babe," he said casually aloud.

He did not look again at Ann. He could not trust himself to look at her. Hunching low in his seat, mashing his cigarette stub out, he resumed dictation:

"Babe Ruth appeared from the dugout at 2:15, and the crowd ——"

In St. Louis there was carnival, for this World Series was the city's first in more than three decades. The train that brought the pennant winners in was met by hordes who pummeled, clawed, and all but maimed for life their conquering heroes. The sports writers, arriving an hour afterward, found a town gone mad, with sirens screaming, everybody on the streets, and traffic standing stock-still, as if parked.

It took Toby and Hastings an hour to reach their hotel in a taxicab, and when they alighted at the entrance, into the midst of a throng, Toby was whacked from the rear by a thing called a stinger. This was quite too much. He wheeled and casually hit the nearest man bigger than he that he saw. There ensued a miniature riot from which, hatless and panting and happy, he was rescued ultimately by police. The police were unreasonable and they took him to jail, where he languished for two hours; then Hastings, with the aid of a St. Louis newspaperman, got him out.

The incident somehow miraculously raised his spirits.

For three days then he slept late, breakfasted at lunchtime, betook himself to the ball park for the afternoon, dined—abstemiously, for he was on the wagon—in the special press bar, telegraphed fifty words to Ann, and went to the movies. Parties, of which there were many, did not tempt him, nor did the manifold jests and jeers called forth by his conservative program move him at all.

One night about midnight he opened heavy eyelids, to find his room bright lit and full of people. Shorty Ross had brought in a party of seven, including two young women, one of whom was pointing at Toby, crying in a shrill voice, "Ooh, he's beau-ti-ful! Buy me him!"

"Sold," said Toby politely.

But ten minutes later, after he had wrapped himself in a toga of bedclothes, thrust his feet into slippers and risen to play host, he was discovered asleep again in a chair in a corner.

(Continued on Page 173)

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July 22, 1929

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Gentlemen:

It is a pleasure to tell you how much we appreciate the exceptional service you have rendered our Company in furnishing so promptly the equipment for the four hundred retail stores we have already in operation.

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THE same executive instinct that has shaped every policy behind their vast distribution plan, prompted Montgomery Ward & Co.—operating the world's greatest chain of general merchandise stores—to select the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation, after surveying the entire industry.

For nowhere else could they match such nation-wide production facilities—such outstanding planning and manufacturing experience—or find an organization so alive to chain store requirements. Ward's decision, too, was positive in favor of **FLEXIBLE, SECTIONAL AND INTERCHANGEABLE EQUIPMENT,** permitting economical and instantaneous departmental changes or complete rearrangement to keep pace with today's fast shifting merchandising trends. Quality likewise had to be in keeping with the character of the stores themselves.

Our record to date is over 400 intelligently planned stores —each with its individual problems—followed through production on clock-like schedule so that each could open on the announced date with not a single delay.

The same resources are available to the smallest independent shop or store—large department stores—nationally known chains, or the smaller chains just starting. A request will bring a well-posted representative, or full information by mail.

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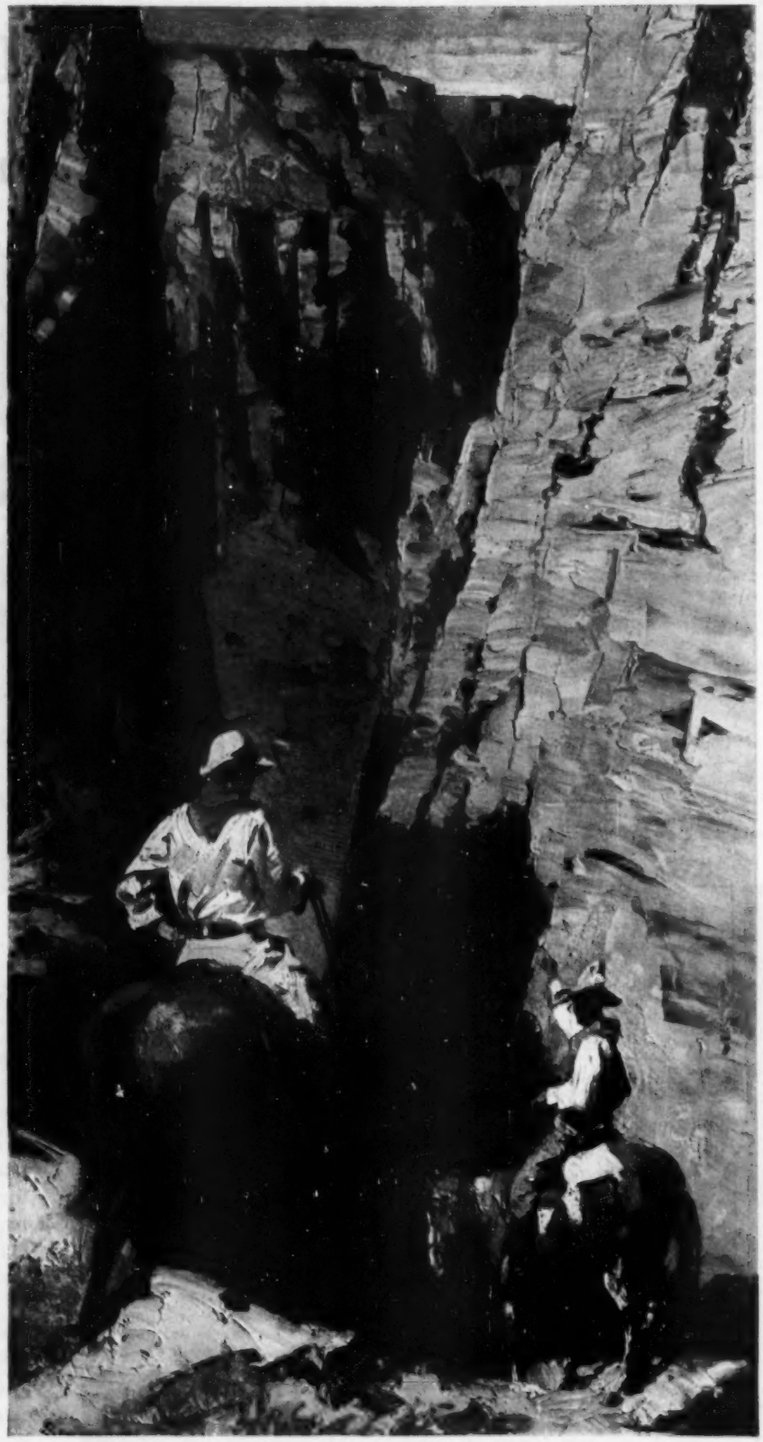
GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

Even Bright Angel Trail leads to a soda fountain and *the pause that refreshes*



On the rim of the Grand Canyon, in a wing of El Tovar hotel, the little red Coca-Cola sign flashes its invitation to a cool and cheerful fountain—telling you how, when and where to pause and refresh yourself.

A BIGHORN sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

It had to be good to get where it is

(Continued from Page 170)

On the day of the last of the games in St. Louis he yodeled so exuberantly during his morning shower that the occupant of the room above his room protested via the pipes with the heel of a shoe. Before he went down to breakfast he packed his suitcase and shut and strapped it; ready for the train at 6:30 P.M. There were presents for Ann in the suitcase. A bottle of perfume, wrapped in a wadded blue pajama jacket. A *robe de nuit* of palest apricot chiffon with ribbons and lace. A pair of earrings, a patent lighter, The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke in fine tooled leather, and an evening dress. He was a little anxious about the dress. She might not like it. She might just smile and pat his cheek maternally, and put the dress away and never wear it. But he had had to buy it. It was white velvet, silky soft and small and beautiful, and to have left it in a St. Louis shop window, on a form with a bright pink throat and no head, would have been a crime.

He had won ninety-seven dollars on bets and bridge in the past few days. The rest he borrowed from Shorty Ross, who, he was cheered to learn, owed it to him anyway. "I have since St. Petersburg," Shorty said calmly, "last winter. Don't you remember? I was playing Santy Claus to a little one with the sole cut out of her stocking, and just then you got a bonus from your paper. This is it."

All that last day Toby was gay, and when the train pulled out that evening he was the gayest young man aboard—though he was sober. He dined preposterously. He visited friends in the various cars. He sang in quartets at the top of his lungs, and participated in crap games. The contrast between his current mood and his mood of the westbound trip, which had been g[illegible] beyond words, did not go unremarked. After a little preliminary low-pitched rehearsal in a corner, three vocalists burst out abruptly with a ballad about it, to the tune of The Old Gray Mare; and when he repaired to his compartment at two o'clock in the morning, he found pinned to the door a magazine advertisement of the Before-and-After-Taking school, with appropriate animadversions added in pencil.

He did not sleep for a long time, for hearkening happily to the loud glad onward hurry of the wheels.

Ann was not at the station. He had wired her the time of the train, but she was not there, and though he waited about for several minutes, she did not appear. He went to a pay-station booth and ascertained from Information that Toby McLean had, as yet, no telephone. Then he chartered a taxi and drove home.

Ann was not there either. A lamp glowed. The apartment was beautiful, its glass curtains hung, its rugs put down, the mandarin coat Ann had bought at an auction thrown brightly on the little grand piano. The studio looked not only settled, but lived in. There were new magazines in a line on the table, their ends overlapping. There were dry crumbs of fudge in a silver dish. Ann's pocketbook lay in a chair and her cigarette holder marked her place in a new novel. Her typewriter was open, with paper in it. These things Toby noted subconsciously, listening to the silence that followed his joyous roar of "Ann!" from the threshold.

He tried it again, less surely: "Ann?"

She was not here. Not anywhere here. He had been away endlessly, and now he was back, and she was not at home to welcome him.

"Well!" he said.

He let the door slam and thumped his suitcase and his typewriter down. Standing motionless between them, he planted his fists on his hips and frowned at the emptiness. But the shape of his mouth was less angry than hurt, and the eyes under his drawn brows worried and wondered. Where was she? And why? This wasn't like her at all.

Then he spied the note. It was scribbled in pencil on yellow copy paper, and attached to a chair in his path by the sort of long pale-headed pin that pins orchids; it read:

Darling: I am so sorry! But you'll forgive me when you hear the heavenly thing that's happened: A man named Austin Hackett, who is editor of Picturesque—you know; the movie magazine—is going to pay me *two hundred*—$$ not cents—*apiece* for six impressions of movie stars—with an option of six more at *three* hundred apiece! Did you ever hear of anything so grand in all your life? This just broke today, and tonight was our only chance to talk it over, as he leaves tomorrow for Hollywood, where they publish; so I *had* to go to dinner with him. You see how it was, don't you? It breaks my heart not to meet you at the train, but I'll be home the first minute I can. By ten, anyway. Your ME.

Toby looked at his watch. It was twenty-three minutes past nine.

He removed his overcoat and sat down. He read the note over again. Then he read it a third time. Then for an interval he merely sat, the paper in one hand, the other hand absently stabbing the arm of his chair with the pale-headed pin.

He thought, "That's great for her. That's simply great. It's marvelous." He thought, "Of course she had to go! A thing as important as that." He thought, "Six times two hundred is twelve hundred. And six times three hundred is eighteen hundred. Eighteen and—that's three thousand dollars."

The Star had promised him a ten-dollar raise after October first. He thought about that. Thought deeply about it, stabbing and jabbing the arm of his chair with the pin.

When he looked again at his watch it was 9:45.

He began to roam the rooms, his hands shoved deep in his pockets. His course was aimless. After two or three turns of the studio he descended the steps to the bedroom, which he lighted, surveyed from the doorway for a moment and then entered. Ann's things all around. The ghost of her perfume drifting. Small, frivolous, festive shoes on their sides on the floor. There was the telegram he had sent from the station at Harrisburg, lying spread out on her dressing table under a snarl of pearl beads. His heart that had been a little numb ached suddenly. He had dreamed of such a different homecoming.

He went back up the three steps slowly. In the kitchenette he drank a glass of water. He reëntered the studio, paused at the piano and stood eying a sheet of music without seeing it. "And even when she gets here ——" he thought dully. It would not be as he had dreamed it, even when she got here. Her news would intrude. The things she would have to tell would be more important, more exciting, than the fact that they who had been apart were together. "Well, why not?" he said angrily to himself. "Good Lord, they are!" But saying so did not seem to make it true.

He wandered on.

Why couldn't a man who was leaving tomorrow for the Coast talk business in the morning? The Century didn't leave till afternoon, and the Wolverine didn't leave till night.

A ten-dollar-a-week raise was five hundred and twenty a year. "Fine!" Toby grunted. "Fine! If she buys herself a car, I can buy a gadget for the radiator cap."

Four of the panes of the huge window, like a little hinged door, stood open. He leaned out and spat emphatically to the court below.

The paper in Ann's typewriter had nothing written on it. It was just there. Blank. An invitation. Only an inch or two of it appeared on the front of the roller, and the carriage was far to the right, all ready to go. You could begin. You could just sit down and start, and in a little while you would have something. An article, maybe. A short story, to sell. . . . That story someone had told that very morning on the press train—about the girl who danced in a dive in New Orleans—that was a knock-out plot for a fiction story. "She was born bad." That would be the opening line. Just those four words. A wow of a line!

Toby swung a long leg over the little chair and seated himself at the typewriter. He hit the space bar five times with his forefinger to make an indentation, and wrote the line. Period. Space, space. He sat back. Then with one hand he pulled the paper from the machine and made a yellow crackling wad of it. No use starting tonight. Ann would be home any minute now.

He resumed his march.

Ann was late. At ten she had not come. At 10:15 she had not come. At 10:25 Toby descended to the street and stared up and down. There were taxis, and girls' bare heads and ivory throats and flowered shoulders, dimly, fleetly glimpsed through taxi windows. But no Ann. He went back upstairs. He hurried back, three steps at a time. It had just occurred to him that Whosis, the editor, would be with her in the taxi. They must not find him teetering on the curbstone, like a fool.

He was no sooner back in the studio than the street doorbell rang three quick times. Then three times more. "There!" he cried aloud. He wheeled and wildly thumbed the button that released the latch downstairs. His heart was pounding. All his melancholy, all his vague alarms, were gone. The sound of those rings, so impatient, so eager and joyous, had banished them all.

He wrenched open the door. "Hul-lo there!" he bellowed into the echoing hollowness of the hall.

And from two floors below, up the well of the stairs, Ann's exultant answer floated: "Hello yourself!"

He had reached the first landing of the downward flight in his pell-mell rush to meet her, when he suddenly stopped and listened. There were two voices. Hers and a man's. He could hear them laughing together, he could hear their mounting steps, confused and scratchy on the carpetless stone stairs. "Now why's she bringing him up?" groaned his mind. "Now just exactly why did she have to do that?"

He thrust his face, the forehead knotted with a fresh dismay, over the banisters and peered down. He could see the tops of their heads. Ann's little brown head, boyish head, jaunty and adorable. And a sleek blond head that inclined attentively toward it. While he still hung over, clinging to the rail, Ann's face unexpectedly lifted toward him. He dodged back before her eyes caught him; and finding his shoulders against the wall, he leaned there for a sullen moment, debating whether to saunter on down or to tiptoe quickly back up. He decided upon the former course; and after giving his coat collar a tug with both hands, adjusting his tie, and pushing his fists into his pockets, he recommenced his descent of the stairs—this time at a dignified rate of speed and somewhat stiffly.

They met on a landing farther down. "Darling!" cried Ann. A breathless little cry, with a catch in it.

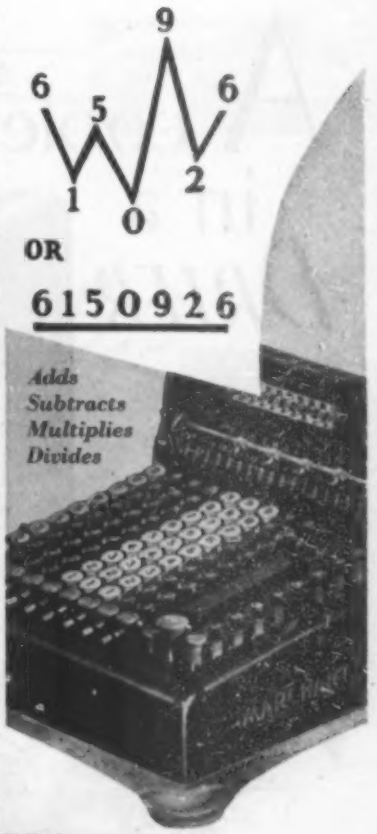
Their embrace was brief. For just an instant he felt her cool bare arms about his neck, pulling his head down. Her mouth pressed his for just an instant. Then she released him and half turned away. "My husband, Mr. Hackett."

Mr. Hackett had just achieved the landing. He was a plump short man in dinner clothes, slightly out of breath with his climb. He had a pink face, the extreme baby blondness of which was unrelieved by any dark pigment in brows or lashes or in the very small mustache he wore. Even his eyes were pale, like faded marbles. And they were hard like marbles.

He gave Toby a hand that had a ring of some sort on its little finger. "Mr. Vaughn," he said, "how do you do?"

His smile was bland. He seemed unaware of the slip he had made, and he undoubtedly was. Yet Toby's eyes narrowed ever so slightly, and his lips that had parted to murmur politeness closed. "What's he doing?" he thought. "Kidding me?"

Ann was amused. "McLean, Mr. Hackett," she corrected him smilingly. "'Vaughn' is only my name. I forgot you didn't know."



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3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
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Knock out your pipe and see . . .

After a pipe-load of Granger there's no need for pipe-cleaners. Out comes the ash, consumed to a shred, leaving a clean, dry, sweet bowl . . . a happy result of Granger's special cut—"Rough Cut"—essentially slow-burning and cool-smoking; right for *pipes.*

A "cooler smoke"—yes, and richer. By Col. Wellman's 1870 Method, the flavor of this ripe old Kentucky Burley is "set" at its mellow best, and reaches you fresh and *naturally* fragrant.

Granger Rough Cut, made for pipes, is *packed* for pipes in a light, flexible, air-tight, easy-to-carry package designed especially to hold together the soft, shaggy, "rough cut" flakes. It sells at ten cents.

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GRANGER ROUGH CUT

. . . in more pipes every day!

"Oh, I see," Hackett said. "I'm sorry, Mr. McLean."

"That's all right," Toby said.

But it had been unfortunate. They all felt that.

There was a tiny pause. Then Ann turned to Toby and slipped an arm through his. "Well!" she cried gayly. "Let me look at you! How are you, anyway? How was the trip?"

"Fair."

"Are you as glad as I am that you're back?"

Toby smiled slightly, ironically. He said nothing, and after an instant Ann went on speaking quickly, her color heightened. "Let's go on up, shall we? Why do we stand here?"

She let Toby's arm go and started ahead. "I lured Mr. Hackett in"—she smiled back over her shoulder—"by promising him the best whisky sour in New York, made as only you can ——"

Her eyes said plainly: "Please, dear, be nice. For my sake."

"I hope we have all the makings," she added aloud on an unaccustomed note of housewifely anxiety. "I can't seem to remember seeing any lemons lately, but maybe we'll find some somewhere."

She mounted the stairs on the run, her lovely legs twinkling conspicuously before Hackett and Toby, who followed her side by side. The silver sheath of her wrap left a trail of subtle fragrance behind her. Hackett kept his eyes lowered. He and Toby were out of step, and their elbows repeatedly bumped. "Get in step, you!" Toby thought grimly. He himself would not. Nor would he straighten his arm by removing the hand from his trousers pocket, where it feverishly fingered a dime and a St. Louis press button.

He hated Hackett. He told himself that he would have hated him anyway. If he had seen him on the street he would have. Hackett was too smug. He was too pudgy and too pink. "Rosie," Toby's mind named him. "May be High Hooper-dooper to Ann, but he's Rosie to me."

It pleased him to manufacture things he would like to say to "Rosie." He found two answers to everything the little pink man said. One was the monosyllabic, barely polite reply to be spoken; the other the caustic irate retort to be thought.

When, entering the apartment, Hackett observed, "What a charming little place you have here," Toby said merely, "We like it." He thought, "Listen, you snooty little weasel! One more crack like that and I'm going to sock you right—on—the—nose!"

There was some justification for him. Hackett's demeanor really was a shade superior and condescending. When he queried, "You're a sporting writer, Mr.—er—McLean?" it was obvious that this branch of journalism was held by him in rather low esteem. Also it was plain that he had instructed himself to be kind to little Miss Vaughn's odd husband. Toby was stung into a reply more curt than any he had yet uttered.

"One of those cases of arrested development, yes," he said.

Hackett's straw brows lifted a quarter of an inch. He seemed about to say something, but thought better of it, and sipped the drink Toby had mixed for him instead.

"Very nice," he commented. "Have you ever tried adding the juice of a lime?"

Ann was distressed. Her eyes, very bright and wide, the pupils dilated, alternately besought Toby not to be difficult and Hackett not to mind him, *please.* She talked nervously and fast, and sat forward on her chair as though prepared to throw herself bodily, as well as conversationally, between the two should occasion arise. Toby felt a little sorry for her, and a little penitent. But only a little. Her attitude toward Hackett, so respectful, so impressed, hardened his heart.

"Just a yes-girl!" he thought bitterly.

It appeared that they were late because after their dinner they had called upon Norman Astaire.

"Who's Norman Astaire?" Toby asked. Which was absurd. Everyone in the world knew who Norman Astaire was, and Toby himself had seen his latest picture in St. Louis only two evenings before. But he wanted to show this movie editor that the movies really weren't so darned important.

"Darling," said Ann, "I think, if you'll rack your brain ——"

Her eyes were suddenly cool to him, and scornful. "There's no excuse," they said, "for your acting like this."

She went on with the story. They had gone to see Norman Astaire, who was staying at the Plaza. One of the Impressions was to be of him, and he was leaving for Hollywood tomorrow on the same train with Mr. Hackett. She was lucky to have caught him before he left; he was the only one of the chosen subjects whom she had not previously met or interviewed.

"I think I'll do that one first, Mr. Hackett," she added, "even if you don't want to run it first. While it's fresh in my mind."

Now that she was more annoyed at Toby than grieved, her poise seemed to have returned. She relaxed in her chair and entered into discussion with Hackett of the articles, the length they should run, the dates upon which they should reach him. She ignored Toby, as did the editor. Their conversation excluded him, and he sat smoking cigarettes in lofty silence, squirming inwardly with the consciousness that he had made a fool of himself, and growing momentarily angrier and more likely to do so again.

Hackett presently turned to him, smiling his faint smile. "Do you do any magazine work yourself, Mr. McLean?"

Toby thought passionately, "Knowing I don't!"

"You flatter me," he said.

"Toby is going to do some fiction this winter," Ann declared.

"Indeed?" murmured Hackett.

Toby's lips quirked, without mirth. "No, probably not," he said dryly.

There was a short pause. Then Hackett observed, "I trust I may be forgiven for taking Mrs. McLean off this evening."

"Oh, surely. Of course."

"Business is business, you know."

"Yes," agreed Toby. And looking directly at Ann, he added: "And ladies must live."

Ann looked thoughtfully back at him. She seemed to look through him, and neither to see him nor to have heard what he said. After an instant she rose without haste and picked up the cocktail shaker. On her spool-heeled silver shoes she moved across to Hackett, extending the shaker invitingly.

"Thank you, no," he said. "No more."

"Just a drop." She filled his glass.

When he had emptied it he made his adieus. Briefly to Toby, though pleasantly enough. Lengthily to Ann. They stood for perhaps three minutes at the door while he gave her final instructions. "Remember, dead line the twentieth of the month. . . . You might send them air mail if you're pressed for time. . . . I'm going to get LeClerq to do line drawings, just the heads, for illustrations."

"Yes," said Ann. "Yes. Yes, Mr. Hackett."

"Oh, get out!" thought Toby. "Before I throw you out."

From the other side of the room, where he ambled about in the caged fashion of a man who wishes to sit down, but cannot yet, he heard the door close at last. He wheeled then. Ann was standing with her hand on the knob, regarding him.

"Toby," she said, "you were perfectly horrid."

She looked so beautiful standing there, outlined against the dark door. Like a beautiful paper doll stepping out of a page; except that no paper doll was ever so serious as that, or ever drew its thin dark brows together. Toby had a warning that he must not think how beautiful she was, lest he forget his grievance and his defense.

(Continued on Page 177)

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT SHAVE!

Why men leave home... mad!

a tragedy which proves that barbers can't be wrong

Some of the greatest scraps in history have sprung from scraps of paper. And many a domestic tragedy has followed in the wake of the morning shave.

It's the little things in life that often cause the greatest sorrow —or give the greatest joy. And shaving is one of those *big* little things.

A scratchy shave can make a brute out of a loving husband . . . but a good shave can turn a morning grouch into a good-morning smile!

That is why men who value their cheerful dispositions have become pals with the new Valet AutoStrop Razor. It automatically *strops* each blade before each shave—just as barbers do. This smooths out the tiny needle points and takes the agony out of shaving. It's the only razor that strops, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

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TO THE WIFE OF A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN

—a confidential whisper concerning his Christmas plans

PROBABLY he has never given it a thought; you know how he is about such things. But how often you have wished that this busy man of yours would have a new photograph made.

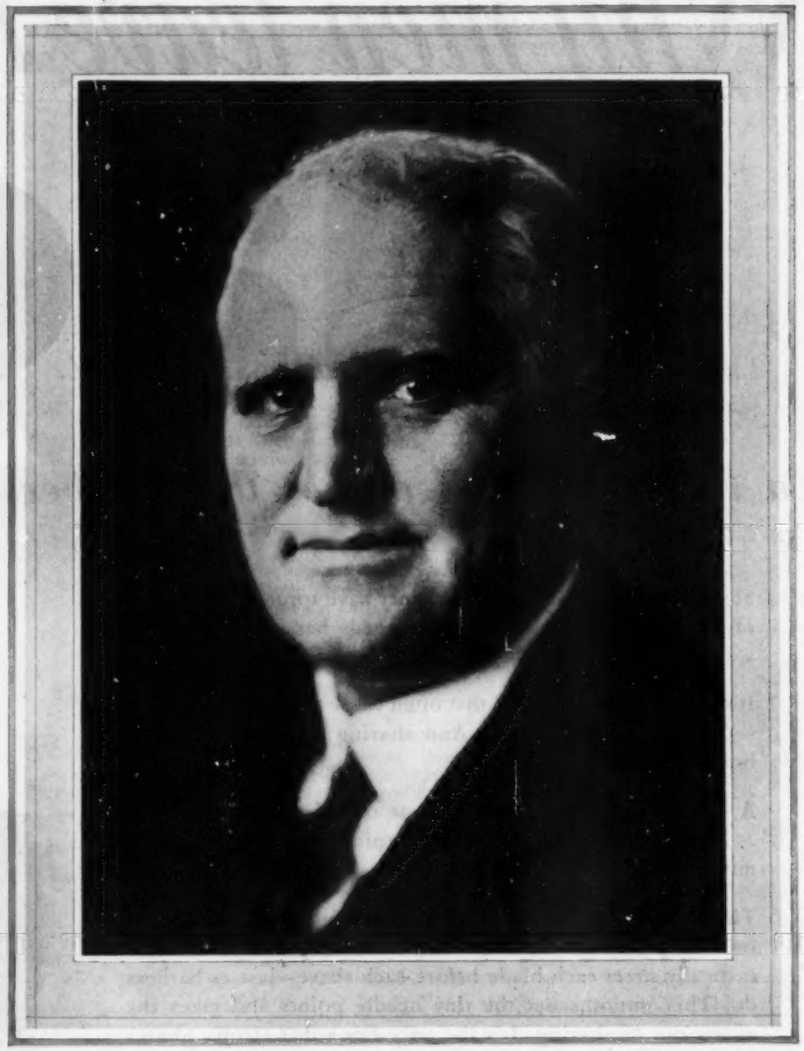
His latest "likeness" dates back—well, more years than we care to count. And of course you wouldn't take anything in the world for that picture. It is a symbol of younger years, of those happy struggling days when you two were laying the foundation for your future.

But the individual who looks out from that faded print is not the man the family sees today. The kindly years have given him new dignity and distinction. In his eyes is a look of understanding that you all have learned to love.

And so the time has come for a *new* photograph; one that portrays the mark of maturity; the substantial character of his countenance. But how are you going to stir him to action? You know he would only promise—and postpone. But here is a plan that will work:

Suggest that he have that photograph made for Christmas—*this* Christmas. Tell him how deeply you and the children would appreciate this token of his thoughtfulness. Give him this inducement to visit the photographer *now*—not at some dim, indefinite date. You know that deep in his heart he will be ever so pleased with the suggestion. *And you will get the photograph!*

A few interesting moments at the studio will perpetuate his personality, and bring enduring pleasure to all the family. But as a wise wife, you will urge him not to delay. An appointment for Christmas photographs should be made at once.



Preserve the fleeting days of childhood for all the coming years

The Master Photographer catches the real spirit of you

Photograph the children as we know and love them best

INTERNATIONAL

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH—THE GIFT THAT ONLY YOU CAN GIVE

(Continued from Page 174)

"Why were you?" said Ann.

"I don't know that I was."

"Well, you were. You were rude and sarcastic." She stopped abruptly, and the severity of her expression broke into little-girl lines of acute distress. "Oh, honey," she cried in a tiny wail, "how could you? When you knew what it meant to me to —— Oh, what'll he think?"

"I don't care what he thinks!"

"Well, I do! I can't afford to offend a man who's going to pay me all that money."

"I can," said Toby. "He isn't paying it to me."

"But you're my husband!"

Toby smiled grimly. "Yeah," he said. "Mister Vaughn! So I heard."

His jaw tightened. He flung himself away and, with his back turned toward her, began a blind hunt for a cigarette. On the table. On the desk.

"There 're some in that box," Ann said absently.

He found one and lit it.

When he turned back he found that she was eying him strangely now, with a curious, despairing look in her eyes. She came forward a little.

"Toby," she said, "this job is the nicest thing, professionally, that's ever happened to me. Aren't you—can't you be glad for me at all?"

"Of course I'm glad! I'm tickled to death."

"You don't act it."

"Well, I am. I —— That's not it."

"Well, what is, then?"

"I ——" began Toby. And stopped. What was the use? He couldn't make her understand how he had missed her, how he had counted on her being here when he came. Those things were real to feel, but if he said them they would sound childish, petty.

He said instead, rather violently, "What was the point of bringing that fellow Hackett up here? What was he for? To chaperon our reunion?"

"I wanted him to meet you," Ann said. She added wearily: "Optimist that I was! I thought I'd be proud of you."

"And you were ashamed, eh?"

"I most certainly was!"

They were angry now. Across a yard of space that was miles of spiritual distance, they confronted each other, standing very still. Ann's chin was lifted, her hands clasped her hips, her small silver feet were tight together. Toby's fists in his pockets hunched his shoulders high, and his head was thrust belligerently forward. He thought, panic-stricken, "This is terrible, when I love her so." A thought like a flash of lightning in the dark storm of his mind, and as soon gone.

Some such thought must have come to Ann, too, for after a time she averted her eyes, and her hand raised itself to push her hair back from her white right temple in a gesture of weariness and pain.

"I think," she said, and her voice was a little shaky, "we've reached the point where we'd better not say any more now—either of us."

She turned away. Toby, standing where he was, watched her take up her evening wrap listlessly from the divan where she had thrown it and walk toward the steps that led to the bedroom. Her heels tapped loud on the hardwood floor between the several rugs. The pompon of pale fresh tulle on her shoulder quivered stiffly. Her neck was living ivory, and in the nape of it a tiny perfect arrow of hair grew down.

Toby's mind cried "Wait!" His mind strode after her, and caught her, and kissed the spot where the arrow of hair grew down. His mind begged her forgiveness, chokingly. But only his mind. His body stayed motionless, with pride for its anchor. And he did not speak at all.

Ann disappeared. The bedroom door closed behind her; not dramatically, but very firmly. "Please stay out," it said.

After that there was no sound.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY ROBERT L. DICKEY

"Oh, Mabel, Isn't He the Cleverest Thing? If He Wasn't Such a Self-Centered Little Shrimp, I Could Adore Him"

THE SAFE Whitener of HARD-TO-WHITEN teeth

If your teeth are hard to whiten, by all means give IODENT No. 2 an immediate trial.

This remarkable tooth paste not only does the job, but does it quickly and *safely*—and at every brushing stimulates the gum tissues with calcium and potassium iodides in easily soluble form. There is no finer gum tonic than IODENT. Nor is there a safer or more effective eraser of *Stubborn Stains.*

Without grit, without bleaches, without astringents or abrasives, IODENT No. 2 whitens teeth because its texture is right—because, in short, it holds an effective body in the mouth, goes efficiently to work and clings 'til it cleans every tiny tooth surface.

If your teeth are easy to whiten, use IODENT No. 1. IODENT is the *only* tooth paste made in these two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth.

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Just ask your dentist

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth like—POWDER!

If you want your teeth really clean, and sparkling white—use what your dentist uses when he cleans your teeth—for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and safely, and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

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As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice, a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

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For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

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Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with it regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing the very utmost to protect your teeth.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else.

Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it costs . . . much less . . . to use. A package lasts over three months.

REBUILDING THE CAPITAL

(Continued from Page 50)

Hoban's plan for the White House was enlarged one-fifth at the personal instance of General Washington, after its adoption. Because of this enlargement it was unfinished when the John Adamses moved in, who in their disgust, so tradition has it, used the present East Room to dry the presidential wash.

For years before and after the British invasion, the capital village merely sprawled. When the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt visited the "incipient town" in 1797, for example, he found only 150 houses scattered about, no roof on the President's House and a roof on only one wing of the Capitol.

"The plan," he wrote, "is fine, cleverly and grandly designed, but it is its very grandeur, its magnificence, which causes it to be nothing but a dream." The distance of a mile between the White House and the Capitol which General Washington so heartily approved seemed terrible to the distinguished traveler.

"If this gap is not filled," he added, "communication will be impracticable in winter, for one can scarcely suppose that the United States would undergo the expense of pavement, footpaths and lamps for so long a stretch of uninhabited ground."

Indeed, many years must pass before so much as a walkway could be laid down the spacious avenue from the White House to the Capitol. And even then it was a plank walk in the middle of the street, with muddy driveways in winter and dusty driveways in summer on either side.

During those early years, "when doubters enjoyed their doubts, and the jokers their jokes," at the expense of the city located in a virgin forest, Americans and foreigners alike avoided Washington as much as possible. The ministers accredited to the new Government found excuses for spending long vacations abroad or in other parts of the United States.

Congress assembled in this little, dismal and uninviting outpost from three to five months each year. The Supreme Court sat there for a few weeks at a time. Only the President, the Executive Departments and certain members of the Diplomatic Corps were compelled to brave this wilderness community in season and out.

Help Wanted—a Naval Secretary

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans were the centers of American culture, business and wealth. Many state capitals were of more consequence than the national capital, and the state governments figured far more intimately in the minds and lives of the people than did the Federal Government.

Men—many men—in those early days of the republic resigned seats in the United States Senate to become governors of states. Others resigned life-tenure places on the Supreme Court to ascend the bench of their local courts. Even cabinet places—now widely and passionately coveted—were not so easy to fill. Presidents were compelled to look long and far for men of large caliber to take high Federal offices.

President Jefferson, according to Dr. Samuel E. Forman, the historian, was actually forced to advertise in the newspapers—as one might now do in the case of butler or a chauffeur—for a man to take the Secretaryship of the Navy, following the resignation of Benjamin Stoddard, the first man to hold that position.

But as the years went by, the country grew in strength, in size and in wealth. The capital itself spread over wider areas with each passing decade. It was soon restored after the vandalism of the British in 1814. New public buildings were erected, most of them grouped about the White House. Among the earliest were the Land Office and the Treasury, still regarded as "two of the architectural glories of Washington."

The original Treasury was destroyed by the British. The new structure erected in its place fell a victim to fire in 1833, and in 1835 the present building was begun on a site selected by President Jackson. The story is that General Jackson, becoming impatient over the delay in finding a site, planted his cane one morning on the northeast corner of the present Treasury square and declared: "Here—right here—I want the cornerstone laid."

And there it was laid, regardless of the fact that when the building was made ready for occupancy in 1869 it was found that the south wing was interposed between the Capitol and the White House, impairing the vista at that end of Pennsylvania Avenue. It was not until 1912, however, that the façade of Corinthian columns on the Fifteenth Street side of the Treasury was made permanent.

The House and Senate wings of the Capitol were completed under the direction of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, just before the Civil War, but the commanding dome of this monumental pile remained to be finished by President Lincoln. It was not until 1884 that the pinnacle of the Washington Monument, the most imposing shaft in the world, was set.

Thanks to Commissioner Shepherd

Most cities in this and other countries have grown from a congeries of small buildings, adapted to the needs of a population seeking to shelter itself. But in the case of Washington, as Edward H. Bennett, consulting architect of the Treasury, points out, a conscious idea of city planning existed in Europe—an idea that lent itself to ready appropriation by the Potomac pioneers.

And it is a matter of profound satisfaction that General Washington and L'Enfant bequeathed to posterity a plan worthy to endure. Without it, the city might have suffered the fate of practically all other capitals, founded centuries ago, the plans of which were later rectified by slow and immensely expensive process.

It is quite true that for a century there was no driving force within our Government or outside of it which might carry out systematically and with artistic effect the original plans for the city's development. As late as the Civil War the capital was a wretchedly thrown together community, its streets largely unpaved, the main thoroughfares lighted by oil lamps, and the spaces which had been reserved for parks overgrown and neglected.

A moderate transformation took place during the Grant Administration, when for a time the District of Columbia enjoyed a territorial form of government. Alexander R. Shepherd became Commissioner of Public Works. He was the first and only boss the capital ever had, and is the only purely community celebrity to whom a statue has been erected in the city. With an energy and a ruthlessness hitherto unknown in Washington, he razed unsightly buildings in defiance of court injunctions. He graded and paved miles of impassable streets. He installed modern lighting facilities. He covered Tiber Creek, which ran through the heart of downtown Washington—an open sewer. And greatest of all, he planted tens of thousands of the trees which now give the city an enduring charm.

At no stage of the city's growth was its original plan permanently marred. The broad streets and avenues remained as L'Enfant sketched them. The park reservations, save for the encroachments of the temporary buildings in the World War period, though unadorned, were preserved. Even the Mall, which is destined to become the capital's most beautiful open space, suffered little with the passing of the years.

All this was found to be true when, in 1900, the one-hundredth anniversary of

(Continued on Page 181)

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DURANT

A GOOD CAR

(Continued from Page 178)

the founding of the new seat of government was celebrated. It was at that time that the Washington of today had its rebirth. At the invitation of President McKinley a conference was held in the White House of high government officials and members of the American Institute of Architects.

A result of that conference was a revival of interest in the L'Enfant plan, and Senator McMillan secured authorization from Congress for the appointment of a special commission of experts to make a fresh survey and to recommend an even more ambitious program for the development of the city.

That was the commission upon which served such eminent authorities as Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim, architects; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, sculptor, and Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape architect. The first three and the father of Olmsted had created the splendid landscape effects at the Chicago World's Fair, effects which more than three decades ago gave a fresh impulse to city planning throughout the whole nation. Its program, commonly known as the McMillan plan, after nearly thirty years is only realized in part. It reaffirmed the original scheme in its broader outlines, enlarged it to meet new conditions and modified it only where development opportunities had been permanently lost. The vision of the city's founders was applauded and the conclusion reached that "no plan could be devised that would insure a nobler future than that prepared by Major L'Enfant in collaboration with Washington and Jefferson."

As in the beginning, the McMillan commission regarded the Capitol as dominating all structures in the legislative group—the Library of Congress, built in 1897; the white marble office buildings for members of the House and Senate, which came later, and even the Temple of Justice, now projected, to be occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States.

At the foot of Capitol Hill, looking westward toward the White House, this plan contemplated a splendid plaza—Union Plaza, it is called—with monuments and fountains, to rival the Place de la Concorde in Paris. The heroic memorial to General Grant was placed in that area, also that to General George Gordon Meade, but there the development halted.

A Huge Centerpiece

In 1910 Congress went a step further, when it created the National Commission of Fine Arts. This body, now under the chairmanship of Charles Moore, functions as a court of last resort upon all issues that have or that may arise in the development of the city.

To reënforce that commission a second body, the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, consisting of Army engineers, high officials of the Government, and members of the House and Senate, was established by Congress in 1924, charged primarily with the enlargement and completion of a vast system of public parks in the District of Columbia.

With this understanding of the historic background of Washington it is more easily possible to visualize the four—perhaps one should say five—fascinating enterprises, each of them authorized and under way, for the development and ornamentation of that Federal city in which every sovereign citizen has an equal financial and sentimental interest.

The centerpiece of these new gigantic public works is the so-called Triangle, literally in the heart of the city, and within which sites have been fixed for the new departmental buildings. Along with this goes the collateral development of the Mall, which borders the Triangle on the south.

This triangular area includes all the land between Pennsylvania Avenue, Third Street, Missouri Avenue and Fifteenth Street, N. W. The ground contains seventy acres, and beginning with its apex, where Third Street crosses Pennsylvania Avenue, it gradually widens to 3000 feet at Fifteenth Street, thirteen squares to the westward.

Upon this ground, for the acquisition of which Congress has already appropriated $25,000,000, public buildings, the ultimate cost of which will exceed $150,000,000, will be located. They will include the Department of Commerce, Department of Labor, Department of Justice, Bureau of Internal Revenue, Interstate Commerce Commission, all of which now occupy rented quarters; Independent Establishments, most of which are in temporary war buildings, and the Archives Building, to house these priceless papers and records now scattered far and wide.

It is not improbable that a new State Department also will be located in the same group, leaving the present building entirely to the War Department. Eventually the Post Office Department, already located in the Triangle, will be leveled to provide for a new building harmonizing architecturally with the others.

From Small Beginnings

Three plazas have been located within the Triangle, a circular one at Twelfth Street—it being in a sense the pivot of the composition. At its center a commemorative column is to be raised. The vistas will extend from this circle through to the second, or Great Plaza, which in turn is to open through an arched way on to Pennsylvania Avenue and toward the Mall. The third plaza will be at the acute angle of the Triangle.

A vital element binding the entire group is the connection between the two larger plazas, Mr. Bennett believes. It is proposed that these buildings, each having distinctive architectural treatment, shall, however, be of harmonious design and shall be spread about the two larger courts or plazas somewhat after the arrangement of the Louvre in Paris.

Even now the Department of Commerce, not only the largest of the group but in floor area the largest office building in the world, is under construction. It is to be located upon three city squares between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, Pennsylvania Avenue and B Street. It is to cost $17,500,000 and will bring together a score of bureaus and divisions widely scattered throughout the city. Only twenty-six years ago, when this department was created, George B. Cortelyou, its first secretary, was able to accommodate himself in a single rented office on Thirteenth Street.

The Internal Revenue Building, also, is well under way, and in less than two years its equally scattered divisions, with more than 3000 employes, for the first time since the first income tax was levied will be under one roof. It is easy for even middle-aged Washingtonians to recall when this bureau in its entirety occupied one side of a single corridor in the Treasury Building.

An authorization of $8,750,000 for the Archives Building has been made by Congress, and its foundation will probably be laid next. It will be followed in order by the Departments of Justice and Labor, Interstate Commerce and Independent Establishments buildings. This group of magnificent structures, all of even height, save, perhaps, the Archives Building, will give an impressive façade to the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue; now, as Secretary Mellon says, largely a miserable conglomeration of Chinese laundries, cheap lodging houses, provision stores, garages and machine shops. It will be a façade worthy of the place this broad thoroughfare occupies in the national-capital scheme.

But there is still more to the future picture of downtown Washington. These same buildings will form a part of the frame of the Mall from Union Plaza, at the foot of the Capitol, to the White House Ellipse. What is now B Street is to become a majestic boulevard, unmatched by any highway, perhaps, in America.

Four rows of trees will be projected along this widened thoroughfare, leading westward in a direct line from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, on to the Lincoln Memorial and beyond. On one side of this new avenue will be the long row of departmental buildings. On the other side will lie the great gardens of the Mall itself, with its drives, its greenswards, its statues and its lagoons.

Within the Mall at the present time are the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution. Only two other buildings are to be located in that far-spreading area. One is the George Washington Memorial Building to the east of the museum, and, to the west, a national gallery of art toward which a $10,000,000 private contribution already has been pledged.

The extension of the Mall to its ultimate development will mean that the Navy and Munitions buildings, thrown up almost overnight at the beginning of the war, must go. This, in order that there may be a clear sweep from the Capitol to the Washington Monument and on past the Lincoln Memorial to the river's edge.

The extreme south side of the Mall is to have a border of its own, now far advanced. The Smithsonian group of buildings, including the Freer Art Gallery, have already been given their setting in that quarter. And next to them to the westward is the handsome new administration building of the Department of Agriculture, the two wings of which were erected years ago. The monumental center section, for which $2,000,000 has been appropriated, is now under construction and will be the first of the series of new departmental structures to be occupied. The present red-brick administration building of the department, almost in the center of the Mall, is to be razed.

The Washington of the Future

Andrew W. Mellon, the man of calm business calculations, and under whom all the current construction has been placed, is not given to rapturous enthusiasms. But surveying the new Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall of the future, he presents this word picture:

> It is easy to see what the effect will be. As one proceeds down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, on the south side will be a succession of beautiful and harmonious buildings, all of a design in keeping with the semiclassical tradition so well established in Washington. On the north side, vistas will be opened up so that groups of buildings, such as the beautiful District of Columbia Courthouse on John Marshall Place, shall be brought into the general plan of Pennsylvania Avenue. At the same time, the Mall will present a spectacle of a great park bordered on one side by the new boulevard lined with beautiful buildings, a wide parkway with its four rows of trees, its drives and walks, statues and reflecting pools, all arranged in such a way that long vistas will be opened up for views of the Capitol in one direction and the Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial in the other.

One of the most beautiful vistas of the reconstructed Washington will be that which will greet the arriving visitor as he emerges from Union Station. It will comprehend an unobstructed view of the Capitol through the new park, which is to extend all the way from the station to Pennsylvania Avenue in one direction and to the Library of Congress in the other. A sum of $4,900,000 has been made available by Congress for acquisition of all private property in this area, first for the enlargement of the Capitol Park, next for a new avenue to extend from the station to the Mall, and, finally, for the development of Union Plaza at the head of the Mall.

The Capitol Park development, like that in the Triangle, is on its way to consummation. In a sense it is an independent project, fathered by Congress itself. Formal approval of this measure was the last official act of President Coolidge. It is designed to complete the group of legislative buildings and their artistic setting. All the buildings of this group—those that exist and those in prospect—are subordinate to the Capitol.

This is true of the House and Senate office buildings and of the Library of Congress. The two marble office buildings, one

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to the right and the other to the left of the Capitol Plaza, balance each other. Because congressmen now have only one office each, affording them too little privacy, they persuaded the Senate to join them in appropriating $7,500,000 for a second office building on the south side of the Capitol.

Meanwhile the Senate asked, in return for this generosity, that $2,000,000 be made available for completing the quadrangle of its own office building. This means that approximately $10,000,000 is now being spent in order that our worthy lawgivers may be comfortably housed and that the geography of the capital may be correspondingly ornamented.

Of far more importance, however, is the classic Temple of Justice to be erected on East Capitol Street and to flank the Congressional Library. Its ultimate cost will be about $10,000,000. This sum is pledged that the Supreme Court of the United States may be fittingly sheltered and that the scheme for a great group of legislative halls might be realized.

Many Congresses in the past have offered to install this court of last resort—the most powerful under this or any other government—in a great and imposing building, in keeping with its importance and its dignity. Masterpieces of architecture were conceived in the hope of tempting the jurists. Until recently, however, the court refused to be beguiled.

It had been content to occupy the original Senate chamber, which in earlier days echoed the orations of Clay, Benton, Calhoun, Crittenden, Webster, Hayne and a host of other giants of the Golden Age. It was content to pronounce its solemn judgments in a court room no larger than that of an ordinary police magistrate and to hold its secret conferences, where opinions are debated, then drafted, in a modest basement room next to the Senate barber shop. But times have changed; likewise, the mind of this august tribunal.

When the Federal Government finally committed itself to the great Triangle project and announced that it would clear the entire space of existing buildings, public and private, the government of the District of Columbia began looking about for some place to go. The present municipal building, although architecturally the best by far now in the Triangle area, does not conform to the general scheme, and is therefore condemned. The municipal and congressional authorities concerned have now resolved to create an extensive municipal center north of Pennsylvania Avenue and to give that much of an impulse to the rehabilitation of that side of the famous thoroughfare. And heaven knows, it needs it.

An Architectural Orgy

A site between Third and Sixth streets, Northwest, and extending from Pennsylvania Avenue north to Judiciary Square, has been selected for the group of municipal buildings. To acquire the site, $3,000,000 has just been made available, and perhaps $10,000,000 more will be needed for construction. Perhaps half of it will come from the sale of the present building and site to the Federal Government.

Because of the happy choice of the site and the careful designing of the proposed structures, this group will not only greatly adorn the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue but will open a charming vista through John Marshall Place to the present District Courthouse. This ancient building, which has long been an object of local pride, will add its distinction to the new group. It will occupy its end of the principal court much as the Madeleine is seen from the Place de la Concorde.

As approved by the Fine Arts Commission and the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, the municipal group will include a new public library, a police, juvenile and municipal court building, a fire and police department building, an executive building, an auditorium and one general overflow building. The general design, which in a sense is to be a model for other cities, consists of two groups of structures, flanking on an open court with extensive inner courts. The effect will be to place every office in every building outside. The architecture is to conform to that of the Triangle group of Federal Government buildings.

The present State, War and Navy Building, described by President Hoover as an "architectural orgy," was originally designed to be a duplicate of the Treasury and, following the sound classic lines of the latter, to give a perspective balance to the immediate White House group. In the end, however, it became a composite "of all the different types of architecture known to man." It is now proposed to strip it of its monstrous exterior and return to the plan first approved, then recklessly abandoned.

Parks and Parkways

But with all these superb developments—the Triangle, the Mall, the Capitol Park grouping of legislative buildings and the municipal center—with all of them, the dream of a newer national city would be unfulfilled unless the natural setting of the city, with its rare scenic assets, were capitalized. It is a fortunate fact that this phase of the development is being dealt with on a scale comparable with the others, if not actually outstripping them. A park system so elaborate as to dazzle the casual student of the program is now approved by Congress and is in the course of realization.

The Potomac River is the all-important natural feature of the region. The city itself is located at the head of navigation. Above, there is a ten-mile stretch of rapids and palisades as far as Great Falls. There the rapids end.

Flowing into the Potomac at Washington is the Anacostia, or Eastern Branch, a low tidal stream navigable for a short distance only from its mouth. Flowing into the Potomac a mile above Anacostia is Rock Creek. The course of this stream lies through a rocky valley with steep and heavily wooded sides, and is suggestive of the gorge of the upper Potomac below Great Falls. A vast acreage on either side of Rock Creek cutting straight through the district, all of it a virgin forest, already is government-owned and is known as Rock Creek Park.

Stretching around Washington on three sides, from Arlington Heights on the Virginia side, to Anacostia on the Maryland bank of the river, is a series of hills, all of which were fortified against the successive threats of Confederate armies during the Civil War period.

Five comprehensive projects for regional parking have been approved by the Park and Planning Commission and by the committees of Congress. First and farthest advanced is that for the development of the banks of the Potomac down the river to Mount Vernon and Fort Humphrey. This includes the Mount Vernon Parkway, to start at the $14,000,000 Memorial Bridge, now nearly completed, and connecting the Lincoln Memorial with Arlington. A broad boulevard is to be constructed along the river shore to the Washington homestead.

It is proposed, also, to have another parkway along the Maryland shore to Fort Washington, opposite Mount Vernon. This would make it possible to drive to Mount Vernon on the Virginia side, ferry across, have tea at Fort Washington and return to the city on the Maryland side. The second great park project provides for the recapture of the picturesque area north of Washington and between the city and Great Falls—a plan yet to be completely unfolded. The region as already indicated is one of the most beautiful along the Atlantic seaboard.

Only that part of Rock Creek valley lying within the district has now been reserved. In order that the entire watershed of this stream may be protected, together with its natural flow and forest, it is now proposed to extend this unspoiled region all the way to Rockville, Maryland, a distance of twelve miles.

Then, again, the extension of the great park now surrounding the Soldiers' Home to the Maryland line has been approved and, finally, the extension of the Anacostia Valley Park as a parkway from the district line to Baltimore may soon be under way. It is proposed to dredge the bed of the Anacostia River to make the new Washington-Baltimore boulevard.

One additional feature of the park system should be mentioned. The Government has acquired most of the Federal forts that surrounded Washington during the war. A Fort Drive is projected which will connect each of these reservations and will encircle the city on three sides. Forts Slocum, Stanton, Stevens, De Russey, Bayard and Carroll already have been taken over.

The cost of all this—the parks and the parkways, the public buildings and the plazas, the bridges, boulevards and the rest—will be stupendous, but it will constitute a permanent investment in which the entire nation will share. Even so, as was suggested by the late Milton B. Medary of the Park and Planning Commission, the buildings of the great Triangle, merely to mention one project, will cost much less than a line of warships of the same length, and will outlive them by more than a century.

So many men in public life, along with others outside the official realm, have worked through the years to give Washington its rightful place in the sun, that it is difficult to call the long roll. Although allowed to die in poverty, L'Enfant himself has now been canonized. Since 1900 every President of the United States has contributed something. Successive commissions likewise have contributed.

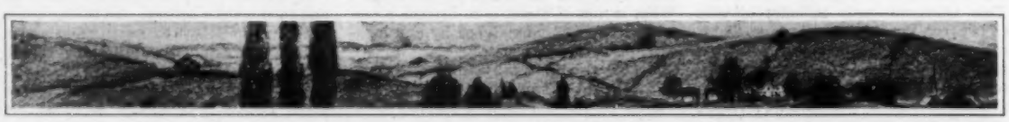
Glory Enough for All

For more than ten years the late Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, thundered in Congress in behalf of the Pennsylvania Avenue development, then died before a dollar was appropriated. The Heyburn mantle fell upon Senator Smoot, of Utah, now Chairman of the Public Building Commission. To Richard N. Elliott, of Indiana, Chairman of the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, must be awarded a large measure of credit for driving through the more recent program. With him worked the late Senator Fernald, of Maine.

And surely there is glory enough for all in the consummation soon to be wrought!

"It is on this national stage that the great drama of our political life has been played," President Hoover has observed as he realized that both the opportunity and the resources were at hand to re-create a national capital that would "express the soul of America."

"Here were fought the political battles that tested the foundations of our Government," he continued. "We face similar problems of our time, and here centuries hence other Americans will face the great problems of their time. For our tasks and their tasks there is need of daily inspiration of surroundings that suggest not only the traditions of the past but the greatness of the future."



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3 Major prizes will be awarded to those contestants who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the most expressive and appropriate solutions to the *entire series of six* puzzles.

4 Secondary prizes will also be awarded to those contestants who, in the opinion of the judges, submit the most expressive and appropriate solutions to *any one* of the individual puzzles.

5 The contestant may not submit more than *one* set of solutions in competing for a Major prize or more than *one* solution to an individual puzzle in competing for a Secondary prize.

6 A contestant will not be awarded more than one prize. If a contestant qualifies for more than one prize, he or she will receive the prize of greatest value. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will be paid the full amount of the prize.

7 Each set of solutions, or each solution to an individual puzzle, should be written on an Official Entry Blank—supplied free by Bond Electric dealers everywhere.

8 Any one may enter the contest except those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation or members of their families.

9 Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name and photograph in any advertising announcing the winners.

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THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

MR. GALLUP

(Continued from Page 11)

when he gets his certificate from the consul, I suppose, but that don't give you leave to shove your oar in where it ain't wanted. You heard Mr. Wilkeson say Mr. Cameron was to take her home, didn't you?"

Mr. Gallup separated a corner from his plug and inserted it comfortably within his cheek.

"Oh, yes. I heerd him."

"Well, that settles it. And now, gentlemen ——"

"Ye'd better think again, Mr. Agent," interrupted Mr. Gallup calmly. "As the only officer in this wessel holdin' a master's cerstificate I am legally entitled to command her, when the proper master is not fit to carry on."

"The consul's fixing all that and ——"

Mr. Gallup spat with remarkably good aim at a passing gull.

"He can't do it," he said succinctly.

Young Mr. Wilkeson, who had absorbed the colloquy with ill-concealed impatience, mopped his shining face and glowered truculently at Mr. Gallup.

"I don't know who the devil you may be, Mr. Sea Lawyer, but perhaps you'll tell us why he can't do it."

"Why, yes, I'll tell ye, sir," said Mr. Gallup obligingly. "Board o' Trade regulations. That's why not. They says a candidate for a consul's cerstificate has got to be examined by two qualified shipmasters."

"That's all right then," broke in the agent. "There's the master of the liner yonder, and there's the captain of that big bark outside the reef. And besides, young Mr. Wilkeson wishes ——"

"And Board o' Trade regulations further states," Mr. Gallup pursued imperturbably, "that the examinin' shipmasters must not be o' alien nationality. That bark's a Finn. And them same B. o' T. regulations, in any case, gives my ticket priority over any high-falutin' consular cerstificate. I ain't been to sea for more'n thirty year for nothin'. I'll quote ye cases a-plenty, if ye like."

Mr. Cameron seconded him: "I'm afraid he's right, sir. He's got to assume command. There's no getting around his ticket."

"That," said Mr. Gallup heartily, "is as plain as the nose on yon agent's face. The owners won't like it, but then they're a scousy lot anyway, wi' their cheese-parin' ways—beggin' young Mr. Wilkeson's humble pardon, o' course—and these wessels is a disgrace to the high seas. However, that's neither there nor here, as the feller says when he fell from the balloon. I've got to take her home, so we'll sail as soon as I can get clearance."

"But damn it, I won't have it!" stormed young Mr. Wilkeson. "I am general manager of this steamship company—or I will be, as soon as I get home—and I simply will not have it! This Wallup, or whatever his unpleasant name is ——"

"Gallup, sir," put in that gentleman helpfully.

"—— must not take her home. Mr. Consul, do something!"

The consul bit his lip, which quirked a bit.

"I am afraid, now, that I can't, Mr. Wilkeson. If he is qualified, you have no choice. I did not know he had his master's ticket. Where is it, Mr.—er—Gallup?"

Mr. Gallup dug into his pocket and produced a stained and dog-eared certificate.

"There ye are, sir," he said proudly. "It's a bit mottled, what wi' having been immersed in the briny deep every now an' then during the war." He continued loquaciously, happy at having an audience for a yarn. "Last time was when we was torpedoed in the old Iberia, up the Persian Gulf. About eight o'clock at night, it was, I remember, and —— Look out, Mr. Wilkeson, sir! You're droppin' that cigar ash down your vest!"

Young Mr. Wilkeson's cigar described a flat trajectory of temper over the rail.

"You're fired!" he snarled. "You're sacked right now!"

Mr. Gallup's little eyes opened wide in aggrieved astonishment. He clucked admonishingly.

"And you a ship owner too. You really should know better, sir. I am signed on the wessel's articles for duration o' the v'yage, and Board o' Trade regulations states ——"

"Damn the Board of Trade!" roared his employer.

"Damn 'em again, sir," Mr. Gallup seconded sympathetically. "And now, if it's all the same to you gents, I'll get clearance, and we'll get away to sea."

"You'll have your way now, I suppose," sputtered young Mr. Wilkeson in a white fury, "but you'll sweat for this when we get home."

"We ain't home yet, sir. And as for sweating, I've sweat afore. It keeps a man fit. And the Lord will perwide."

Mr. Gallup had been the butt of the Baluchistan's ship's company for so long, and had borne it with such uncomprehending good nature, that it was difficult to visualize him in a more important rôle, and when the news of his promotion flashed over the vessel, the hands looked forward to a delightful voyage of scrimshanking and Cape Horn fever all the way home. When Mr. Wilkeson's gear had been transferred from the liner, the pilot taken on board and a full head of steam worked up, it was discovered that three of the firemen, to celebrate the occasion fittingly, had disappeared ashore. Search was useless, and it was three hours before they returned. They clambered dizzily up the gangway, singing at the tops of their bellows, and pausing now and again to give three lusty cheers for their new commander. The hands about the decks clustered, grinning, along the rail to welcome them.

One of the truants was an Australian twister named Murphy. The other two were tough, bullet-headed little stokers from Bootle. Murphy had a bottle of squareface in his big, coal-grained fist, and so had one of the others, and they waved them as they came up the Baluchistan's side. It was against the company's orders, so Mr. Cameron—now the mate—stepped forward.

"Drop that bottle, Murphy. You, too, Ellis!"

They smirked and came straight on, and Mr. Cameron set himself for a tussle. Just then, Mr. Gallup, who had been watching from the bridge, came down.

"Do what ye're told, ye sweeps!" he roared in a tone they had not heard from him before, and Ellis involuntarily dropped his refreshment in the ditch. But Murphy just grinned the wider.

"Good day to ye, Admiral Gallup, and may ye go down wi' your guns flyin', sir!" he roared, and stepped upon the deck. "'Ere, 'ave a drink."

Mr. Gallup approached the trio.

"What do ye mean, ye baboons, by legging off ashore and holdin' up the wessel? Hey?"

"We forgot ——" began one.

"Ye forgot? Dear, dear! Ye forgot! I'll log ye two days' pay apiece, then, to refresh your memories."

Said Murphy: "Ye'll not log me, ye double-blanked, brass-bound, cod-stuffin' blue nose!"

Mr. Gallup's shaggy head sank between his shoulders. He looked at the man in a puzzled fashion for a second, with his little, close-set black eyes; then his big fist flashed up and fetched him a wipe on the jaw that sent him flying, spraddle-legged, into the scuppers. Mr. Gallup picked up the bottle, sniffed it in leisurely fashion and dropped it over the side.

"Now get away aft, the lot o' ye, afore I lose me temper," he said composedly.

They weaved aft with a self-conscious swagger that fooled no one, and the third man of the party put his hand over his stern to conceal a suspicious bulge of the hip. But Mr. Gallup was a reasonable man.

He gave the order to single up the moorings and returned to the bridge. Young Mr. Wilkeson, who was complaining to the pilot of the vessel's delay, greeted him with a scowl.

"You're devilish slow about getting away. Let me impress upon you, Captain Gallup, that ——"

"Wrong," said Mr. Gallup.

"What?"

Mr. Gallup walked to the wing of the bridge, spat lazily over it, and came back. "You're wrong."

"What about?"

"Salvation Army has captains; so does canal boats. But the merchant service on'y has masters. Mr. Gallup's good enough for me. . . . What are ye doing on the bridge?"

Young Mr. Wilkeson's ready choler flamed anew.

"What is it to you, you great dolt? Do you have to be reminded again who I am?"

"I don't care," said Mr. Gallup equably, "if you're Julius Iscariot. Get off o' my bridge!"

So young Mr. Wilkeson got off Mr. Gallup's bridge, and as he went below he appreciated for the first time what a complete monarch a ship's master is in his own vessel at sea.

The following day the Baluchistan was running through the islands—mirages of jade palm fronds on the rim of a sea incredibly blue. She was an eight-knot tramp, and her slow progress irked young Mr. Wilkeson, who was anxious to get home. To one accustomed to travel in crack liners, with their social gayety, the monotonous routine of the Baluchistan became unbearable as early as the second day out, with its watch-and-watch, prosaic sameness of lumpy, indigestible food, uninspiring shipmates and limited deck space. He had nothing to do but to gaze at the sea or sky, or lie in his bunk, in the dingy, cockroach-infested cabin that once had been Third Mate Gallup's, and ponder ways of asserting his authority; but the only immediate satisfaction he could find was in the lively anticipation of sacking Mr. Gallup personally, as soon as the Baluchistan drew alongside her home dock.

Memory of his encounters with Mr. Gallup rankled. Continually he felt that he should assert himself, particularly at the greasy meals in the small, stifling saloon; but he was chary of again matching bludgeons, for Mr. Gallup's bludgeon always seemed to have lead in it. The man was affability itself, however. Churlish silence and grudging responses, alike, ran off him like water off a whale, and his yarns, interminable to his listeners, rambled happily on, unconscious of yawning juniors and fidgeting stewards.

Young Mr. Wilkeson kept to himself, beyond a demand for the ship's position, after it had been worked up at noon, and peremptory and unnecessary commands to the stewards; but toward evening of the third day, when the last of the fairylike islands had dropped astern and the Baluchistan stopped for the fourth time in twenty-four hours for engine repairs, his patience came to an end.

With the vessel rolling her sea-worn plates idly in the long Pacific swell, he climbed the saloon companion to Mr. Gallup's comfortable quarters. Mr. Gallup was in a chair, tranquilly cutting up plug tobacco, and, after rolling it between his hard palms, stuffing it into innumerable clay pipes, which he tucked by the stem into the crack between the back and the seat of his settee. He looked up, mildly surprised.

"Come in," he said unnecessarily, rather pleased at company, for his passages with

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

young Mr. Wilkeson had been quite without animus, and he had discovered that his promotion brought isolation as well as elevation. Sociably he pulled out a chair.

"Rest your hind parts, sir, while I go on wid this. 'Tis a habit I picked up some years back, after a v'yage to Barcelona. I'd a full box o' new clay pipes, and them Spanish customs wished for to charge me near a shilling duty on each o' them. So since then I've had 'em all out and filled, and smoke them in rotation, and the customs can go and sit on a tack. And that reminds me: One time when I was bos'n in a barkentine out o' Melbourne for High-kicker—which is what seafarin' men calls Iquique ——"

Young Mr. Wilkeson interrupted sourly, "I didn't come in to listen to your prattle."

"Don't tell me now, that you, too, have come to warn me that the glass is falling like a stonemason's plummet. The mate's been in, scared pea-green, and the chief engineer's been up deviling me about his coffee pots down below—no? Then what is it?"

Young Mr. Wilkeson exploded.

"That's it!" he snarled. "The engines! Stopping the ship a half dozen times a day and fiddle-faddling about for hours on end, instead of getting on with the voyage. What do you mean by it?"

Mr. Gallup's little eyes puckered.

"She's been loggin' eight knots between breakdowns. That ain't so bad, considerin' her age and condition."

"Eight knots! When do you expect that's going to get me home? Tell the chief engineer I said to drive her!"

"Our fuel consumption," pointed out Mr. Gallup mildly, "must not, 'under any circumstances,' exceed fifteen ton a day. I'm quotin' owners' orders; and breakin' 'em cost one master his job. She could do eleven knots if we'd give her the coal; but then she'd prob'ly rock her engines off the bed plates or kick her propeller off. So there ye are. As for breakdowns ——"

"It is the fault of the engineers."

Mr. Gallup became confidential. He lowered his voice and poked young Mr. Wilkeson gently in the waistcoat.

"It's not the engineers. It's corroded boiler tubes. And don't ye let the chief overhear ye talking about his staff, sir, for he's got a rough tongue, has the chief, being a Clydeside man, and a sorrowful lack o' respect for his betters. Prob'ly, if the owners had allowed him the repairs he's everlastingly belly-achin' for, we'd have no breakdowns and quicker passages. But their economy's on the wrong side, sir, and it's simply robbin' Peter to save Saul, as my father, though not a godly man, used to say.

"No, sir, we can't drive her, and I hope"—Mr. Gallup, who had got well warmed up to his subject, wagged a reproving finger at young Mr. Wilkeson—"I hope it will be a lesson to ye, young sir."

Young Mr. Wilkeson filled out his chest and bellowed, with crimson face: "I'm ordering you to drive her, and drive her you shall!"

"Board o' Trade regulations," pointed out Mr. Gallup apologetically, "leaves that to the discretion o' the master."

The younger man went off on another tack: "I suppose your confounded Board of Trade regulations are responsible for the rotten victuals too."

Mr. Gallup looked puzzled.

"Rotten wittles? Oh, come, sir; they're not so bad as that. The flour's a bit maggoty, and there's weevils in the harness cask; there always is in this company's ships, and they're famous for 'em. But that's the fault o' the owners who sends the stuff aboard."

"It's the blasted cooking ——"

Mr. Gallup shook his head.

"Our doctor's been a cook at sea since he was a shrimp. The food's too rich for ye, that's what it is. So tomorrow we go on pound and pint."

"Pound and pint?" said the other suspiciously.

"Aye. That's the seafarin' way o' describing merchant-shipping regulations what governs the weekly issue o' rations at sea. Hard bread instead o' soft; dried wegetables instead o' green; pickled meat instead o' fresh, and so on. No more upsettin' extras, like plum duff an' bacon and eggs. Just the bare legal rationin' scale. The men won't like it, o' course, and if they do kick, I'll point out that what's good enough for the owner's good enough for them. If they mutinies," pursued Mr. Gallup, his horselike face perfectly serious, "why, I'm handy wi' a shooter, and—what? You're going already, sir? Well, make sure the steward screws your port tight tonight, beca'se we're in for a father and a mother of a dusting."

Mr. Gallup's predicted dusting was more than fulfilled. Young Mr. Wilkeson, deceived by the flat sea and vivid crimson of the evening sky, neglected to have his port closed; but the fact that he had been warned did not mitigate the shock of a dollop of cold sea water in the pit of the stomach at four A.M. He shot upright, banging his skull against the bracket overhead, and struggled, panicky in the dark, to screw the port shut as solid black water raced hissing past the thick glass. The Baluchistan rolled and pitched madly, and groaned in every bulkhead. Heavy feet trampled the lower bridge deck overhead. He switched on the light.

Unable to remain in the deluged bunk he clambered out, and somehow, in the reeling cabin, managed to get into his clothes. Then he started for the deck to see into what further misery the man Gallup had plunged them.

The heavy steel door at the end of the alleyway was closed, and required all of his strength to open. When he succeeded, the solid push of the wind thrust his breath down his throat and left him gasping and confused. His hat was whisked off and away; his clothing bellied out, and he was swung about and slammed against the house by the force of the blast. Inky seas, lipped with swishing white, rose far above the level of the bulwark and raced terrifyingly astern, to be swallowed up in the screaming blackness. He fought his way to the bridge ladder and climbed, his heavy body flattened against the hand rail.

When he reached the navigating bridge, his eyes had focused themselves somewhat to the dark. The second mate, in oilskins, was leaning against the weather cloth, peering out into the shouting welter of the seas. Aft, the bos'n was directing his men in passing extra lashings about unsecure gear. The starboard boat davits held only a plank of splintered wood and a ringbolt, and the broken falls cracked like *sjamboks* in the wind.

The opening chart-room door threw a sword blade of yellow light athwart the bridge, and Mr. Gallup stepped over the coaming. He was wearing an old peajacket and sea boots, and his battered bowler hat was jammed tight over his hairy ears. Queerly, young Mr. Wilkeson found the man's uncouth presence reassuring and strengthening, in the terrific tumult of shrieking wind and breaking seas. Mr. Gallup moved close, peering at him, then bellowed in his ears in a voice that matched the hurricane:

"Won't last long, sir. Too vi'lent." He jerked his head aft. "Lost one boat, and the livestock pen off the fiddley, but the peak'll be reached by noon, then she'll slack off. There'll be a bit of a sea due when the breeze drops, but this wessel likes plenty o' water."

Young Mr. Wilkeson looked at the monstrous seas as they fled astern, their wicked crests beaten flat or snatched adrift and scattered wide in creamy thunder.

He cupped his hands and bellowed: "What speed are we making?"

"Speed?" Mr. Gallup launched a Gargantuan laugh into the elements. "About one knot an hour—starnway!"

"Sternway?"

"Aye! We're drivin' into it, full pelt, and it's pushin' us back a knot an hour. If we was on our homeward course now, we'd be in grand trim, travelin' hell for leather. Too bad!"

Premonition clutched young Mr. Wilkeson. "What's too bad?"

"Too bad we've had to turn back."

The other's disconcerted squeak was lost on the wind. He shouted: "What the blasted blue blazes do you mean? Aren't we headed for home?"

Mr. Gallup lifted his stubbly chin and launched a long amber banner to leeward.

"O' course not! . . . Oh, I forgot you was snoozin' when we put about. We been sloggin' back over our wake, the way we come, ever since midnight, shortly after it come on to blow. Sparks picked up an S O S from the steam yacht Sirius, what's gone and piled herself up on Frigate Bird Atoll, that we passed abeam of yesterday afternoon. We signaled 'em we was coming, and they're hangin' on."

Young Mr. Wilkeson expressed his fury and disappointment in luridly definite terms. Mr. Gallup listened patiently, but his streaming, weather-hammered face, with drops of brine flying from the ends of the untidy mustache, was strangely hard in the graying dawn.

He shouted obstinately: "Hold your tongue! Yon wessel is a total wreck, they said, wid three men lost over the side. I'm hoping mebbe to get the rest of her people off."

"But you can't possibly do it in this mess."

"I can try—and the Lord will perwide."

"It is just holding up the voyage. And what about me?"

"You, sir," roared Mr. Gallup, cramming his hat tighter on his skull, "are nothing but ballast aboard o' this wessel."

He moved his bandy legs crabwise, with the skill of years of practice, up the sharp, tricky slope of the deck, and joined the second mate at the weather dodger.

At full daylight the Baluchistan was fighting through advancing squadrons of smoking, mile-long seas. Ramparts of solid bottle green shot through with emerald launched themselves like colossal battering rams over the forecastle head, filled the forward well deck, and brought up with a crash below the bridge, shooting a fan of blinding spray over wheelhouse and chart room. Masts and funnel were white with salt, and the wind howled with appalling force through the stays and sounded a deep, solemn note across the funnel crown. The wind shifted, and presently the vessel began to take the seas on the beam; but although she rolled until the bell rang and the din of smashing crockery filled the ship, she made better going of it, and some progress was made. Shortly before midday the force of the gale was spent, and the sea rose like gigantic mountain peaks, suddenly lopped off and falling haphazard into the troughs; but the steamer shook them off, forging steadily through the crests and squatting purposefully in the hollows, amid a wide ruffle of circling foam.

Late in the afternoon, Mr. Cameron, who was blessed with sharp eyes, sighted the wreck, a tilted sliver of glistening black paint and red boot topping amid a spouting barrage of breaking surf. Beyond her were a few feathery palms lashing in the wind, a strip of sea-washed sand and a double ring of coral over which the seas broke thunderously.

Mr. Gallup steadied himself on his big feet and scanned the yacht through a long glass.

"She jumped through the outer reef an' broke her pore back on the inner ring. Her fore part's gone, even wid the funnel. Aye, and there's her people clustered on the poop and like to be washed adrift any hour." He turned to the mate. "Can ye handle a boat in that, son?"

Mr. Cameron gave a brief glance at the roaring seas. He was no fool, and he knew his limitations.

"No, sir."

"Humph! Looks like I'll have to take it meself, then. Pick a crew—the best o' the boilin'—and make the boat ready."

TO POWER CONNECTION
TO AERIAL CONNECTION
A COMBINATION Extension Cord and Socket Aerial
THE Beldentenna serves both as an extension cord and a socket aerial simultaneously. No other aerial is required; eliminates lightning arrester; easily installed or moved. Simply connect receiver to nearest outlet with the extension cord and connect lead provided to aerial binding post. No tools needed.
Ask your dealer about the Beldentenna and other Belden Products.
BELDEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2334 South Western Avenue, Chicago
BASEBOARD OUTLET
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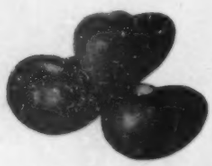
Quick End to
Painful Corns

This safe, amazing liquid is a revelation! First drop stops pain instantly! Shortly epidermal core (heart of corn) loosens. Then corn—even if it's between the toes—lifts off easily! That's what Freezone is doing every day for countless men and women who have pampered aching corns for years. Nothing better for corns, callouses or bunions. Sold by all druggists.

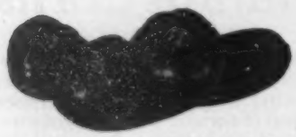
Yes, telephone your orders and still get the best fruits and vegetables in the market. The magic secret? Just ask for Blue Goose.

THIS WEEK
Let Blue Goose do your marketing

Want juicy grapefruit and oranges? Our experts have picked them for you. How will you know the kind? Just look for the guarantee of goodness right on the skins. Two words—Blue Goose.



You want the apples you buy to taste as fine as they look. That's why American Fruit Growers are so exacting about the apples they trade-mark Blue Goose. You'll see this sign of excellence on every wrapper, box, or barrel of the best apples grown.



Tomatoes will never tempt appetites unless they're grown just right, picked just right, sold to you at your local stores when they're just right. Quite a task in late October, but the American Fruit Growers do it for you—and identify these fine tomatoes by the Blue Goose trade-mark.

FOR the next six days take a vacation from some of your marketing worries. Don't bother shopping around. Waste no time picking and choosing. Instead, when you want grapefruit, oranges, apples—or any other products of garden, grove, or orchard—simply ask for Blue Goose.

At the end of the week, check on two things—the quality and cost of the fruits and vegetables you have been getting. Then if you haven't saved money, saved waste, saved time, and still served a better table, go back again to old-fashioned hit or miss marketing.

But we don't think you ever will. Only the cream of any crop can be marked Blue Goose. American Fruit Grower experts see to that. They do the picking and choosing for you. They select not by guesswork but by quality. And then this nation-wide organization ships to you by the speediest, most modern methods known.

Why not make this simple week's test? Why not learn for yourself why millions of women let Blue Goose do their marketing?

This "Blue Goose Buying Guide" will give you many of the shopping secrets of our own experts, much that will help you save money, time, and still serve better fruits and vegetables. Prepared for you by Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. A copy is yours free. Just address American Fruit Growers Inc., Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

Young Mr. Wilkeson, who overheard, was about to interfere, for, although they were approaching the wreck in a circle that brought them to leeward and clear of the reef, if the wind changed and the Baluchistan suffered another breakdown—which was not unlikely after the strain the engines had been put to—it might mean the finish of the steamer and all hands. But he was not a coward, and another thought came to stay his tongue.

Arguing with Gallup, great oaf that he seemed, was like trying to demolish a fort with a bladder. Let him provide his own boomerang. By leaving his own vessel in time of peril, Mr. Gallup was laying himself open to cancellation of his ticket. In addition, here distinctly was a case of salvage; and the owners of salvaging vessels sometimes got as much as two-thirds of the amount awarded. So young Mr. Wilkeson sat tight and said nothing.

In view of the dangerous sea, the distance to go, and the hungry surf that enveloped the wreck, the rescue attempt seemed a hopeless thing. But Mr. Gallup had been trained in seamanship in the hardest small-boat school on earth, the Newfoundland Grand Banks, and he chewed placidly, watching the seas with shrewd, knowing eyes as the boat was manned and lowered. He dropped to his place in the stern sheets and at the proper split second gave the order to cast off. The boat swung away, hesitated for a second in the suck of a back-wash, then whirled clear, and with Mr. Gallup in his hard hat grasping the huge steering sweep, it headed for the reef, teetering dizzily on the flying crests, plying like a many-legged water bug in the tremendous troughs, searching for an opening through the reef into the comparatively quiet waters of the lagoon.

It meant a long, man-killing pull, but they found it, and the watchers on the Baluchistan grew tense as the boat mounted the back of a grandfather comber, disappeared in a crazy jungle of spume, and shot out like a spear on the far side, to pull, presently, into the lee of the wreck. To the watchers on the yacht and on the steamer, it was thrilling; to Mr. Gallup it was part of the day's job afloat. He stood balanced in the stern, serenely munching his cud, his ungainly body graceful in its rude strength, his great arms hugging the steering sweep to his chest; and when drowning threatened, he grinned at his white-lipped, laboring men and let fly derisive brown juice into the curling belly of the noisiest of the following seas.

It was dark before the last survivor of the wrecked Sirius jumped into the whaleboat and was pulled to safety over the black water. The end of the rescue was carried out by the light of luridly burning flares, and the boat with its exhausted crew was hauled up the Baluchistan's rolling side.

Mr. Gallup, nursing a crushed hand, gave orders for the comfort of the yacht's people, and again mounted his bridge. The telegraph jangled in the engine room. The propeller kicked up a lather under the counter. Mr. Gallup put his hand to the whistle cord and pulled—three farewell blasts to the splintered beauty of the steam yacht Sirius, answered only by the dying flicker of a blue flare on the wreck's sea-washed poop. The Baluchistan swung on her course, and the hollow boom of the surf over Frigate Bird Atoll drew slowly astern.

After a time young Mr. Wilkeson followed Mr. Gallup to the bridge and found him in the chart room, noisily sucking coffee out of a cracked blue granite mug. With him was a short, gray-haired man, past middle age, with keen eyes and an air of command which even the ludicrous effect of a wrinkled shore suit of Mr. Gallup's could not dissipate. He was being quietly amused at the yarn that Mr. Gallup already was spinning from his endless store.

Mr. Gallup raised his shaggy head, with pendulous coffee drops at the ends of his straggly mustache, and peered good-humoredly at young Mr. Wilkeson.

"I told ye it could be done, sir," he said, his little black eyes twinkling. "The Lord will perwide. This is Sir Charles Brentwood, owner o' that there unfort'nate wessel. Young Mr. Wilkeson, sir, is the son of our senior owner. He'll be our new boss, soon as he gits home."

Young Mr. Wilkeson's business instinct sharpened quickly. If this was the Brentwood who was king of the Australian wool trade, there would be a salvage claim worth talking about.

"Congratulations, Mr. Wilkeson," Sir Charles said heartily, as they shook hands.

"Thank you, Sir Charles. Of course, it does not take effect until I get back."

The other looked puzzled.

"I—er—I didn't mean that exactly. I really was congratulating you on having a master like our friend Gallup here, instead of an incompetent nincompoop like the one who piled up my Sirius. His handling of that boat was—well, the sort of seamanship one reads about."

"'Twas nothin', sir!" said Mr. Gallup sheepishly, with a wave of the mug.

"It was very fine, no doubt," said young Mr. Wilkeson, "but Mr. Gallup will be the first to tell you that it was his duty to go."

"Thank ye, sir!" said Mr. Gallup with emphasis.

"Eh? What for?"

"For them last words o' yours." He turned to the Australian: "Ye see, sir, if young Mr. Wilkeson was a nasty-minded young man he might mebbe lose me my cerstificate for leavin' me own wessel in danger, although there was not much choice, you havin' ladies on board, and there bein' nobody else here what could handle the boat in that sea. But when him as the owner says I on'y done me duty, and says it afore you, a'"—Mr. Gallup laughed deprecatingly—"a sort of a witness, you might say, that ought to satisfy any Nosey Parker on the Board o' Trade, eh?"

Sir Charles Brentwood's keen eyes focused even more sharply as they traveled from young Mr. Wilkeson's face to the hard-bitten countenance of Mr. Gallup and back again.

"There should be no criticism on that score," he said quietly. "We could not possibly have lasted till morning. . . . What say, Mr. Wilkeson?"

"Certainly not, Sir Charles. And in acting as he did he was working for the best interest of his owners."

"How do you mean?"

The younger man laughed apologetically. "You'll forgive me for mentioning it now; still, we are business men, and must look at things in a hard-headed way. This company has risked its vessel—a valuable property—and, fortunately, has been successful in saving yourself and your ship's company. Naturally, there will be certain compensation due in the way of salvage."

A long, bony, and unpleasantly hard finger poked young Mr. Wilkeson forcefully in the ribs. Mr. Gallup was vexed. He growled, exceedingly red in the face:

"Here, here! Wait a minute! You got this wrong, sir. I didn't do the job for no lousy salvage; I done it to save some pore humans from drownin', as ye well know!" He stopped to clamp a corner from his plug, and when it was well stowed, he ended more composedly: "So don't you go leppin' off to a conclusion like one o' them there gabardine swine!"

Young Mr. Wilkeson's heavy countenance flamed in turn.

"Very noble and quixotic," he sneered, "but hardly business. Salvage is ——"

"Furthermore," said Mr. Gallup, again bringing the finger into play, "the Merchant Shipping Act o' 1894—I forget the section, but I can look it up for ye—says quite distinct that salvage does not become payable if life only, and no property, is saved. And we didn't save no property whatsoever. So let that larn ye, sir, not to try makin' a graspin' Sherlock out o' Belial Gallup."

Young Mr. Wilkeson cast pride and temper to the still screaming gale. He bellowed: "You're the world's colossal ass! Do you think this company is going to feed and

(Continued on Page 192)

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

THE only part? Yes—the *only* part. Hats—collars—coats—gloves? Shouldn't they fit? Certainly—for the sake of appearance. But your *shoes* must fit *for your health's* sake.

Health? What have shoes to do with health? Everything! Your feet are delicately adjusted mechanisms. They do an amazing lot of work—carry you all day—lift your entire weight—take you where you want to go. Support your feet incorrectly and they're through. Then come aches and pains, tired muscles, "nerves". Of course health suffers.

Chances are you have good feet
Save them with Footsavers

A shoe that really fits must conform to the shape of *your* foot in every vital part—arches (both of them), heel, ball, instep. Such fit is possible only in a shoe *built* to fit . . . as Footsavers are.

"LASTS" COME FIRST IN FIT

Footsavers are the result of an unhurried search for shoe perfection. We started with the "last"—the mold on which a shoe is built—the very foundation of shoe design.

Shoes fit perfectly, without "breaking in", only when the lasts are exactly like the foot. Old-style lasts were not. What did we do? Studied thousands of feet. Then designed our own lasts . . . designed them to match every hollow and curve of the normal foot.

THE OLD AND THE NEW IN HEELS

For instance, we put life-like heels in our lasts. Old lasts had sharp, L-shaped heels. Have your feet? Of course they haven't. Your heel curves in—then out—then in again. And so does a Footsaver last. Yes—it costs more to make it that way. But what a difference it makes in comfort—in correct fit and looks too!

If the shoe is to be right—the last must be life-like. So Footsaver lasts were built with the outer edge of the arch coming down—treading almost flat. The inner edge was lifted—curved up gently—to give Footsaver shoes correct, natural form. Notice the print of a normal foot—and then the print of a Footsaver last. No wonder these shoes fit so perfectly.

FOUND AND SUPPORTED..THE "LITTLE ARCH"?

Scant notice has ever been given the smaller arch of the foot,—the depression just back of the ball. But it has a definite function—and needs definite support. Nature's provision was soft earth or springy turf. Footsavers'—thin, built-in layers of pliant leather curved to fit and support your "little arch" perfectly.

But we didn't stop with life-like lasts. We searched for a "shock absorber" that would cushion each step—give lift and spring to walking. And we found it—in "The saving V".

THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

You can't see it, but it's there—a springy leaf of polished steel. And oh, what a difference it makes! It brings new youth, new zest, new lift—brings the feel of walking on air. You ought to try these Footsavers, ought to feel the lift . . . feel the spring they give your feet. Get into a pair and bid goodbye to weary feet.

NOT A VESTIGE OF SMARTNESS LOST

Try a pair on. Let your feet judge. When you do,—be prepared for a surprise. Footsavers are as smart as they are comfortable. Can that be? Indeed it can. Not a trace of smartness was lost—not a good line destroyed in making Footsavers right.

A minute or two at a Footsaver shop will prove it. And prove too, that Footsavers at $12 to $14 are exceedingly modest in price.

You can check up so easily

If you can't afford tired feet—and what man can today?—go to a Footsaver dealer or send for the story of "The Saving V". The coupon will bring it—a colorful booklet of Footsavers for Autumn—and the name of a dealer nearby. Clip it now—before you turn the page.

FOOTSAVERS ARE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF BOSTONIANS—SHOES FOR MEN

Whitman, Massachusetts

Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for Over 50 Years

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

FOOT SAVERS

THE ONLY SHOE WITH "THE SAVING V"

© 1929 C. S. & L. Co.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE AND LEATHER COMPANY
Dept. S-3, Whitman, Massachusetts

Please send me the story of "The Saving V" and the Fall Styles in Footsavers. Who is the nearest dealer?

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Like a Singing Sunbeam with a

DOUBLE GUARANTEE *to* SING

You need not be an expert to select a Canary with a wonderfully sweet, *trained* singing voice, nor pay more for such a bird than you would for an ordinary Canary. Simply insist on a Henry Bartels' Canary and the Henry Bartels' legally binding Double Guarantee of Satisfaction. Henry Bartels' Canaries are feathered aristocrats with magnificent voices . . . genuine Hartz Mountain Canaries from generations of ancestors famous for beauty and variety of song.

Progressive dealers everywhere sell Henry Bartels' Canaries. Ask to see the Shield "B" stamped under the wing of the bird you select . . . in Blue for Choppers . . . in Red for Rollers.

Send 4c for Canary Booklet and name of local dealer. Address Desk 12, 206-208 Fulton St., New York, N. Y.

Henry Bartels B SINGING CANARIES

CLEARING *the* RADIO SPEAKER'S THROAT

Behind the mellow music from your radio speaker an electrical condenser serves unseen . . . a vital link in the clear, lifelike reception that your speaker reproduces. Like a filter, it eliminates causes of coarse muffled tones and helps your radio speaker to function without hindrance—without distortion . . . Sprague Condensers are the choice of leading speaker manufacturers the country over.

SPRAGUE SPECIALTIES COMPANY
Quincy, Massachusetts

SPRAGUE CONDENSERS

(Continued from Page 190)

shelter and carry a matter o' thirty extra people home, after risking a ship, and get no compensation?"

"That is a matter I will take care of, of course," began Sir Charles; but Mr. Gallup cut in:

"As it happens, we're not going home. Not yet. We ain't got stores enough, though they're heartily welcome to what we have got!"

"Where are we going, then?"

"We are going," said Mr. Gallup, composedly shifting his quid, "back to Tahiti."

Young Mr. Wilkeson left the Baluchistan at Tahiti and waited for the first mail boat home. And when, some weeks later, after heavy weather and numerous breakdowns, the battered old Baluchistan steamed into port, he was on the wharf to greet her. Mr. Gallup, his disreputable hard hat on his chest and a blackened clay pipe in his mouth, was lying on his cabin settee after the steamer made fast, very much at his ease, and perusing some mail that the pilot had brought off. His employer entered without ceremony, and Mr. Gallup got slowly to his feet and automatically replaced his headgear.

"You can pack up," said young Mr. Wilkeson harshly, and without preliminary: "You're sacked!"

Mr. Gallup was a married man with many responsibilities, and he had been doing some unhappy thinking on the passage home. He was distressed.

"Now, Mr. Wilkeson, sir," he began placatingly, "don't hold a grudge, sir. I done the best I could by the wessel. I ain't askin' to retain command; but I'm married, and if ye could see your way clear, mebbe, just to let me have me old third mate's berth back ——"

"You're sacked! So get out! Now!"

Mr. Gallup's bony shoulders seemed to wilt a bit. Then they straightened. He said:

"The Lord will perwide. In the meanwhile, sir, if ye don't mind, I'll finish this mail. There may be ship's business in it."

He tore the envelopes from two or three letters with awkward fingers that trembled a bit, and scanned their contents, his nose close to the pages, his grotesque mustache moving as he mumbled the words. Abruptly, he paused, reread the letter he was holding, and then stood erect, a queer light in his close-set little eyes.

To young Mr. Wilkeson's uneasy amazement then, he took from his head the battered old hard hat, ran his big hand lovingly around the crown, examined it closely, and then, walking swiftly to the door, threw it over the side. "No more use for you," he muttered. Next, he went to the mirror over his hand washstand and carefully inspected his uninspiring features. He shook his head, and took from a drawer a clean collar and a tie, spotted a bit, but fairly neat. These he donned. Then he came back and faced his young employer.

"Ye've give me the sack, Mr. Wilkeson," he said quietly, "and ye've told me to pack up, immediate. Now, strictly speakin', I don't really have to, for Board o' Trade regulations says a v'yage is not officially ended until the master pays off and closes the articles. If I chose, I could hold the articles open and embarrass ye for some days further. I have that right, d'ye see."

Sensing an interruption, Mr. Gallup raised a hamlike hand.

"As it happens, I don't choose. But I'm a man o' simple pleasures. It don't take much to amuse me. And I've often thought, while being pushed here and shoved there and kicked the other place, o' the enj'yment I'd take in some day tellin' an owner to go to hell. Sir, I'm about to enj'y meself. Ye can go to hell!"

Young Mr. Wilkeson shouted: "By gad, you—I'll blacklist you with every owner in the country! You don't dare ——"

Mr. Gallup grasped the letter he had been reading and thrust it under the other's nose.

"Don't I dare? Read that! It's from Sir Charles Brentwood, whom ye might possibly recollect."

Curiosity conquered, and young Mr. Wilkeson read:

I have ordered laid down on the Clyde, immediately, the Orien, a new yacht of some 1200 tons, which is considerably larger and in every way finer than the old Sirius. You are a seaman after my own heart, Gallup, and if I can persuade you on one or two minor points, such as a change of hats now and again, and occasionally wearing a collar, I would very much like you to look after her construction and later take command.

"Which proves conclusive, Mr. Wilkeson," said Mr. Gallup with a grin, "precisely what my pa, though not a godly man, would always say when his luck ran out: The Lord will perwide."

TRANSATLANTIC FINANCE

(Continued from Page 7)

would be represented on the board of directors of the bank by "independent New York bankers."

Events have since justified the presumption voiced by this British authority. We have observed, not without speculating as to what complications may lie before us, the selection of Jackson E. Reynolds, New York banker, and Melvin A. Traylor, Chicago banker, as representatives of certain American financial interests upon the subcommittee created by the recent Hague reparations conference to draft the statutes which are to govern the operations of the bank. The appointment of these two American bankers to the subcommittee by J. P. Morgan and Owen D. Young, at the invitation of their European financial friends, may, indeed, be considered as marking one of the first steps toward involving some of our most potential banking interests in the whole bank scheme. In this connection it may be well to recall also what the British authority to whom I have referred above had to say further regarding our becoming identified actively with the organization of the bank.

A Back-Door Invitation

"If this is the official attitude toward a piece of machinery which will handle large sums of money due to America, it might at first sight appear that she would still more stoutly resist an association, however remote, with the League of Nations," continued this British authority. "We do not take this view. The embargo on Federal Reserve coöperation reflects the sensitiveness of American public opinion to the slightest suspicion that the interests of the United States may be subordinated to those of the rest of the world. We believe it has nothing to do with the form of organization. On the other hand, the United States has in one direction after another coöperated on technical matters with the League of Nations, and there is no objection in the United States to the extension of this kind of limited membership of the League, so long as it involves no international commitment on America's part. The experts under Mr. Owen D. Young's chairmanship could hardly propose consultation with the League; but we think it would be entirely appropriate that the representatives of governments should do so at the forthcoming—Hague—conference."

Reading between the lines of this illuminating statement, we experience little difficulty in perceiving another carefully studied and, of course, polite, invitation to us to enter the League of Nations by the familiar back door. The international bank obviously would provide, this time, that back door, if we were to hearken to such a scheme as our British friend proposed. Nor was his statement an isolated one. In all the communications I have received lately from abroad there is reflected the same idea that the United States, officially or semiofficially or through representatives of certain of our larger financial interests, must become, willy-nilly, connected with the international bank, or, to give it another title, more significant, the Bank for International Settlements.

Consider another example. Lord Melchett, whose views are generally accepted as those of British industry as a whole, declared recently that, "if the bank is efficiently established, and if it successfully develops the functions in the realm which the experts have sketched out, then it may be a great power for good. It will be impossible, however, to make a success of either the scheme of reparations payments or, still more, the bank, unless the financial power of the United States, frankly, fully and wholeheartedly, comes to its assistance. Isolation is no longer possible in any industrial country. Nobody is more actively interested or can be more actively interested in the welfare of the debtor than is the creditor. The prosperity of the one is the prosperity of the other, and when debts are all expressed in gold, preservation of the standard from which gold derives its validity is of the utmost importance. The world has not lacked warnings of the problems which may arise from the scarcity of gold. It may be that the international bank will, in due course, provide an attempt to solve this monetary problem, but in the meantime a hope may be expressed that the process of coöperation between the central banks of issue will make more rapid progress, with a view to lessening the difficulties which tend to concentrate with particular weight upon the great free-gold market of London."

Fortunately for the American people, President Hoover has stated clearly that the United States will not be a party to the Young agreement. "Our Government is not a party to that agreement," the President announced, "and therefore would not be a signatory to it. There is no occasion to submit the agreement to Congress."

It may be added that Congress would hardly be expected to ratify such an agreement; so the efforts of our European friends to draw us, either as a government or as a people, into it need create no uneasiness in this country.

Linked With Reparations

But there are several important aspects of the situation involved in the agreement that cannot be passed over so easily. With these aspects the American people are vitally concerned. What may be considered the most distinctive feature of the Young settlement is the unmistakable linking of war debts—particularly those due the United States from European countries—with the reparations Germany is still expected to pay over a period corresponding with that provided for the liquidation of those war debts. "Outpayments" is the term used to describe such an arrangement for the settlement of war debts in strict accordance with Germany's willingness or ability to pay. The amounts of the German annuities are purposely interlocked with the sums Great Britain, France and others of Germany's former enemies are obligated to meet in relieving themselves of their war indebtedness. For example, when the French Chamber of Deputies ratified finally the Mellon-Bérenger agreement, it did so without reservations, but with a separate stipulation that German reparations payments should cover France's indebtedness to the United States. The French made it plain that if by any chance Germany should default in her reparations payments, France would unquestionably demand of the United States and Great Britain a readjustment of her war indebtedness to either of them.

(Continued on Page 195)

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?

EVERY now and again, the placid surface of the electric cleaner industry is startled by a fresh commotion.

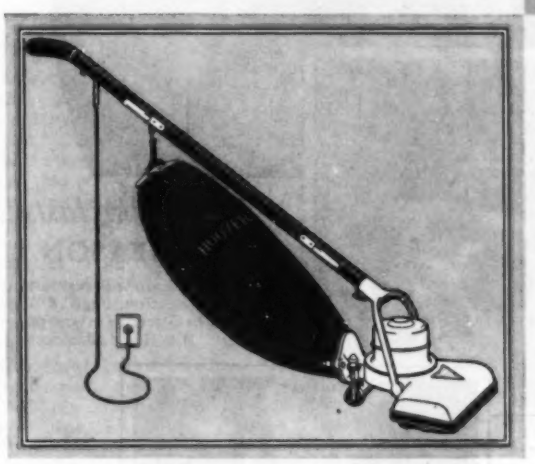
Some one machine or other is rushed forward as the champion of a new popularity, and passes as a comet across the commercial sky.

Inspired salesmen hurry out to perform "amazing" demonstrations. Special "inducements" are offered. There is much talk of "new-day methods," of "above-the-floor efficiency," of "sanitation processes," of almost everything except the electric cleaner's essential job.

A great stir is made; a few are blinded by the dust.

But soon the tumult dies, the fever passes, and the forced-draft popularity, so "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," is gone!

Each time the clearing atmosphere reveals the real Leadership more solidly entrenched in one machine, more serenely enthroned in one outstanding product, more firmly than ever upheld beyond serious challenge in one incomparable cleaner—The HOOVER!



What are the facts and evidence of the perennial leadership of The Hoover? They are these:

More Hoover cleaners are in use than are any other kind.

More money is invested by the public for the purchase of Hoover cleaners—daily, monthly, yearly—than for any other kind.

More money is invested in the Hoover cleaners in use—by twice as much—as in any other kind.

More Hoover cleaners are sold—48% of ALL *we sell—as the result of recommendations by Hoover users to friends.*

More leading merchants, everywhere, sell Hoover cleaners than represent any other kind.

And on what factors of superiority is based the unchanging public preference for The Hoover? These:

The Hoover is most efficient in the fundamental purpose of an electric cleaner: it gets MORE DIRT PER MINUTE.

The Hoover is better designed, better built, longer-lived, more thorough in action, easier to use.

The Hoover for these sound reasons enjoys a higher re-sale value.

The Hoover is serviced expertly and promptly by the finest Service Organization in the electric cleaner field.

The Hoover is kept in the vanguard of progress by the most comprehensive and advanced engineering research in its industry.

The Hoover is the mature and dependable product of the first, oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturer in the world.

Don't be confused or misled.

When you are told that Hoover accomplishment is equaled, or Hoover leadership is challenged, ask yourself "where are the snows of yesteryear," and demand to see the quality, the service, the value comparable to The Hoover. Until these appear, The Hoover *has no rival!*

The HOOVER
Reg. Trade Mark

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

One filling in OCTOBER

protects your car until MAY

Why 950,000 motorists chose G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine anti-freeze protection for their cars last year

It won't evaporate!

NO longer is constant vigilance the price of anti-freeze protection. For here is an anti-freeze that won't evaporate. You don't have to keep adding more all winter. You don't have to guess about it. One filling in October protects your car for the entire season.

Small wonder that 950,000 motorists used G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine last year.

Think what it means to always be certain your car is safe, to be able to leave it anywhere in the coldest weather without a single worry about freezing, without constant replacement.

And remember that G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine not only protects your car against freezing but is harmless if spilled on the car finish and will not attack the cooling system. It meets all of the U. S. Bureau of Standards requirements of a perfect anti-freeze and is vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association. Put it in your car now and get full benefit of its protection. Just follow the instructions on the can.

One filling lasts ALL SEASON

Start the season with real anti-freeze protection. Put G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine in your car today. It will last all winter!

950,000 users

Everybody wants positive dependable anti-freeze protection—not guesswork. 950,000 cars were serviced with G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine last year.

G PA

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RADIATOR Glycerine

THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

Why gamble on freeze-ups?

You wouldn't hire a watchman that sneaked away. Use the anti-freeze that is always on the job—that gives you real, permanent protection.

MAIL THIS

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th Street, New York City

I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the facts.

Name.....

Address.....

JUST FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE CAN

(Continued from Page 192)

It was specifically provided, in a specially prepared memorandum signed concurrently, but separate from the Young agreement, how the outpayments should be covered over a period of years. The most significant part of this memorandum, in so far, at least, as the American people are concerned, is that it provides further that Germany shall profit by any reduction in war-debt payments, with the stipulation that "in the event of modifications of those obligations for outpayments by which the creditors benefit, there should be some corresponding mitigating of the German annuities. Any relief which any creditor power may effectively receive in respect to its net outward payments on account of war debts, after making due allowance for any material or financial counter-considerations, and after taking into account any remissions on account of war-debt receipts which it may itself make, shall be dealt with as follows:

"As regards the first 37 years,

"*(a)* Germany shall benefit to the extent of 5/6 of the net relief available by way of a reduction in her annuity obligations thereafter.

"*(b)* One-third of the net relief shall be retained by the creditor concerned, in addition to the amounts otherwise receivable from Germany.

"*(c)* Nevertheless, so long as any liability of Germany persists in respect of the period after the 31st March, 1966, the creditor concerned will retain annually only 1/4 part of the net relief, the balance being paid to the Bank of International Settlements.

"*(d)* These payments to the Bank of International Settlements shall accumulate to assist Germany toward meeting her liabilities in respect of the period after the 31st March, 1966. . . .

"As regards the last twenty-two years, the plan provides that the whole of any reduction in the amount of the war debts shall be applied to the relief of Germany's liabilities."

The Trap

Could any more adroit way have been devised by European debtors for skating over the thin ice of the frequently debated question of the cancellation of the so-called Allied war indebtedness to the United States? We refuse to become a party to the Young agreement. We decline to recognize any linking of German reparations with what is still due us from Great Britain, France and others of our Allies in the World War. The present Administration, like previous administrations at Washington, has repeatedly turned a deaf ear to any such proposals. So our European friends devise a method by which they hope or plan, during the next half century or so, to induce us to agree to a reduction in Allied war indebtedness to us by making the amount of Germany's reparations payments, through an international bank, contingent upon that. And yet there are powerful financial interests in this country, as well as abroad, which are seeking to include us in the international bank, willingly or unwillingly, no matter how they accomplish that end, even if by only having some of our most distinguished bankers sit on the board of directors of the bank.

But international banking experts do not propose to stop at that. We are informed authoritatively that the authorized capital of the bank will be the "round equivalent of $100,000,000." Only 25 per cent of each share will be paid in at the time of the organization of the bank. The seven countries represented on the Young committee of experts will always be allocated shares in equal amounts. The central banks, or other banking groups to which there is no objection by any member bank of the seven countries, will guarantee the subscription of the whole of the first stock issue. They may, however, permit central banks or banking groups in other countries to buy stock in the first issue, not exceeding the equivalent of $4,000,000 for each, and $44,000,000 in all. If the authorized capital of the bank should be increased, the distribution of additional shares among countries will be decided by a two-thirds majority, in proportion to the distribution of the original shares. In order to keep the control in the hands of the seven original member countries, it is provided that the total shares issued in the seven countries shall not fall below 55 per cent of the total stock.

We are further informed by the same authority that, although the shares are owned by private individuals, the voting rights are to be held only by the central or other participating banks, in proportion to the number of shares originally issued in the respective countries. These voting rights will be exercised by representatives of the participating banks in the general meeting of the Bank of International Settlements, which is to take the place of a general meeting of shareholders.

Thus the international bank is not only to receive German reparations payments and distribute them among Germany's Allied creditors but is to issue bonds for sale to investors; among whom, it is doubtless hoped or planned by the promoters of the scheme, Americans are to be found largely. In this way, it may be presumed, it is intended to involve or interest the American investing public in the collection of German reparations payments and the liquidation, or shall we say the reduction, of Allied indebtedness, by making them bondholders or shareholders in the bank to such an extent as eventually to compel the American Government to join actively in its management or supervision. Propaganda seeking to involve our Federal Reserve System, at least, in the bank's affairs is already actively at work. We are told that the New York Federal Reserve Bank may be forced, "as a matter of self-protection," to send representatives to wherever the bank is located in order to keep a close watch upon its operations. I suppose these representatives would be designated, according to the accepted custom, as "unofficial American observers" if Federal Reserve officials failed to secure the sanction of the Administration to dispatch such representatives officially.

Dangerous Authority

One usually well-informed Washington authority has said that in official quarters it is conceded that entirely apart from the merits of the Young Plan as a method of adjusting the reparations problem, the inevitable influence of any such institution as the proposed international bank on the ebb and flow of gold between Europe and America would be so important that the United States could not afford to be deprived of inside knowledge of what the new bank was doing from day to day. It is predicted that the time will come when, in addition to directors, the Federal Reserve System may even have to retain expert representatives to keep it advised regarding the operations of the bank. American bankers who realize the importance of selling American investors the new German reparations bonds are keenly aware of the value of American support for the Young Plan.

In considering further the possibilities of the situation likely to be created by the establishment of the bank, it is not difficult to foresee the risk our Federal Reserve System might be subjected to by becoming involved, directly or indirectly, in the operations of the bank, whether or not it actively participated in those operations. It seems to me that the whole international bank plan, once it is carried out, might involve us more deeply in foreign entanglements or prove more binding upon us than even a League of Nations or the World Court agreement, or any other of the international schemes into which Europe has previously sought to draw us.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Cashier's Room in the Reichsbank, One of Germany's Most Important Financial Institutions

It may be well for us to keep in mind that with the broad authority proposed for the bank, it will have the right to exercise a far-reaching influence upon all international financial transactions. Therefore, it is not unreasonable to assume that the bank might even undertake to supervise and direct the issuance and sale of government, state and municipal securities to be sold or negotiated in any of the countries represented by its directorate or involved in any way in its operations. The bank might even go so far as to insist that its visa or indorsement be applied specifically to various industrial and other financial and commercial undertakings.

In contemplation of the unlimited authority the bank is likely to exercise—an authority which in all probability will be shared largely, as far as the United States is concerned, by the American members of the board of directors of the bank—one can

(Continued on Page 197)

Numetal PATENTED
WEATHER STRIPS

Sold by Hardware, Lumber and Building Supply Stores

Yourself or your carpenter can put them on—without removing windows or doors. No special tools needed. Numetal Strips give *permanent* satisfaction. They are inexpensive, and in winter save one-third on fuel, and eliminate drafts and cold corners in rooms you are trying to heat.

Numetal is not a coil strip, but a highly tempered spring metal. That is why you buy Numetal from the patented Numetal Display Case at leading hardware, lumber and building supply stores. Mail coupon today for special demonstration offer.

Try *Numetal* on One Door

Special door equipment—top and side *Numetal* Weather Strips, door bottom strip, lock strips, nails and screws—at demonstration price of $2 per door; satisfaction guaranteed.

Macklanburg-Duncan Company, S-2
Oklahoma City, Okla.

☐ Enclosed find $2.00 for which send me postpaid *Numetal* Weather Strip equipment for one door, size ____ inches wide x ____ inches high, in accordance with your demonstration offer.

☐ Please send free illustrated folder, "*The Finishing Touch*," and name of nearest dealer.

Name .....

Address .....

Do you realize that all the LOINS, SHOULDERS and 60% of the HAMS from the choicest *corn-and-milk-fed* young pigs are used in making

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

The Jones Dealer near you will deliver Sausage shipped daily from our farm.

Jones Dairy Farm
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

In Wisconsin's great dairy center — owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834

RHAMSTINE'S
"STROMBOS"
MOST POWERFUL OF ALL SIGNALS

Audible Range 2 MILES Air Operated
PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

FINEST AUTOMOBILE HORN MONEY CAN BUY!

70 miles an hour and a *cleared* road ahead! There's a thrill—and Safety (for all) at such speeds is assured by the marvelous Strombos signal. Its pleasing tone carries a mile and more—around curves—pierces fog, wind and storm—protects slow-moving traffic ahead. Duplex type shown, complete with air-operating equipment (silent and sure) now available to car owners who want the finest horn. Of highly nickeled brass—$120.00 (chromium extra). Strombos signals are used by U. S. Navy and Coast Guard, 85 railroads, many leading bus lines.

Manufactured in U. S. only by — *Write Today*

J. THOS. RHAMSTINE* Successor to American Strombos Co. — 310 E. Woodbridge Detroit, Michigan

"Yes, sir—I've had my fill of roasting beside the radiator and freezing beside the radio. I'm sick of dodging drafts. I'm tired of dirty walls and draperies; of doctor's bills for winter colds . . . I'm good and ready to find out about the new, revolutionary Follansbee method of heating. Send me the full story and your booklet 'June Weather in January Homes'."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Sending this coupon may mean one of the biggest things you ever did for your home. It can bring you and your family new comfort, new convenience, better health all winter.

ORDERS taken now for JUNE weather this winter

It's waiting for you! The balmy warmth of sunny June days—in every room of your home—every day all winter!

Not just *heat*—but a fresh, pure, uniform *atmosphere*—the atmosphere that makes summer days the ones you look forward to all the year.

Not stuffy hotness at one end of the room and icy drafts in the other—but smooth, even, pleasant temperature all through the house . . . Do you get this new kind of wintertime comfort in your home *now*?

Hundreds of American dwellings—new ones and old—large and small—have begun to have this new winter liveability—brought to them by the Follansbee Fresh Air Heating System . . . by the modern, scientific, Follansbee method of heating for health. Homes that never before have known the luxury of comfort this new system brings . . . the freedom from heating trials . . . the banishing of dust and dirt . . . the elimination of colds and other winter troubles that are part and parcel of old-fashioned heating methods.

And best of all—this new convenience, comfort, cleanliness and health are *obtainable at lower cost*, both of installation and maintenance, than the average home heating system.

Something New has Happened in Home Heating

And you owe it to yourself to find out! If you're planning to build, or are now building, a new home, don't invest in a heating plant without first investigating this new Follansbee system. Don't risk installing some system that may prove inadequate—or may be out-of-date in a few years' time. If you live in an old house that has out-lived its heating system—don't fail to find out about this new method of making old houses as young and liveable again as the most modern of structures.

Something new *has* happened! Costs nothing to find out about the Follansbee Fresh Air Heating System. Just mail the coupon.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Makers of Follansbee Forge Best Roofing

Warehouses and Distributors in Principal Cities of the United States.

MONEY-MAKING TERRITORY OPEN for established well-rated Sheet Metal Contractors who are looking for new profit opportunities and who are ready to cash in on the live interest the Follansbee System is creating. Opportunity to build up a well-paying business backed by complete factory service. Wire or write for full details.

Follansbee

FRESH AIR HEATING SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 195)

readily imagine the extent to which our own Government might become involved, however willingly or unwillingly, and without even having been forewarned of the magnitude or import of the transactions which had already been consummated.

This brings us to consider next the present and future operation of the Federal Reserve System—our existing national financial system. This system is a decentralized central banking system, and at the time of its creation it was carefully planned that the twelve principal banks embracing it should remain independent, so as to serve their respective districts in a satisfactory manner. The Federal Reserve Board, whose functions were set forth very clearly in the Federal Reserve Act, was to be largely a supervisory board, and its contact was to be constantly maintained through its liaison officer, the chairman of the board of each of the twelve banks, also acting as Federal Reserve agent.

Since the original enactment, many amendments have been made to the Federal Reserve Act. The powers of the board and the banks have been greatly enlarged thereby, and many additional prerogatives have been assumed by both the board and the banks, and interpretations of different sections of the law have been made other than was intended by the sponsors of the original act. Many of the amendments and changed methods of operation were brought about by the exigencies of the World War; among them the change of legal reserve requirements, enlargement of the classification of eligible paper, permission to use government bonds as security for the release of Federal Reserve credit, bond-purchase agreements, open-market operations, authority to coöperate with central banks of issue of other countries, granting of credits to central banks, international movements of gold, and many other functions too numerous to mention at this time.

Since the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, industry, trade and commerce, as well as financial operations, have expanded at a very rapid pace. This movement was greatly accelerated during the World War, and because of the fact that this country has changed from a debtor to a creditor nation, we have continued to progress to such an extent as would have been unbelievable in 1913 when the act became a law. Domestic and world economic conditions have so changed that the general equilibrium of economics and finance has been greatly disturbed, if not entirely upset. Influences beyond this country's control are at work, and the proper handling of these changed conditions is taxing the minds and energies to an extent that can hardly be appreciated.

We are now in the midst of a discussion of economics and finance and modern systems of production and distribution which indicates to my mind that we are in another period of transition. General discussion of the management of our financial system is prevalent. There are many suggestions afloat—for instance, the president of the New York Stock Exchange says: "American currency and credit are of too great importance for us to expect that they can be adequately administered either by a brainless automatic mechanism or a battalion of purely clerical minds."

One of the leading economists was quoted recently as follows: "There is considerably more than suspicion that the attitude of the Federal Reserve Board toward brokers' and collateral loans reflects not a dangerous condition but the failure of the Board to appreciate the revolutionary changes which have taken place in methods of financing in the last few years. This is a great and growing country, and to appreciate what is being accomplished one must have a flexible mind, and learn to think in bigger and bigger figures."

A member of the Federal Reserve Board tells the Bond Club of Washington that "credit is exactly like morphine. In the hands of those who understand its dangers as well as its benefits, in an emergency it is a most useful and helpful invention. But either credit or morphine, used habitually, leads inevitably to the gutter."

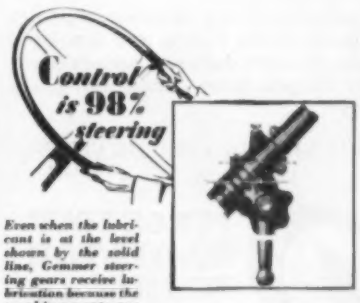
It seems to me that we must take stock of the situation and carefully consider whether our present banking system is adequate to meet present-day requirements. In making such an inventory, the best of our industrial leaders, our financial experts and our economists should coöperate with those who are charged with making the laws of the land, so that a proper solution of this problem may be found.

I do not think we need be concerned over the stability of banking in the United States today. The reserves in the Federal Reserve System are nearly double the legal requirements, and member-bank borrowings in the Federal Reserve System, particularly in the larger cities, are not exorbitant, and recently have been declining. But the present call-loan market in

Avalanche Lilies in Paradise Valley, Rainier National Park, Washington

Ready for any road or any weather

Rain or shine—regardless of the changing moods of Fall—you can enjoy riding in the city or the country confident and secure in the knowledge that your car is Gemmer-steered. You know that a car with "steering by Gemmer" responds instantly and effortlessly on any roads—in any weather.



Even when the lubricant is at the level shown by the solid line, Gemmer steering gears receive lubrication because the working parts are low in the gear case.

GEMMER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Detroit Michigan

GEMMER

Smoother Steered - when Gemmer Geared

WARNING!

Before you put in anti-freeze

have your radiator thoroughly clean and leak-proof

RADIATORS waste anti-freeze because they are either clogged or leaky.

If they are clogged, the anti-freeze backs out the overflow pipe, not being able to get through the tubes as fast as it should, or, the motor overheats and volatile anti-freeze mixtures such as alcohol evaporate. If they leak—well, the answer is obvious.

That is why every manufacturer of anti-freeze earnestly advises a thorough cleaning and leak-proofing of the radiator before putting in his product.

Here is the simplest, most efficient way:

1. Clean the radiator thoroughly by merely pouring in a can of Purgo. Plain water alone won't do the job. But Purgo will. It is a scientific radiator cleaner, compounded to get all six of the "cloggers" that accumulate in cooling systems—rust, slime, sludge, oil, lime, and magnesia. One can of it and all these clogging accumulations dissolve and disappear.

2. Flush the radiator thoroughly until the water runs out perfectly clear. (Requires only a few minutes). This flushing removes all the muck loosened by the chemical action of Purgo so that the cooling system is again as free flowing as when new.

3. Pour in a can of Radiator Neverleak. This seals the radiator against leaks and closes up holes which only the accumulation of rust and scale over them prevented from developing.

But be sure you get Radiator Neverleak, the leak-sealing compound specifically formulated for use with Purgo and with any anti-freeze preparation having an alcohol, glycerine, or ethylene glycol base. Radiator Neverleak is guaranteed not to clog the cooling system.

Most garages, filling stations, and accessory dealers sell Purgo and Radiator Neverleak. If yours does not, order direct, using the coupon below. Made and guaranteed by

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTE!
For an extra-thorough job—this complete while-you-wait radiator service.

PURGE YOUR RADIATOR WITH Purgo TRADE MARK REG.

Harmless to rubber, metal, finish and hands

RADIATOR CLEANER

Garages, car dealers, or filling stations displaying this attractively lighted green and yellow electric sign offer a complete Purgo Radiator Service identical with that described above except for the second operation. For the flushing, they use a Purgo Ejector, a scientific flushing tool that uses water and compressed air to rout out every bit of rust and muck. The additional charge for this extra-thorough job is very nominal. Send the coupon for the name of your nearest Purgo Service Station.

DEALERS! Write for details concerning the Purgo Service franchise.

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
531 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed is $ . . . . . Please send me:
. . . . . cans of Purgo Radiator Cleaner @ 75c
. . . . . cans of Radiator Neverleak @ 75c
( ) Tell me the name of the nearest authorized Purgo Radiator Service Station.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
City . . . . . State . . . . . .

New York, the financial center of this country and the whole world, is an indicator of temperature, and it is evident to anyone at all familiar with financial ethics and the ethics of business that a more stable money market should be maintained. Such a market cannot continue with such wide fluctuations without eventually affecting business and bringing about a decline in our prosperity.

There is every need for an adjustment without delay in our financial machinery. We must take into consideration the responsibility of world financial leadership that has been placed upon us and recognize the fact that our future prosperity to a great extent depends upon how wisely we discharge this responsibility. Our exports are larger than our imports. We have loaned the world in excess of twenty-five billion dollars, for which the creditor nations must pay us in excess of a billion dollars' interest. And when we consider the advancement industrially, financially and economically in this country for the past fifteen years, taking into consideration this nation's wealth and the possible continuance of this development of our natural and trade resources, both domestically and internationally, with our present refinements in industry which cannot help but accelerate production beyond our ability to consume, we must realize that it will be but a short time before we must either expand our operations to all parts of the world or else be content with our present position.

If we deal intelligently with this great economic and financial problem, and see to it that our machinery is proper and ample, we shall continue to progress, because the opportunities presented by the world to us are such as to indicate a desire on the part of the people of the rest of the world to enjoy the same state of livelihood that is enjoyed by the people of this country today. Each financial emergency in the past has been met by the provision of the proper machinery to carry on.

I have every confidence that out of the present discussion proper light will be gained and direction indicated to the end that we may have proper financial equipment to carry on.

Though much of this may appear to be an unnecessary digression, I believe the American people should be kept fully informed regarding the operations of the Federal Reserve System, in which the bank deposits and savings of so many thousands of them are safeguarded, so they may better voice their approval or disapproval of any plan to involve our great financial structure in the proposed Bank of International Settlements.

Sooner or later, it is evident that Congress must take a hand in the situation which is threatening to draw us financially, if not officially, into the monetary conflicts overseas; for Congress will have to say some day, "Thus far shall the Federal Reserve System go in its dealings with European financiers and international bankers—and no farther!"

And it will then be for Congress to decide just to what extent the American people shall be involved in the contemplated Bank of International Settlements, even if only as simple bondholders.

GOOD OLE BROTHER WIRKUS

(Continued from Page 23)

"Fix you right up." Brother Wirkus dusted off two boards with his piece of sacking, stretched them across two packing cases and waved his hand. Without more ado, Brother Thwinks stretched himself at full length and commenced to snore.

Vaguely Mr. Faulkner knew it to be most frightfully wrong, but just where the flaw lay he could not at the moment tell. Brother Wirkus was closing the old barn door from the outside and propping it shut with a balk end. They were climbing into the car. The afternoon hung above their shoulders in a glorious canopy of blue and yellow light that did not seem quite real, however you looked at it. A balloon that afternoon was, expanding and contracting to the touch—a translucent balloon through which buildings and trees and people came and went with the rapidity of light and the charming incoherence of a most pleasant dream. There was the dream, for instance, of Mike Caspiri's cellar. The dream of an ancient bicycle. There was the dream of Indian Hill in the shadows of twilight, of two people alternately climbing the bucking bicycle, falling soundlessly and painlessly from it and cheering whole-heartedly at each new attempt.

There was a complete and fulsome darkness presently and the final dream of the roof of Scott Laboratory; of a hotel sheet with '00 painted on it hung from the cornice. Somewhere between, there was a dream of cannon balls hurtling down the hill to Main Street. . . .

"Stu!"

"First Prize to Horace Wirkus. Time, fourteen minutes, twenty-two seconds."

"Stu!"

"Ride him, cowboy—ride him."

"Stu!"

"What is it? I'm right here."

Mr. Faulkner opened his eyes and beheld himself in the presence of an audience. Brother Latimer stood at the foot of his bed with his hands on the posts and his face drawn into a deep frown. Brothers MacKenzie, Laurie, Dix, Eccleston and Choate stood along the sides of the bed with the immobility of guards of honor at a death watch.

"Are you awake finally?"

"Why not?"

"Why not?" echoed the assembled brothers.

"I'll tell you why not," said Brother Latimer firmly. "You've just about ruined the chapter—that's why not. What do you think about that?"

"What chapter?"

Brother Dix reached quickly for a glass of water.

"Where is he?"

"Who?"

"This guy Wirkus."

"How should I know? I don't even know where I am myself."

"Listen. Maybe you'll know this when I tell you. About ten o'clock last night, Wirkus made a dive for Brother Slocum, and Dutch-walked him halfway around the Triangle before he got away. Brother Slocum canceled his pledge of five thousand and left on the midnight train from Berlin. Now do you know something?"

"O death, where is thy sting?"

Mr. Faulkner sank back upon his pillows and inched quickly under the covers. They were promptly flipped from his bed in one full sweep.

"And that isn't all. You stopped the Reverend Brothers Harvey, Slater, Cheekins and Poots about the same time in front of Fisk, pushed right through them and said, 'Excuse it, please; I thought you were a couple of bishops.' They came right back to the house and asked me if drinking was allowed, and wouldn't believe me when I said no. They had a committee meeting and agreed not to increase their building pledges until after a thorough graduate investigation which they want to have started today. That leaves us Babe Giddings' bunch alone, and they haven't come back from Meriden since yesterday noon."

"Please, no more—no more."

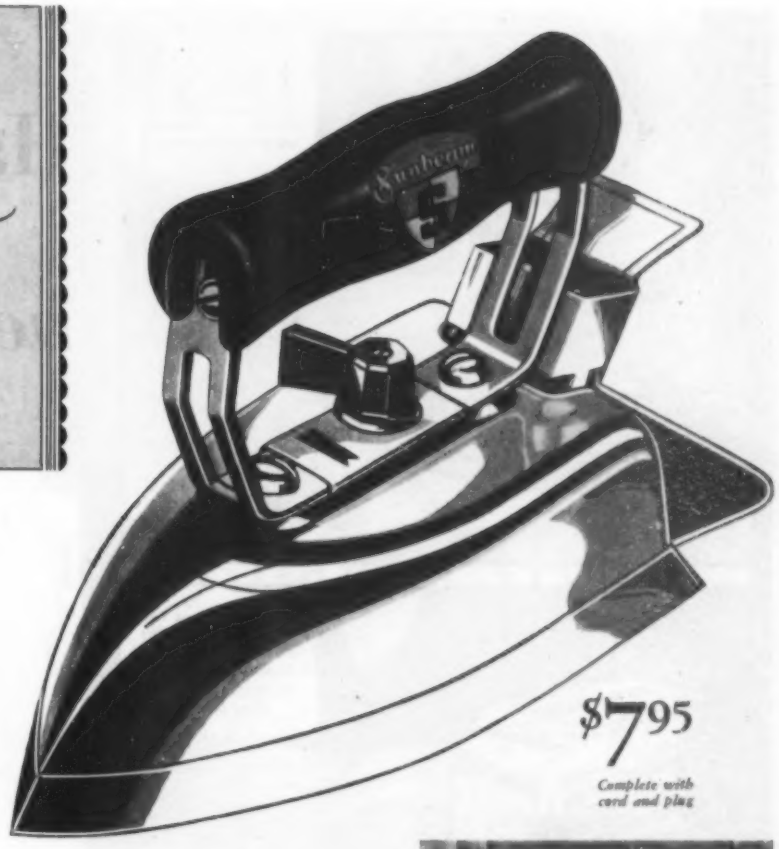
"No more, hell! We've been looking for you since eleven o'clock last night. You've laid down on the whole bunch. I gave you this job because I thought you could handle it. What do you do? Pick the juiciest smack, get peeled to the gudgeons with him

(Continued on Page 201)

Now comes a Self-regulating Iron

COMPLETELY AUTOMATIC
—completely dependable

—*tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute
—meeting the demands of new-day fabrics, shorter days, and lighter housework



$7.95

Complete with cord and plug

Change Your Iron
for this
Master Automatic Sunbeam

**Too great a difference in results to keep your old one—
Too small a price to delay**

Finger-Tip Control

THIS new and better automatic iron starts a sweeping improvement in ironing. It cannot cool—it cannot overheat—it stays at any ironing temperature your clothes require.

It demands no attention. With your finger-tip you set the automatic control to any heat desired—High, Medium or Low. And the iron itself maintains that heat unbroken. It gives you even heat, self-regulated.

Prevents Scorching

For damp, heavy pieces, set the control at HIGH. On comes EXTRA heat, pressing clothes dry quickly and speeding your work.

For sheer things—silk, and newer materials like rayon—set the control at LOW. If the temperature starts to rise, the current switches off. Thus this Master Automatic protects lovely garments from scorching.

Only 45 Cents More

Partly due to its simplicity and partly to large quantity production, the cost is much lower than that of more complicated types.

At $7.95 this Master Automatic Sunbeam is only 45 cents higher than some well-known irons without heat control.

Your Laundress will say: "It's the simplest automatic I've seen, ma'am." She cannot get it out of order, and cannot wear it out.

Air-Cooled Handle—
30-Year Heating Unit

Only Sunbeam irons have the Air-Cooled Handle. Also the famous All-Over Heating Unit that keeps the entire bottom at desired heat—not only the center, but the edges and point, too.

Engineers left it connected a year and a half—equal to 30 years' home use—and could not burn it out.

Hundreds of Public Service Companies and dealers have requested it, but many orders are yet unfilled. Hence, if you do not find this new Sunbeam nearby, send direct to us, giving dealer's name.

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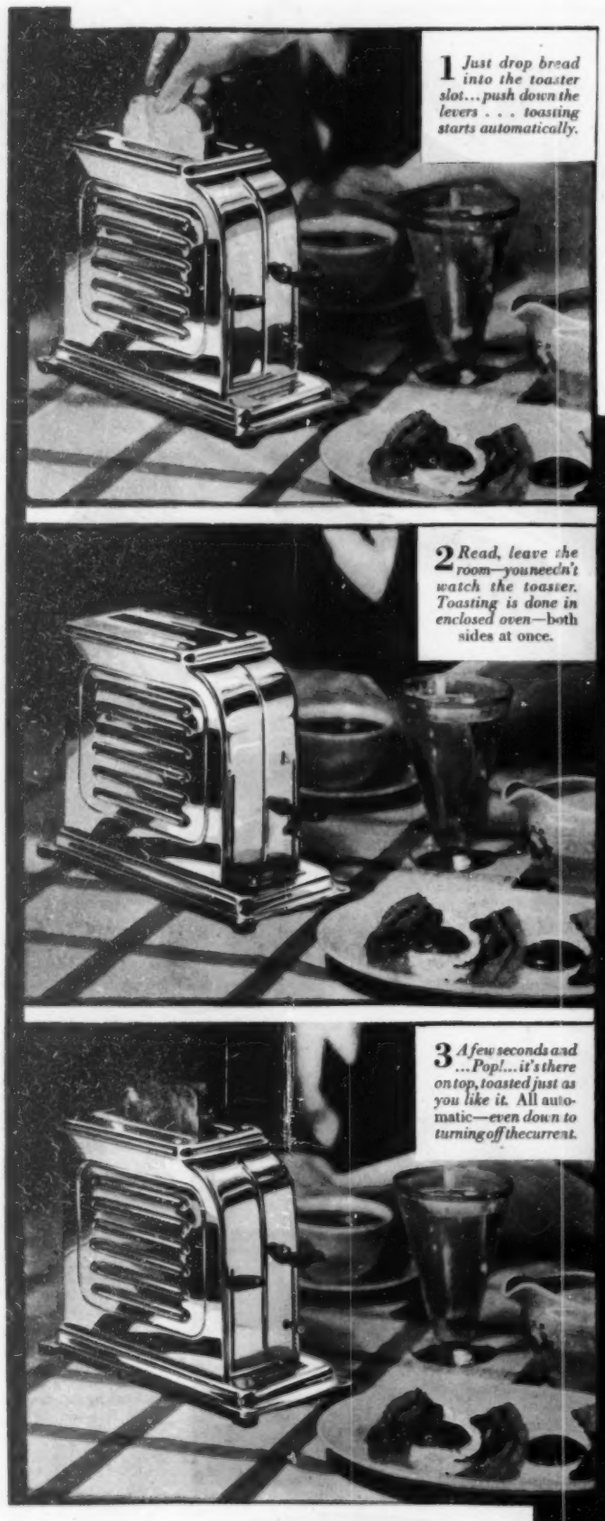
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TOASTMASTER
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(Continued from Page 198)

and help him bust up the party. Slocum was the keystone of the whole thing. Now that he's gone, who's going to lead the meeting, who else have we got to start the ball rolling at five thousand? Listen to me. You get dressed and find this guy Wirkus. Take him anywhere, but don't let him get within a mile of the house." Brother Latimer nodded to the assembled brothers. From the tops of their trousers, each brother drew forth a lean and wicked-looking freshman paddle and stood looking quietly into Brother Faulkner's face.

"We'll pick up the pieces as well as we can," Brother Latimer went on. "We've sent out a search party to find Babe and get him to lead the meeting. But one more slip on your part and you'll be given the slickest, neatest paddling party that was ever doled out to an upper cl..sman for the good of the Order. I hope you don't think I'm lying."

For perhaps five minutes after the disciplinary committee filed out, Mr. Faulkner lay on whosever bed he was in and attempted to think. It occurred to him presently that a sitting posture might be more conducive to the process. He sat up. Almost at once his head burst into a thousand tiny fragments with a soft, damp report. He clutched frantically at the stump and held it tightly in both hands. Meanwhile he decided to write to his congressman about the whole thing.

Perhaps five minutes more saw him in a near-by shower wooing his youth back unto himself. Twenty found him brooding over coffee and rolls at the Store, and a flat hour saw him tapping upon a door at the hotel.

"Ah, come in."

"Good morning, Brother Thwinks."

Brother Thwinks looked at Brother Faulkner. Brother Faulkner raised his eyes to heaven and laid a gentle hand upon his forehead.

"Good morning—er—Stuart."

Mr. Faulkner shook his head in hopeless dejection.

"Come, Brother Faulkner. I find that I must be in New York this afternoon. My bags are packed and I am leaving at once, but there is one more lesson that I must give you. You have heard it said that the sins of the fathers will be visited upon the sons unto the third and fourth generation?" Brother Thwinks reached into his waistcoat pocket and drew forth a slip of paper. "I intend to help the visitation, for the sins in question are most delightful to an old codger who had almost forgotten that he once was young. Good-by, Stuart, and God bless you, my boy."

The doctor held out his hand. "Our friend, Brother Hop Wirkus, still sleeps. His sins, I fear, were more thorough than mine. Good-by."

As the doctor went down the stairs, Mr. Faulkner unfolded the slip of paper. It was a check drawn to the order of the building committee for one thousand dollars.

Brother Wirkus, in dressing gown and slippers, was discussing his morning eggs when Mr. Faulkner knocked on his door. He looked subtly different somehow. There was a certain dignity to him this morning.

"Well, well, Stu." He laughed. "How's the boy? Still think you can beat me riding the bike? . . . Seen old Thwinky?"

"He's gone back to the city."

"No! I wanted to see him to say good-by before he left. Salt of the earth—old Thwinky. Well, we had a time of it while it lasted, didn't we?"

"And not," said Mr. Faulkner, "peradventure."

"Oh, dear," sighed Brother Wirkus, "and now I suppose I'll have to be getting back. It's a tough life, isn't it?"

"It certainly is." Again Mr. Faulkner raised a delicate hand to his forehead.

"Stu, I like you; exams are all over. What say you come down to New York and meet Alice? She and her mother are on for a fling. I could take you back in the flivver this morning."

"After last night, I think it's the best thing we can do."

"Say, do you remember me running old Tar Heel on the Triangle? I never liked him a little bit."

"He went away mad."

"Good for him. I'm glad. Old Tar Heel's a pompous old duck anyway. . . . Well, if you're coming with me, you better get packed and ready—and say—wait a minute. I got a notice about two weeks back. You boys are building an addition or something, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I never read the darn things—that's all I've got for thirty years—notices about building pledges. Never paid any attention to them. Remembered this one because Old Tar Heel's name was on it. How much is it going to cost?"

"About thirty thousand we're planning on."

"And old Tar Heel was running it, hey?"

"He was the head of the graduate committee."

"Hah! How much was he giving?"

"They said five thousand."

"Five thousand! The same old piker he always was. Here." Brother Wirkus reached for his coat that hung upon a near-by chair and took a folding check book from an inner pocket.

"I never gave them a cent before. Never liked the gang much except old Thwinky," he said as he uncapped his fountain pen, "but I sure had a good time yesterday and it's worth it."

He scratched for a minute on the check and tore it from his book.

Mr. Faulkner gasped. The check read for fifteen thousand dollars.

"But, look here. Mistake ——"

"Nope. It's all right. You'll understand some day, Stu."

"But you'll have to come up to the house and give this to the boys personally."

"Nope. Wouldn't know any of them. They wouldn't know me. I'd think they were—what is it Alice says—smacks—and they'd think I was. Besides, when I was in college we had the old house. It wouldn't be the same."

"But fifteen thous——"

"Nothing, Stu. Plugged along for years. Suddenly it came. Too much of it. Can't even wear the clothes I like to, except when I get away by myself. Go on up and get ready if you want to come down to the city with me. If you hurry we can catch old Thwinky's train at New Haven, if he's taken the air line, and take him along with us."

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

A uniformed chauffeur, hat in hand, stuck his head in.

"Are you ready for me to pack your things, sir?"

"I'll pack myself. Run my friend up to the college, will you, George?"

"Yes, sir."

Brother Wirkus sighed.

"When you get married and get rich, Stu, you've got to do what your wife says you have to. Valets and chauffeurs and all that. Well, I suppose it's all right, but it sure was good to have a bang-up time like we had yesterday. Sort of brought it all back again—the times when life was free and easy and simple. You'll understand what I mean some day—when you're thirty years out. Hurry up now. We've got to catch old Thwinky, and you'll like Alice, Stu. I'll be waiting for you in the lobby."

Mr. Faulkner went out and ran down the stairs. The day burst full upon him in its freshness. Life was good and sweet for the adventuring. Some day, perhaps, it would fold in upon him with cares and troubles, but he doubted it—certainly that day was a far cry from this. And the Stuart Faulkner of thirty years out was a long, long way ahead of the Stuart Faulkner who settled in the tonneau of Brother Wirkus' excessively luxurious car, crossed his legs, lit a cigarette and nodded briefly to certain friends and classmates who stopped and stared at him as the long, shining car steamed up the Hill—nodded and yelled:

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RAFFERTY—WARD HEELER

(Continued from Page 40)

coming. We were bothered a lot by newspaper men, but we let none of them into the room.

"On your way!" I would call over the transom when there came a knock. "I've said all there is to be said and I'm the busiest man in town. Print anything you please. It will mean as much as anything Brennan said."

Zimmerman stuck with me all that time. He sent out for a toothbrush and used a suit of my pajamas. We talked ourselves out while waiting for Dan. In no time at all Zimmerman had finished the quart of Scotch. He wanted more, but dared not send for it for fear it would get out and add to the scandal we already had to face. It is amazing how long a man can live in twenty-four hours.

"Dan'll never let you miss that speech," he said repeatedly, "and he'll never let you go on that floor until he's seen you. We'll stick right here."

And he was right. Dan arrived at noon. We heard his booming voice arguing with a bell boy who had been stationed at the end of the hall to keep people from disturbing us.

"Git outa my way, you whelp!" I heard him roar. "I know where I'm goin'."

It was not a very pretty speech, but just the sound of that voice encouraged me more than anything that could have happened. I had been tortured by visions of myself in jail and little Danny being cared for by Nellie's mother while Nellie fed them both and kept them in some hovel by working all day herself. Dan's voice was like a ray of hope to the hopeless.

I went to the door and called to him. He stomped down the hall and I was glad to see that he walked like an elephant through reeds. It meant that he was the old fighting Dan, and suddenly my sympathies shifted to Brennan and Creedon. Once this thing was over, they had better make tracks clean out of the state!

Dan came in. His eyes were red and bloodshot and he had a stubble of beard on his chin. The cigar that he chewed had a longer wet end than it had dry one. It had never been lit—just chewed and chewed. He slammed the door behind him.

"You been great, both o' you," he snapped. "I knew you was together from that interview you shot in yestiddy mornin', Zim. That helped.

"We gotta work fast. Lissen here! There's been a committee rulin'. Three members of the assembly sit on that committee and weigh the evidence that Brennan has got to offer. If they rule that Eddie here ain't violated any standards o' conduct, then the attorney-general is bound to throw the case out. He can refuse to prosecute on the findin' of the legislative committee.

"The whole thing rests on the members o' that committee. There ain't any sense kiddin' ourselves. Those rats have got the stuff. That dirty old devil I've been payin' a salary fer ten years doubled me. They got it all, Zim—even my talks with you. To make things worse, that barber I had elected to the local improvement committee fell for a line of talk from Brennan and made a lot o' fool cracks about me wantin' him on the committee so I would have control.

"The papers ain't anxious to spread it. That's because the sewerage plan is really a good thing and the town needs it. We're well set in that direction. Now the whole thing is this committee of members of the legislature—I'm workin' on that."

"We've got to beat this thing, Dan," I said. "It means jail if we don't. It's bribery and conspiracy."

The Attorney-General

"You think you're givin' me any news?" Dan growled. "We'll beat it if it can be beat—an' I think it can. It comes at a lucky time. We got that to be thankful fer, anyway."

"How a lucky time, Dan?" Zimmerman asked.

"The whole gang is scared to death!" Dan cried. "All this water-power mob is sittin' right on the edge o' their seats. I've served notice on 'em that any investigation o' Eddie an' myself means that we'll drag the water-power proposal in as a part of the scandal an' tie 'em hand an' foot as far as this session is concerned—mebbe knock the whole thing into a cocked hat ferever!"

"That'll help," Zimmerman grunted.

"I got just five minutes to spend with you, an' a lot to say," Dan rapped, turning to me. "You go up there this afternoon an' make that water-power speech. You got it?"

"Right in my pocket, Dan," I said. "I could almost say it without the copy."

"Good! Leave here at two o'clock. Go straight to the chamber and you'll be recognized the minute you rise. Make the speech as Zim wrote it. Say nothin' at all about this Brennan thing—act like you never heard of it. An' fer the love o' Mike, don't let anybody see signs of worry about you! Just as soon as you finish your speech, leave the chamber an' come back here.

"If they corner you, tell 'em that you're just goin' home to read the full text of Brennan's crazy charges an' we'll answer 'em when you're ready. Got that?"

"Sure, Dan."

"I'll be nosin' around to see what's bein' done on appointments to that committee. I won't stand fer nobody that I haven't talked to before the appointment is made. It's the water-power crowd that has got to fix this to save their own hides."

Without another word, he turned, opened the door and went out. Zimmerman looked at me a minute. I was glad to see that a ghost of a smile played about his lips.

"Just a big breath of fresh air—that's what he is," he grinned. "Leave it to him to get the angle—the only angle—that could win."

I followed Dan's orders to the letter. When I went downstairs the lobby was jammed with reporters and they made a rush for me. Two policemen were there, though, and two men sent by the speaker who knew that I was scheduled to appear and would need help to make it. They got me through to a cab. Just the excitement of the thing carried me through. I kept smiling and nodding and laughing without saying a word. I was in the cab with one of the officers of the house on each side of me before I realized that Zimmerman had slipped away in the crowd.

The speech was easy to make. I had practiced it so much and was so keyed up to it that I had no trouble at all. When I had finished it I dropped back into my seat and there was a lot of applause from the water-power bunch. It went over all right and it was a big relief to them to have my position clearly established. After that, they could whip the wary and timid rural members into line without any trouble.

I left the chamber a bit later and a guard showed me a back exit and got me a cab. Nobody expected me back at the hotel so soon, so I got to my room without much trouble. Zimmerman was not there. As a result of that, loneliness gripped me—loneliness and fear.

My imagination ran riot. It painted pictures of myself before a judge and made my ears ring with his sentence. I saw all my success slip away in a fog of dishonor for Nellie and for little Danny. You may take my word for it that I paid a price there in that room that afternoon.

My head began to throb and it seemed to me that every step in the hall was a whisper of danger. At times perspiration was thick on my forehead. I promised myself a thousand times that this had been my lesson; that, once free of this terrible thing, I never would mix even in legitimate graft again.

I began to realize what Nellie meant when she said that Dan was an older man than I and one with different training. I even went back in memory to what my first boss had said that day after the outing. He had told me I was not smart enough to play this political game and sooner or later it would bring me trouble. He was right.

I planned that, no matter what might happen, I would have a long talk with Dan. If we beat this thing, which I did not think we could do, I determined to go to him and lay the cards face up on the table. I would tell him that I was all through. I would say that politics was crooked the way he played it, and, much as I loved him, I was through.

Those times come, I suppose, in the life of every man—those hours when events are close to you and you feel the hot breath of real trouble licking at your throat. During them a man rises to great heights or falls to great depths. I shall never know whether I rose or fell. You will have to judge that by what is to come. But I did suffer—suffered intensely. I was really sick, physically as well as mentally. I hated myself because Nellie had faith in me.

Time passed. My thoughts grew worse. When shadows fell across the street below me and the office buildings erupted their cargo of human workers, I looked down upon their hurrying heads with an envy nobody ever will know. I supposed that each of them had his little worries and fears. But I would gladly have traded with any of them. In fact, and I admitted this to myself, I would that instant have gone back to the cleaning floor and sweated out a day's labor for an honest day's pay.

I smoked all the cigarettes I had and yearned for more, but hesitated to send for them because I did not want people to know I was in my room. I was actually afraid of my own voice, I think.

The light from outside was dim. I hated shadows. I lit every light in my room. While I was doing it there came a rap on the door and someone grasped the knob and turned it. For a second my knees shook so that I could hardly stand. Then I fought it off and remembered to bluff.

I puckered up my lips and offered a silly whistle. When I opened the door, Zimmerman stepped in. His hat looked more battered than ever. He was grinning in cynical and sneering fashion. He sauntered across the room as I shut the door.

"That's a hell of a whistle!" he grinned. "Make it a good one—and order a banquet up here. The committee's appointed and the members are Mr. A, Mr. B and Mr. C. That's exactly as we want it. . . . Get Room Service. Call that bell captain too. Dan'll be droppin' in soon."

"You mean," I said, my words coming in gasps—"you mean—everything is—all right?"

"Right as a fiddle! Leave it to Dan. That committee meets next week. In the meantime, nothin' doin'. After they meet, they adjourn. Maybe they'll adjourn a couple of times. In the end—no case. We're set, kid. The storm has passed. I just got the word straight from Dan."

I sank down on the divan. "You call up, Zimmerman," I said. "I—can't."

He sauntered over to the telephone, but before he lifted down the receiver he stopped and sneered at me. Then he said, "I never knew Dan to pick 'em wrong, but to me you look like a pretty weak sister."

I never even answered him. Through my mind was running all the thoughts that had

(Continued on Page 204)

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TOWER'S
TRADE MARK
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(Continued from Page 202)

crowded it during that terrible late afternoon. I promised myself that I would talk with Dan if necessary, but I had a feeling that it would not be necessary. Dan himself, I felt, must have seen the handwriting on the wall. He, too, must have learned the lesson so bitterly taught to me.

XV

ZIMMERMAN and I had dinner there in the hotel room. While we were eating, Dan telephoned. I had given instructions to let calls come through and his was not delayed.

"Zim got to you, did he, Eddie?" Dan asked. His voice was husky and sounded tired, but he spoke rapidly.

"Yes. He told me everything is all right."

"He told you the truth. I'll see you later tonight. Wait up fer me." That was all. Before I got a chance to answer, he had hung up. In his voice there was a certain pride that always showed when he put over a deal.

Zimmerman waited until eleven, and when Dan did not come then, he went home. "You can get me at this number if he wants me," he explained.

I waited alone. How I hoped that Dan would see the light as I saw it—surely he would!

There never could have been a closer shave than we had just come through, and the talk that would follow the ruling of the committee would not be too easy to take. Now people might well talk behind our backs.

I got to imagining again. I thought of Dan coming in tired and frightened, as I was.

I imagined him mentioning the corned beef that Mrs. Brady cooked and the two of us just going quietly back home to my house and having a regular old-time dinner like we used to have. There would be Nellie and little Danny ——

Then Dan came to the door. I heard his step and went to let him in. He was alone. The stubble on his chin was thicker and he had the stump of the same cigar he had been chewing earlier that day. I was sure he had eaten no dinner. He looked tired and I was sorry for him. After what he had saved me from that day, I would have licked the very boots he wore.

"Zim's gone?" he rapped.

"About an hour ago," I said. "He left a number if you want him."

"I don't want him. . . . That was a good job you did on the speech today, Eddie."

"You did a better one," I sighed. "I've been through hell today. . . . You sure everything's all right, Dan?"

"As sure as I am of my own name. It's all set." He stopped, took the chewed cigar from his mouth, looked at it, grinned and dropped it on the carpet. It had never felt the touch of a match. He took a fresh one from his pocket and lit it. "By the way," he said through clouds of smoke, "we got to do somethin' fer Zim up here. His paper's fired him. They got wise that I was slippin' him money an' threw him out of a job. Keep your eyes open fer a spot fer him, Eddie." I nodded.

"An' another thing, Eddie. After I got that committee fixed so's we don't have to worry, I had a talk with Ferkins, the senator from up north. Most of this water-power development will go into his district. I made a deal with him to enter some pretty high down-state bids so's a company him and I are goin' to form can slip in fer most of the erection contracts."

I think I gulped out loud, because Dan paused, looked up at me in surprise, then said, "What's the matter—sick?"

I shook my head no. I could not speak to him.

"Get this now," he went on: "There's certain tricks that we got to pull off in order that Ferkins can do his end of it. I'll fix an organization up down there an' make you a director. We'll slide in a phony bid on the stuff Ferkins wants, see?"

He looked at me from his red eyes. I gulped again. I wanted to speak for Nellie and the kid. But he was looking at me.

"All right, Dan," I said. "All right."

XVI

BEFORE that final show-down at the capital I always figured that women has a sort of intuition, especially where men were concerned. I had heard big men say that this was true, so I accepted it as fact, and when Nellie asked questions about things I was sure she did not understand, I laid it to her intuition and bluffed my way through.

She never told me she did not believe my answers to her questions, and after little Dan appeared and Nellie was a mother, I figured her bothersome questions would end.

So when I got her telegram while Dan was still in the room there, I did not know what to make of it.

"Who's that from?" Dan demanded, his fingers rubbing the stubble of beard and his gold tooth glistening as he twisted his cheeks.

I opened the telegram and read it.

"It's from Nellie," I told him. "She gets here in the morning."

I was more than surprised by the message, but I did not have much time to think about it before Dan was firing questions my way.

"Nellie?" he demanded. "What's Nellie comin' up here for?"

"I don't know," I said. "Here, read the wire yourself."

Dan read it, and while he read his forehead wrinkled more and he bit hard on his fresh cigar.

The telegram did not say anything except that Nellie would arrive on the morning train.

"She's in a big hurry to get here," Dan growled. He stood up then and walked back and forth across the room. I could tell he was uncertain in his mind.

Senator Ferkins

"I talked with her on the telephone," I explained. "Maybe she was worried about that."

"What'd you say to her?" Dan demanded angrily.

"Nothing. Nothing at all, Dan, that could do any harm."

"Say, listen," Dan growled at me. "I never seen a guy that could do the harm you can. Just with a twitch of your lip you can start a full-grown revolution!"

Dan was very tired and upset, so I did not mind. He paced across the room two or three times more, then he crumpled the telegram in his big hand and turned to me just as though all of our trouble was my fault.

"Somebody's got to that dame," he rasped. "Somebody's got to her, understand? An' they've filled her full of hop. She's on her way up here to raise hell, just like that night over at your house."

"No, she ain't," I objected. "How could she do that, Dan? Right over the telephone she told me that no matter what anybody said, she'd always have confidence in me."

"Yeah," Dan growled. He took to pacing again. Then: "But she didn't say nothin' about me. That girl thinks I'm a big black spider livin' in a web of crooked politics. She thinks everythin' honorable an' clean is just a fly for my web."

He kept on walking up and down as was his habit, and he puffed hard on his cigar. Smoke filled the room and hung in streaks which writhed about his shoulders and head as he walked.

"No, she don't, Dan. She don't think that," I answered. I was worried again that maybe Dan and I would have to bust up and I would start for that cleaning floor.

Maybe I got a little mad at Nellie again. Here I was doing my best for her and the kid, and just when things were hottest she was always bobbing up with some new kind of trouble. It seemed to me then that sooner or later Nellie was sure to bust up me and Dan. After all, she was only a girl and how could she know what that would mean?

"You listen to me, you big chump," he rumbled finally. "Get this, an' get it straight. That dame of yours is on her way up here to raise Ned with us. Somebody's filled her full of this investigation, an' that somebody couldn't be nobody but Brennan. It's the last shot he could fire, an' he sure picked a bull's-eye."

"Well," I said, "gee, Dan, what are we goin' to do?"

"That's it," Dan exploded. "That 'we' covers everything. If I could deal with her myself I'd handle it damn quick. But she don't believe nothin' I say. You're the one that's got to do the talkin'. An' I'd rather send in an orang-outang, or even just a little hand-organ monkey, 'cause anyhow they could do what you tell 'em."

"Haven't I always done what you told me, Dan?" I asked. "Why do you keep pickin' on me?"

Dan got up again and his big shoulders gave a shrug of disgust. He walked over to the window and looked down onto the buildings below us.

"What time's that train get in?" he asked after a while.

"It's due at 8:43," I answered.

"Well," Dan growled, "we're both goin' to meet it, understand? You an' I'll be there. I'll take a room here at the hotel with a sittin' room adjoinin'. We'll get Nellie off the train an' have breakfast served in the sittin' room."

"All right, Dan," I said; "all right."

"An' listen to me," Dan rasped, his hands pounding together again. "You take your cues from me durin' that breakfast. All you are is the lovin' husband an' fond daddy. You give her the big, wholesome, outdoor kiss when she gets off that rattler. Then be damn sure to stand behind her an' push her chair under her when she sits down to breakfast. Pretend you're so happy to see her you can't even eat. An' every time she starts talkin' politics or business, you shy her off an' tell her how pretty she is, or what a nice dress she's got on, or don't her hair look swell, or mebbe you're goin' to give her a present. Anyway, tell her somethin'. An' be dead sure you don't say nothin' till you get a cue from me! Have you got that straight?"

I had it straight all right, and I said so, but in my own mind I was thinking that every man ought to run his own wife, and Dan should go a little easier about running mine. Without another word Dan strode across the room to the door and opened it and stepped into the hall. There he paused a minute and glared back at me.

"Why do we have to have women, anyway?" he demanded, like that was my fault too. Then: "You be at that train," he said, and walked away, leaving the door open.

XVII

YOU have got to hand it to Dan in some ways.

He met me next morning on the platform just before the train pulled in. His eyes were bright and clear. His cheeks were smooth-shaven and they looked almost pink. He appeared like a man who had never lost an hour's sleep. His clothes were pressed and he wore his hat at a jaunty angle on his head.

"'Mornin', Eddie," he greeted me, his big hand covering mine in a clasp that hurt. "By golly, this is a red-letter day, eh, boy? I wonder if Nellie's ever been to the capital before?"

I was so surprised that I could not think of anything to say before Dan was talking again. (Continued on Page 206)

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Dr Scholl's

Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

(Continued from Page 204)

"I'll bet you'll be glad to see her," he went on. "Bless her heart! Just as soon's she gets up there to breakfast I'll call the governor an' see to it that she gets a chance to meet him. We'll have to show her through the capitol, too, an' mebbe around the city, huh?"

I was plenty surprised when I saw her.

"There she is, Dan," I cried; "down there!"

I started out to run, leaving it to Dan to follow as he chose. Nellie was standing there beside the redcap, and she had little Dan in her arms. She smiled when she saw me coming, but even at that time I saw there was something different about her face.

I put my arms around her and kissed her and she laughed nervously and said:

"Take the baby, Eddie. Careful now. For goodness' sake, don't drop him."

She laid little Dan in my arms and I looked down through the blankets that were wrapped about him. He was wide-awake. His eyes were big as dollars and blue as summer skies. Not only that, he was sucking his thumb; and there is something about that. All I wanted to do was strut.

"Well, well, well!" I heard Dan say behind me.

Nellie and I turned to meet him. His arms were outstretched and there was nothing for Nellie to do but go to them. He wound them around her and swayed her back and forth there on the platform and made her kiss him two or three times, so that even Nellie, no matter what was in her mind, had to be pleased and happy.

"An' now let me see that little shaver o' mine," Dan demanded.

He released Nellie with one hand and his big fingers hooked over the blankets about little Dan's face. He looked down.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "Now ain't that a baby for the gods?"

Just at that moment little Dan's thumb slipped out of his mouth and he waved it around trying to get it back in. When his mouth worked it looked like he was smiling. Dan threw back his head and shouted with laughter so that everybody looked at us. Nellie stepped around the suitcase and fixed the blankets about the baby's head. She did not change them any; she just fixed them.

"You must not let him suck his thumb like that, Eddie," she told me. "It will change the shape of his mouth. I've been putting bitters on his thumb, but he doesn't seem to notice them. I've got to find something."

Dan was chuckling hilariously, and suddenly his big arms took little Dan out of mine.

"Sure," he said, "you two kids don't know nothin' about babies! This is my boy, understand? Little Dan Rafferty Blank. That's who he is, an' it takes a man to be carryin' him."

"For goodness' sake, be careful!" Nellie urged in worried tones. "You'll have to put your hand under his back, Dan. You have to support him."

The blankets had fallen off the baby and were hanging almost to Dan's knees, so Nellie paused to fix them and show Dan just how he must carry the youngster. Then we started off down the platform, and Dan was laughing and chuckling, and nobody got a chance to say much but him.

Outside the station we got a taxicab and Dan made a big fuss about sitting just so and holding the baby just right. Nellie watched every move he made, but I could tell there was something wrong—badly wrong. Nellie was not herself. Her lips, which were usually sweet and smiling, were set in a straight line across her face and there was a light in her eyes which always came there when her mind was made up. As we drove to the hotel I reached over and caught her hand and kissed it two or three times, then held it in mine. She smiled at me, but it was not Nellie smiling.

Dan had a swell room at the hotel and when we got there the table was all set for breakfast. Two waiters were there ready, and Dan made a big show of ordering expensive things and demanding that Nellie have more and more of them. It was just as though Dan never had been so glad to see anybody before. But all the time Nellie was quiet. She just answered yes or no and fussed around over the baby.

It was while she was fixing little Dan on the bed and propping him in pillows so he could not roll off that a big bunch of flowers was delivered at the room. Dan presented them to her and put his arm around her and kissed her again.

"It's high time you were comin' up here," he told her then—"high time."

Nellie straightened and looked at Dan.

"I had to come this time," she said quietly.

"You bet," Dan answered. "You bet you did. An' now that you're here you're goin' to be the guest of the state. You're goin' to lunch with the governor, that's what you're goin' to do. Then we'll show you all through the public buildin's, an' in the afternoon there'll be a car here an' we'll ride around for two or three hours so that you won't miss a thing."

He patted her on the shoulder and turned away.

"It's nine o'clock or after," he said. "I'll be able to get to the governor. I'll call him right now an' tell him that luncheon has got to come off." He strode toward the telephone, but Nellie stopped him.

"Wait, Dan," she said. "Don't call the governor."

Her eyes were shining and even while she spoke her jaw seemed set.

"I'm not up here for a good time, Dan," she explained steadily. "I'm up here to know the exact truth about you and Eddie in this last investigation."

Dan paused and turned to look at her. His chin was set, too, and I knew the end between us was near. But I was waiting for something like this and I was ready. I laughed, stepped over to Nellie and put my arms around her.

"Woman's place," I said jokingly, "is in the home. Just 'cause I'm in politics, did I have to marry a suffragette?" I was doing my best to laugh naturally.

Nellie did not resist me, but she remained rigid in my arms and I knew I was not getting anywhere.

"Imagine Nellie a suffragette!" Dan boomed, his voice trailing off in laughter. He turned again toward the telephone.

"Don't get the governor, Dan," Nellie insisted quietly. "I will not lunch with him if you do."

Dan turned angrily. I felt Nellie wilting in my arms, but it was not a gesture of weakness. It seemed more one of hopelessness.

"I see you are going to fight me," she said quietly. "Well, be that as it may——"

"Say," Dan half bellowed, "what do you mean—fight you? D'you think I spend my life fightin' women? What's got under your skin anyway?"

Nellie pushed me gently aside. "You know what bothers me, Dan," she said quietly.

"Nobody never knows what's botherin' a woman!" Dan trumpeted. "Are you tired from the train ride? Nervous, upset, headache?" He spread his big hands in a hopeless gesture. "Do you always feel rotten an' grouchy before breakfast? Will you be different after you eat?"

Nellie was very quiet, and I knew Dan was being too rough, but I did not forget my cues.

"Gee, sweetheart," I said, "I can't make up my mind even now which is the prettiest—you or the flowers or little Dan." I went to her to take her in my arms again, but she put both her hands against my chest and very gently held me away from her. She cleared her throat and wet her lips several times, then she said just as steadily as a talking machine:

"That is one of the things you will have to decide today, Eddie. I know you love me. You know I love you." She wet her

(Continued on Page 209)

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(Continued from Page 206)

lips again and paused, and just the tone of her voice left Dan and me without words. I tried to speak, but she put her soft finger across my lips and looked up at me.

"You will decide today, Eddie," she said definitely, "whether you will be the father of little Dan and a husband to me, or whether you will continue in crooked politics with Dan Rafferty!"

I heard Dan gulp. But Nellie and I paid him no attention. I was looking into Nellie's eyes, and I knew right then that I was going to be her husband just as long as she would have me, whether or not I ever spoke to Dan Rafferty again in my life.

Nellie was looking into my eyes, too, and whether it is that intuition I was talking about or whether women are apt to know more than you think they do, I cannot say. But I knew that I did not have to tell Nellie my choice. She saw that choice in my eyes, and in hers I found proof of it. Somehow I felt happy and easier of mind, and did not care if I went back to that cleaning floor.

But not Dan. He came up to us, his big shoulders swinging in that way of his. He was so big that he had to look down on us and, without any reason, I got my arm around Nellie. For the first time in my life, I guess, I kind of faced Dan.

"What d'you mean," he demanded, "by crooked politics?"

"Rafferty politics," Nellie shot back at him. "Your politics, Dan. You are a grafter. And you've just about made a grafter of Eddie. It stops right now."

Dan went white, then red, and his fists clenched. He chewed the inside of his lips until it made my teeth ache. His eyes narrowed and he stared so steadily at Nellie that I glanced at her. She was so small there beside her baby that I was afraid for her. Then I caught the light in her own eyes and my sympathy switched to Dan.

"That's gratitude," Dan said through a snarling laugh. "By gad, that's gratitude for anybody! I buried your old man 'cause he didn't have a dollar; I fed your own mother when she had nothin' to eat; I bought the first crib you ever had an' kept a roof over you both while you got an education on my money! When you grow old enough to marry I let you pick out the man you want, then I lift him outa the sweat of his overalls, present you with a house to live in, an' put him in a place where he can take care of it. For those few little considerations you call me a crook an' a grafter. That's gratitude for you!"

Nellie stood her ground, but her cheeks were the color of the counterpane on the bed. I could hardly get my breath, because I knew this was the end. It just had to be the end.

Dan whirled on me then. "Well, what are you standin' there for?" he demanded. "Can't you think of nothin' to say? I can think of plenty myself, but I won't bother sayin' it—that is, I won't except this ——" He turned around and, raising one huge hand, pointed a trembling finger at little Dan, lying so quiet and happy there on the bed beside the flowers. "If his mother sets the pace for him you can change that brat's name!"

There is no telling what Dan might have said, because his face was like a prairie fire and his voice was shaking with rage. But there came an interruption. The waiter had arrived with breakfast and he knocked on the door. Dan controlled himself, stopped short. Nellie sank down onto the edge of the bed beside little Dan. Her hand reached out and stroked the blankets that still wrapped the baby. She raised her eyes to big Dan and said very slowly and softly, so that the waiter could not hear:

"I'll gladly change his name, Dan. He can't be named after a thief."

The waiter knocked again and I threw the door open before Dan had a chance to answer. I had to admire the way he handled himself for the next five minutes. Unless he got it from me, I don't believe the waiter sensed that anything was wrong.

Dan saw that Nellie's chair was placed at the head of the table, where she would be most comfortable. He saw to it that her coffee and rolls were hot and her orange juice cold. He criticized the waiter because her eggs had been served under glass instead of in a portable oven and finally, when the table was laid and the waiter gone, he turned sneeringly to Nellie and said:

"Sit down, sweet woman, and eat. Eat a lot, because I've already paid the check."

Then he caught up his hat, and before I could do a thing he had walked out of the room and was gone.

I saw or heard absolutely nothing of him for three weeks. Nellie returned home to wait for me and I attended the sessions. But most of the time I did not cast a vote, and in committee meetings I was more than careful to say and do nothing.

Sometimes I wondered if Dan might not frame me up because I would be in the way of his schemes. It was a mighty uncomfortable time for me. I guess, in fact, it was the worst time I have ever spent. Nellie has told me since that during it I turned gray. If Dan had only said or done something, even if it was only in anger, I would have felt better off.

When I did finally hear from him the message scared me. It was a telegram and it stated curtly that Dan would expect to see me at my home the evening of the following day.

I called Nellie on the telephone right away. She said she had heard nothing from Dan, but I had better come home and be there. So I did.

I arrived in the morning, and though Nellie and I tried to cheer each other up during that long day, I do not think either of us was very successful. There was no telling what a man like Dan might do. I was afraid that Dan, in his own astute way, had made plans that would ruin me completely. My only hope was that, outside of living on a lower scale, Nellie would not suffer. But time and again she told me that poverty held no terror for her. We just sat around most of that day telling each other how firm we would stand against Dan and politics generally.

Dan arrived at the house a little after eight. On Nellie's instructions I had the deed to the place there to turn back to Dan, and we planned to leave the furniture and everything else, so that just as soon as things were settled we could take rooms somewhere and I could hunt up a job.

But Dan was not angry when he came in, though his shoulders were just as big and his voice just as heavy. He walked in the same old way, but somehow or other he looked a little more like he did that time when his wife died. I met him at the door and he grinned at me sheepishly and held out his hand.

"Hello, Dan," I said. "I'm awfully sorry about it all."

We shook hands. Nellie met us in the living room, and she just stood quiet there and looked at us. Dan shied his hat across the room onto the divan and hung his head a little and smiled.

"Ain't you even goin' to shake hands, Nellie?" he asked.

Nellie took a step toward him and held out her hand. Dan caught it and pulled her into his arms and kissed her. I was surprised as could be. He held her close to him, pressed her head down against his chest so that he could kiss her hair. As he held her thus, he said:

"I'm gettin' old, Nellie, an' I've had a hard life. Can't an old man have his mistakes to himself?"

How could you take a man like that? What could we do with Dan? Neither of us could think of a thing to say, but finally Nellie pulled away from him and moved his favorite chair around, and Dan dropped into it and crossed his legs. He fished for a cigar and looked at Nellie.

"It's a long time since I've been here," he said, "but I didn't think you would forget my ash tray."

Nellie went into the dining room and got the ash tray. I sank onto the divan and I could not have said anything if ten words would have bought me a gold mine.

As Nellie set the tray beside him Dan said:

"A man gets so he talks too much as he grows older. I didn't mean what I said up in the hotel. . . . You ain't changed the kid's name yet, have you?"

Nellie's lips were trembling, so she just shook her head negatively.

"It's all been a great lesson to me," Dan went on. "I'm the kind of a man who finds it hard to apologize, but I been doin' a lot of thinkin'. Mebbe I'm just a big roughneck an' mebbe my idea of politics ain't what yours is, Nellie."

He paused there long enough to light the cigar, then he blew a big smoke cloud and went on: "But I ain't so bad. I take politics as I find it. I've always tried to be square an' decent."

Dan had me almost crying. He had always been so big and strong and sure of himself with men that it left me half goofy to see him here belittling himself before a soft little woman. Nellie, too, was finding it hard to listen. She wet her lips repeatedly and once or twice glanced at me. But I could not help. In truth, I guess I am just not the helpful kind of man.

But Dan did not need help. He looked up at Nellie and smiled and said:

"Listen, colleen. Will you believe your Uncle Dan if he tells you somethin' on his word of honor?" He paused a second, but before Nellie could answer, said:

"If I swear to God, little girl, that what I say is true, will you believe me?"

"Yes," Nellie answered quickly. "Yes, Dan, I will believe you that way."

"And you can too," Dan returned. "I've got a place for Eddie. It ain't in politics either. He'll run the insurance business. He'll be the head of it an' in a few years it'll be his business. I give you my word of honor I won't never have him in politics in any way. Eddie'll be good in the insurance business 'cause he's a nice kid, even if he is dumb. He'll work hard an' the customers always did like him. I won't even use him as a director in dummy corporations. I'll just keep my name on the door an' Eddie can be the active boss down there. I'll pay him a good salary, an' if you like it better, he can even buy the business away from me on what it earns, though I'd rather pay him a salary an' then split the profits fifty-fifty above that."

I looked at Nellie and started nodding my head yes, because the insurance business would do well by us. Then I learned another great lesson. You can take it from me that the way to beat a woman is not with strength. It is with weakness.

All Dan's bellowing and power had never got an eighth of an inch with Nellie, but now that he was sitting there in that chair pleading for something and telling how weak he was, he knocked poor Nellie into a loop. She slipped her arm around his neck and kissed him on the head.

"Of course, Eddie can run the insurance business," I heard her say. "You must not say all these terrible things about yourself, Dan. You just followed your own light. Maybe I'm a little too finicky about such things. But little Dan and all that ——"

Dan pulled her down onto his knee and she sat there just like a little girl and put her head on his shoulder. Dan looked around her at me.

"Does it hit you all right, Eddie?" he wanted to know.

"You bet it does," I answered instantly. "You just bet it does! Next to Nellie and the baby, I love you better than all the rest of the world, and I want you to know that. You've been so generous to us." I was kind of choking, so I cut it short: "Still are so generous, Dan."

"Sure," said Dan laughingly, "the only reason I'm doin' it is so I can keep close to me the only family I got. The only kids I love." I will swear his eyes were misty with tears, but he laughed through them and grunted and finished: "An' so I can still come here for my corn beef and cabbage!"

So that is the way it was settled and that is what I am doing. We live in the same

(Continued on Page 211)

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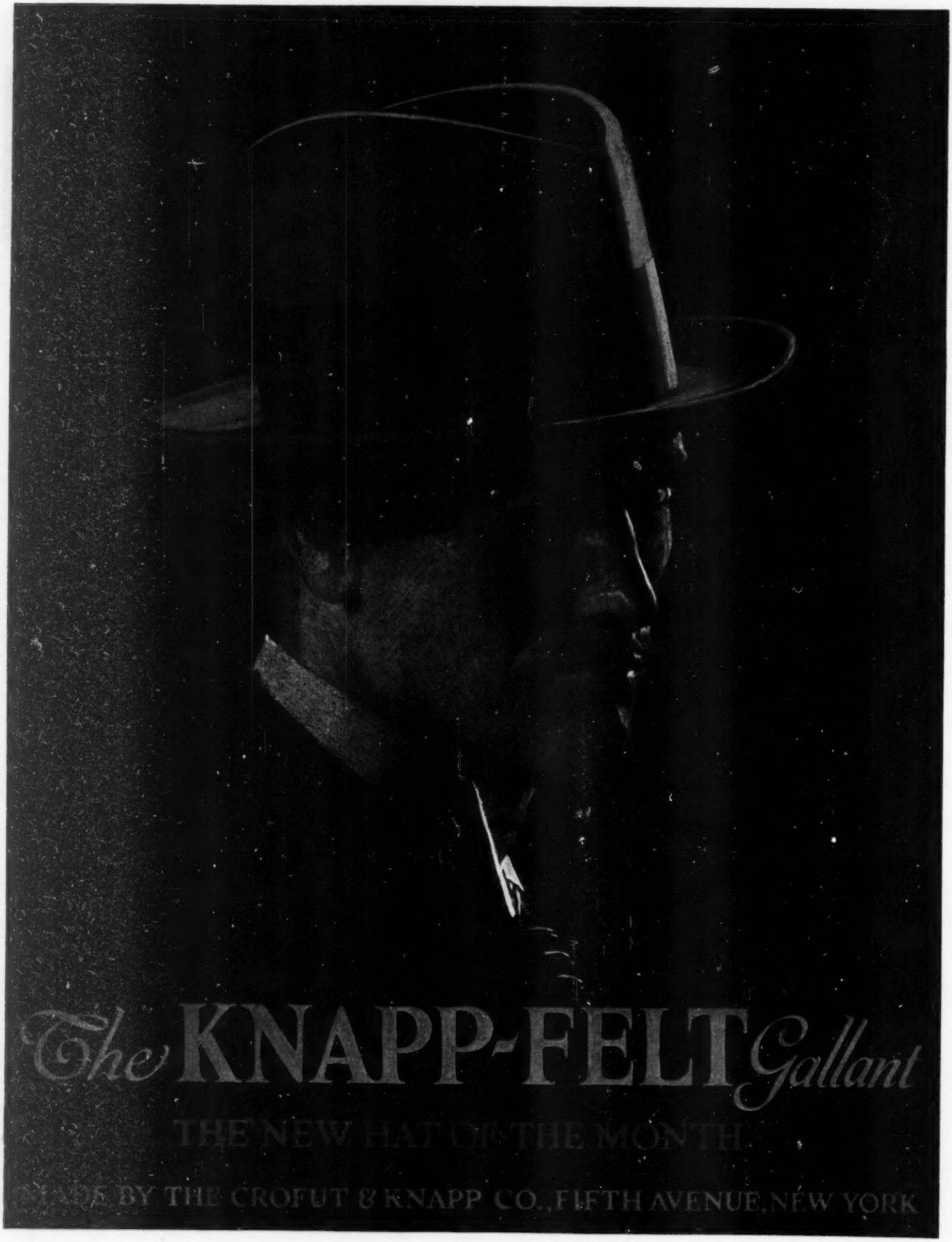
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(Continued from Page 209)

house, and Dan, of course, is still in politics. But I never hear anything about it.

Personally I have always believed that Dan meant every word he said that evening at our home. He put me in here to run the insurance business because he loved Nellie and little Dan. Yes, and me too. But there are others who think different.

For instance, Dan broke with the mayor before the next election, and when the campaign was at its height and everybody knew that the mayor was likely to be beaten just because he had broken with Dan, I met him on the street. He looked at me and shook his head wisely.

"I always figured you," he said, "as kind of a mug. In the early days I never could see why Dan had such confidence in you. But when all is said and done, you're the smartest of the bunch."

"I don't see why," I answered.

"Well," Tom grunted, "I'll tell you why. Out of everybody that ever played politics with Dan Rafferty, you're the only one that beat the game! First you got yourself set with him in this town. Then you went to the legislature for a term and got yourself kind of a name. And while you were up there you got enough on Rafferty so that he had to take care of you in some way. So he hands you a sweet and profitable insurance business. You can take it from me, that's the sweetest score anybody ever got out of Dan Rafferty, even if you did have to blackmail him into it!"

At first it made me pretty mad, but I kept my head and decided I would not say anything to Nellie about it. Why upset her? She would not understand it anyway.

(THE END)

AGRICULTURE AND THE CHANGING SOCIAL ORDER

(Continued from Page 37)

buildings and with the decline in occupations entailing exposure, less food is required to keep the body warm. With substitution of machine for manual labor, less food is required to support muscular exertion. The gainful occupations may be graded into sedentary, light, moderate, hard, and excessive work, with requirements ranging from 2400 to 6000 calories per day. Gradually most occupations are gravitating toward the sedentary class. Probably schoolboys are now the group expending the most muscular energy.

The farmer now rides on the plow or cultivator behind which he used to walk. The fireman used to shovel half a dozen tons of coal while the engineer, seated on a cushion, controlled the locomotive; now the fireman also is seated on a cushion and controls the mechanical stoker. The shoveler and hodcarrier are disappearing. Machines now mix and spread the concrete that used to be mixed and spread by hand; the same holds for ditch digging and for the laying of conduits. Machines replace manual tools in mines and quarries. We ride up elevators instead of walking up stairs. Freight is loaded and unloaded less and less by hand and more and more by machinery; the container car is the newest device. In factories the parts that used to be moved by hand are now propelled on endless carriers. A large amount of manual household labor has been replaced with machines. In every line of activity are correlated three endeavors—to save time, to speed up the operations and to save muscular work. As the per capita consumption of power rises, the per capita consumption of food declines. Mechanization of occupation proceeds apace in town and country, and with it a corresponding reduction in food requirements of urban and rural workers.

The Saturation Point

Also the average body weight is being reduced. With lowering of birth rate and death rate, the expectation of life is extended, which means more elderly adults with body weights below the average of other adults. Still more important, obesity has become socially reprehensible and is now medically condemned. The physician, the life-insurance company, the teacher of physical culture and the mentor of style join in extolling the slender figure. The lighter body requires less food to maintain it.

The cumulative saving of calories thus secured is substantial. There is no way of estimating the contraction in demand for food corresponding to decline in muscular work. It has certainly amounted to several hundred calories per day per person. If one could apply to the population of each decennial census a correction for the reduced per capita consumption of food, the effect on the market for foodstuffs would be made abundantly clear.

There is an obvious saturation point in the daily ingestion of food. Between not enough and satiation is a relatively narrow margin. In the language of the economist, the demand for food is inelastic. We make every effort to secure the minimum requirement. A corresponding point of saturation is observed with no other want. Of course a hypothetical point of saturation exists for most things. One cannot use more cold cream than to keep the body anointed all the time, and one cannot use more tobacco than to smoke continuously through the waking hours. But such illustrations of saturation are absurd. The perishability of style keeps distant the point of saturation in clothing; though the body wears but one set of garments at a time, the number of changes and the extent to which garments are worn out vary widely. Style is one form of demand, in effect. Depreciation and obsolescence have many forms; that of being out of date or out of style is, in effect, as much a depreciation as being worn out in material. Since one may install a radio in every room, a radio in every house is not a point of saturation. We are approaching the one-automobile-per-family status, and when it has arrived, we shall start toward the two-automobiles-per-family status. The argument need not be prolonged, nor further illustrations cited.

Waste Enlarges Demand

The difference between foodstuffs and other goods and services in respect to saturation is obvious to everyone, though the implications are not adequately appreciated. Bluntly stated, the demand for food is limited by the size of the stomach; the demand for other goods and services is limited by the size of the pocketbook.

We are entering on a national campaign for the reduction of waste. With foodstuffs, consumption includes waste—that is, the food consumed in the economic sense includes food ingested and food wasted. With reduction of waste the per capita consumption of foodstuffs declines. During the war we were urged to restrain waste of foodstuffs, thus stretching the supply. This holds in peacetime. If Americans were to cut down their waste of foodstuffs one-half the domestic demand for farm products would be still lower than it is today. Convince the country, for example, that the skin of the potato and the pod of peas contain valuable elements in nutrition and are to be scrupulously ingested and not wasted; the gross consumption of potatoes and peas would be much less than now. This application could be made—though less obviously—to many other foodstuffs. In the broad sense waste is an economic loss; but in the distributive sense waste is a form of demand and an outlet for farm products. Therefore, when we cut down ingestion of food because we work less and also cut down disposition of food because we waste less, we reduce the demand and contract the market. In the long run everyone gains in the advancement of efficiency, and reduction of waste is an element in increased efficiency; but in the transitory period, the man whose market is reduced is the commercial loser in the process.

The mechanization of agriculture reduces the farm market for farm products. When horses do the farm traction they are sustained with feeding stuffs raised on the place; when tractors pull the machines they are fired with fuel not produced on the place. The farmer uses gasoline instead of grain and hay—but continues to raise the grain and hay! As tractors replace horses the farmer cancels demand for his product.

When income is enlarged, working hours curtailed and leisure hours extended, what happens? Observation and physiology agree that more food is not ingested, rather less. Other goods and services will be consumed in increasing amounts, varying from one thing to another, in accordance with tastes, customs and a variety of circumstances. More clothing will be used, more household furnishings will be secured, objects of art will be acquired and household conveniences will be installed. Travel, recreation and amusements will be indulged in. But there will be no increased consumption of food. With enlarged income the diet will be more diversified, fewer staples and more specialties will come upon the table; there will be more use of foods once termed luxuries and less use of foods once termed necessaries. The diet will become more expensive, but it will not be increased in terms of calories. Drives to eat more have no effect except to induce people to change from one foodstuff to another or from one form or brand to another. With more income and leisure time, we consume different foods, but not more food—rather less; with less income and leisure time, we consume different food, but not less food—rather more. More food—in terms of calories—is about the only "more" that the family of increased income does not buy.

Back to the City

As consumer the farmer aims to participate in the changing order. He strives to reduce his hours and work just as other producers do. He may have a different use to make of leisure from the man of the town, but he prizes it just as highly. His family appreciates conveniences in the home, recreation, travel and education just as much as the family in the town. The disparity in income level just now makes comparable gratification impossible. Therefore, the drift back to the town. One of the most distinguished of American farm economists, H. C. Taylor, has recently issued an appeal for the organization of the movement from countryside to town, for "agencies to facilitate the movement of the surplus farm population into other occupations in order to maintain a proper balance between rural and urban population." Nothing could more conspicuously and significantly accentuate the signs of the changing order than to see the traditional homestead movement reversed into a back-to-the-town movement. It has long been clear to discerning observers that as household industries left the farm, as the farm life became less of a subsistence occupation and more of a cash-crop occupation, and as the outturn of farm product per man rose, these would necessitate a corresponding movement of people from farm to town.

What is the final gist of all this? The important conclusion is that agriculture,

(Continued on Page 213)

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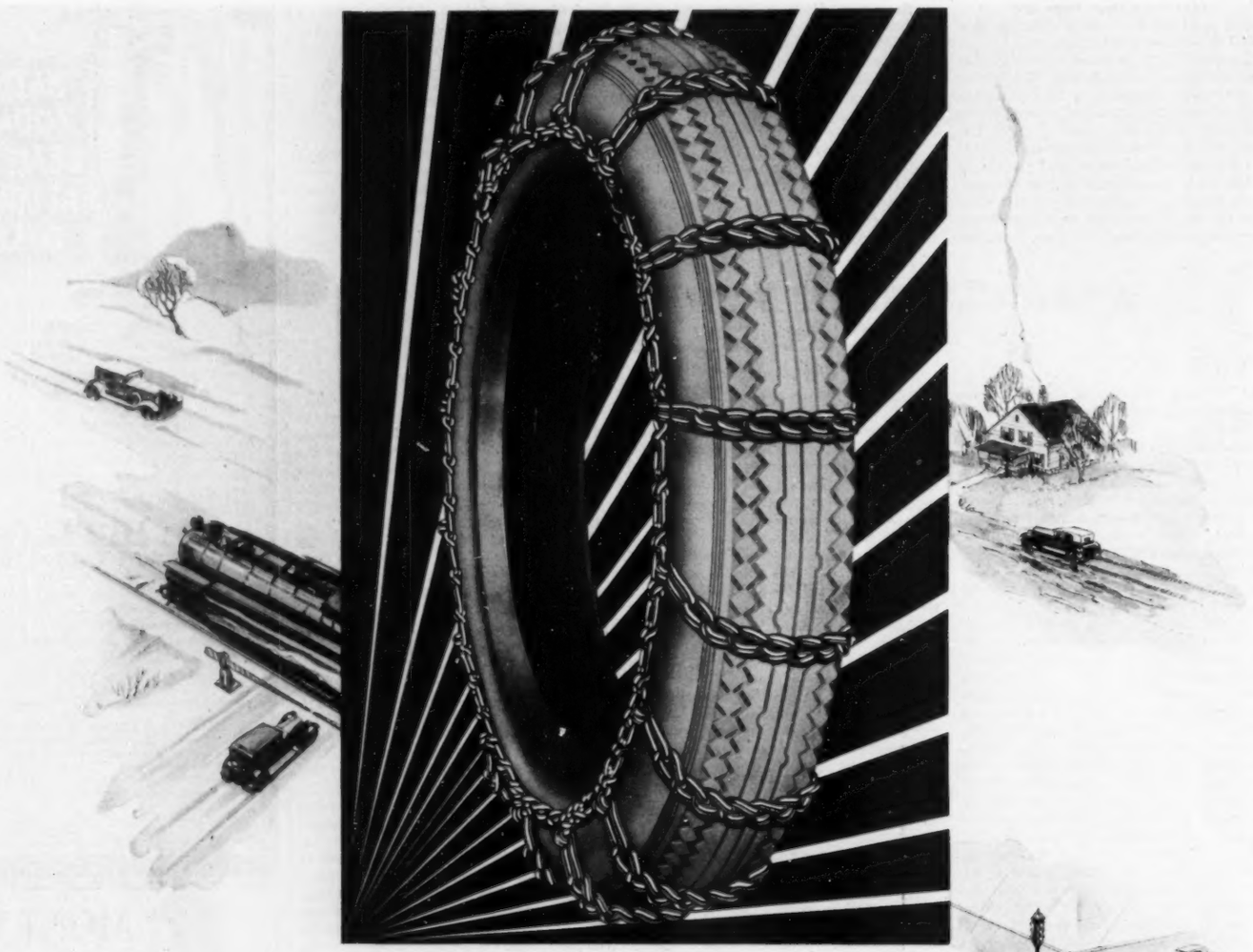

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(Continued from Page 211)

largely concerned in the United States with raising foodstuffs and feeding stuffs rather than industrial raw materials, is continuously faced with a relatively declining demand.

Urban industry, as a whole, faces a relatively expanding domestic market; agriculture, as a whole, faces a relatively contracting domestic market.

The increased national income is not employed in the expanded purchase of foodstuffs but is used in the expanded purchase of practically all other goods and services. The leisure time is not used in preparing and consuming more food. The new wants in the expanded standard of living are not wants of the palate. In a very real sense the public, spending its augmented income drives by the farm and does not drive in.

Under some circumstances, a situation of inelastic demand might not seem so disadvantageous; unable to enjoy an expanding market, agriculture would at least be protected from a contracting market. But the requisite adaptation of land settlement, with close adjustment of production to requirements, was not made; instead, overextension has been forced by regional developments.

In furtherance of an old land-settlement policy, the plant of American agriculture has undergone a forced expansion. National and state governments have taught to the uttermost the lesson of efficiency in production on the farm. But the market is relatively receding instead of advancing.

Under these circumstances the domestic market for foodstuffs has more or less continuously the complexion of what the trade calls a buyer's market. There persists a larger or lesser degree of surplus of most foodstuffs; buyers pick or choose over a wide range. Seeking outlet, the producers turn to the foreign field.

Looking into export markets, one finds backward countries that have not enough to eat or at least have a narrow dietary. There are other foreign countries, not backward but more or less advanced, which desire to improve their food supply. The backward countries suffer from low purchasing power; the forward-looking countries emulate our example, endeavor to raise the efficiency of agricultural production, and reduce their dependence on imports.

Why do our exports of manufactures tend to rise, while our exports of crude foodstuffs tend to decline? Because other countries equal or excel us in producing crude foodstuffs for export, while we are among the leaders in manufacturing for export.

The importing foreign countries are nearer saturation with foodstuffs than with manufactures; to a growing extent they are in position to choose to import manufactures rather than foodstuffs. Our factories expand their exports whenever they can give foreign importers equally good commodities for the same money, or better value and superior service. But in the case of agricultural products we are not in position, except with specialties, to give as good commodities, better value or superior service for the same money.

What Will the Census Show?

The export relations of American agricultural products are not susceptible of a consistent interpretation to the advantage of producers. We cannot compare our exports of agricultural products with that of automobiles, where we undersell all others in the world by furnishing for less money a better car, which is the product of rationalized mass production. Nor yet can agricultural products be compared with goods like electrical equipment, farm implements and typewriters, of which the exports serve to a considerable extent the function of lowering domestic cost through maintaining capacity operations. Our exports of agricultural products are largely the expression of the need of getting them out of the domestic market; relative overproduction creates a domestic problem which we seek to solve by getting rid of the goods abroad through processes that are nearly equivalent to dumping.

We export some agricultural products of highest grade, but mostly they are of lower grade—lower than the better agricultural products in the countries of destination and lower than the standards of consumption in this country. It is difficult to envisage profits to producers to be secured through exports of products ranking below domestic standards, ranking below the high-price standards of the countries of importation and sent, for the most part, to countries of purchasing power inferior to that of the United States.

Agriculture the world over is awaiting the population censuses of 1930 in the hope of forecasting demand during the next decade. Highly suggestive signs are already available. Probably the rate of growth of population in North America and in Europe, outside of Russia, will be found to be substantially less than commonly anticipated. Possibly the rate of growth of population in Russia, China, India, the East Indies and Africa south of the equator will turn out to be more than commonly anticipated. Such an outcome would be a distinct disappointment to agriculture, because it would represent a relatively slow growth of population in countries with high purchasing power and a relatively rapid growth of population in countries with low purchasing power. Also it may be taken for granted that to a further extent and progressively, though more or less unevenly throughout the world, work animals will replace human workers, tractors will replace work animals, and machines will replace manual labor. The industrial revolution seems inevitable in backward countries, though delayed; and the prospects of agriculture in the meantime will not be enhanced by disputations as to how the people who lose employment during the transitory period are to be fed and clothed.

Only Partial Compensation

The prospect for growth of American population yields little consolation. For purpose of illustration, let us assume that the population of the United States in 1970 is to be one hundred and eighty million. A fair appraisal of the present position and prospective development of agriculture indicates that a farm population of twenty-five million would be sufficient to supply the one hundred and eighty million with agricultural products.

The rural population in 1870 was some thirty million. Out of this illustration emerges the astonishing fact that for more than a century—from 1870 to 1970—the farm population of the United States will have remained about stationary; growth of population will have been outside of the farm. But though astonishing, such a result is the natural expression of the relation of land area to population, the increasing efficiency of agricultural effort, the improvements in machines for all purposes and the declining per capita demand for foodstuffs.

In the terms of the changing social order, the problem of agriculture is readily stated. What is the size of the farm population, the method of farming and the amount of farm products that will insure to the producer group the same income, hours of work, hours of leisure and standard of living achieved by urban workers?

It will be rejoined that living on the land has aesthetic qualities, that farming is a type of life as well as an occupation. There is something in this; all values in living are not resolvable in terms of money. But the realistic problem persists. What is the size of the farm population, the method of farming, the volume of production and the method of marketing that will give to the producer group the same position occupied by urban workers in the changing social order?

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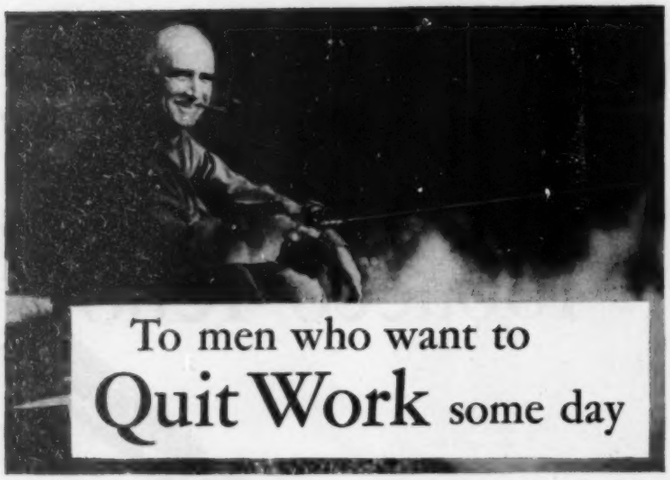

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RIVERSIDE SNOWBALLING

(Continued from Page 47)

"I came to meet him—brought him a parrot."

The man spat over the side of the boat. "Parrots ain't going very well tonight," he confided. "I guess Mr. Enoch thought the morning air would be better for him. I'll let him know though. Where are you?"

"In the pub there," Hungry John pointed out.

The man slouched off. Frisby stepped back to the taproom, and was sipping his whisky when the door of the inner room opened and his enchantress reappeared.

"The old man's all right," she announced, "but I'm afraid there's nothing doing here tonight, mister. Pity, because I rather like you."

"I haven't seen one of your sort since I can remember," Hungry John declared enthusiastically.

She leaned across the counter. "Tell you the truth, there's been a bit of trouble here this evening," she told him, dropping her voice. "We've had the tecs in."

"Who are they after?" he demanded.

"They think someone's trying to land stuff from one of those steamers," she whispered. "Maybe they're right; maybe they ain't. I only know that they've turned awkward, and though I ain't saying that you aren't a likely sort of chap, you'd do better to sling your hook and come back another day. You'll find me here all right. Bessie, my name is—Bessie Crumble. I don't get out much because of the old man, but I can do what I like here."

He opened his pocketbook to pay for the drinks. With slim, cautious fingers, from an inner compartment, he drew out, one after the other, five ten-pound notes and palmed them.

"Would you like to earn these?" he inquired, suddenly opening his hand.

She stared at him in amazement, and as she realized the denomination of the notes her bosom rose and fell. She breathed heavily. "You're not a tec?" she asked under her breath.

"No, but although they don't know it, I'm one of the men the tecs are after," he went on. "Set that chap loose in there and you shall have fifty pounds."

"But what about the other chap?"

"I'll see to him," Hungry John promised. "You mustn't be squeamish though. He'll have to go out, I'm afraid."

She shivered. "I've never seen a man killed," she said.

"Well, you're going to tonight, with any luck," he declared coolly. "You understand what I want you to do? Go back into the kitchen, or whatever you call your room, get a knife and stand by. Then, as soon as we've settled with the policeman, you can go ahead and I'll help you. Your dad won't interfere, I suppose?"

"Not he," she promised. "He ain't fit, anyway. But what about the bobby you're going to do in?"

"I'll see to that myself. He'll be in the mud at the bottom of the Thames tomorrow morning."

In a crumpled heap, the notes were disappearing down the bosom of her dress, smeared, each one of them, with the sweat from her plump fingers.

"Are you going to follow me in?" she demanded.

He nodded. "I'm coming round behind the counter," he said; "just take no notice of me. Keep clear of the cop and get the knife. There's no one outside. We're perfectly all right."

Stooping a little to remain out of sight from the interior of the apartment behind, John Frisby stole along, under the flap of the counter. The woman opened the door and hurried in in advance. Hungry John was suddenly revealed behind her, his gun in his hand. The man on the floor gazed at him blankly. The policeman sprang to his feet. The light of a desperate hope flamed into the eyes of the man tied in the chair.

"Put them up!" Hungry John cried sharply, knowing very well that he meant to shoot anyway.

The policeman hesitated. There was a stab of flame and, badly wounded, he fell back into his chair. The woman, with a knife in her hand, was already beginning to cut the bonds. Suddenly, Frisby saw the gleam of light fade from Costigan's face. He struggled with his gag, rocking in his chair. One hand, already free, pointed to the doorway behind. He was too late. Without a second's warning, Hungry John found himself in the grasp of a man of many times his strength. His head was thrown back, his hands brought together so quickly that the gun rattled from his helpless fingers onto the floor. The handcuffs were snapped onto his wrist.

"Blast you, you'd try that on, would you!" an angry voice shouted in his ears.

He broke off. Frisby looked slowly around. It was the sleeping man towering over him, all the loutish sensuality gone from his face, his eyes blazing with anger. Curiously enough, partly from descriptions, partly because he had seen him once in uniform, Hungry John recognized him.

"Big Jim!" he muttered.

"Big Jim it is, you dirty little scoundrel!" the other snarled. "Leave off cutting those ropes, young woman. Throw down your knife."

Her eyes spat fire at him. Instinctively she felt that her fifty pounds was in danger. "What are you coming in here for, interfering with everybody?" she demanded. "We're honest folks, dad and I."

"Throw down your knife," the sergeant ordered.

She leaned over and cut one more cord. Costigan was suddenly on his feet, but Big Jim was too quick. His gun was out.

"Jacky Costigan, eh?" he said. "I only wish you had brought the whole of your gang with you. You're under arrest, young fellow, and don't you forget it. If you stir I'll shoot you dead."

Then the sound for which the man who for hours had been apparently sleeping on three chairs, Costigan, Hungry John, probably the girl, certainly the man upon the floor, had been waiting, was suddenly audible. They all heard it—soft, pattering footsteps, crossing that stretch of cobbled waste between the steamer and the public house. The sergeant stooped quickly, picked up Frisby's gun and slipped it into his pocket. Then for a moment indecision seemed to seize him. These others counted for little. There was nothing in the world he wanted so much as a brief conversation with the person to whom he believed those footsteps belonged. He looked round the room. There was only a skylight in the roof, no door, no means of escape. He stood facing them, gun in hand.

"If one of you men so much as moves," he threatened, "I'll riddle you. Get out behind your bar, young woman. Attend to your customer. See what he wants."

"Not so much of your lip," she swaggered. "I'm not your young woman, and don't want to be."

"Get behind the counter," he repeated.

Sullenly she obeyed. The sergeant studied the other two men. Costigan, he knew, carried no firearms. The pseudo steward, who, in his perfect disguise, was a stranger to him, was not only unarmed, but handcuffed. He turned his back on them.

"Don't forget," he warned them, "if you make so much as a sound, I'll plug you both."

He stepped through the doorway and leaned over the counter. The pattering footsteps had ceased. The outer door was quietly opened and closed. A very spick-and-span little Oriental entered the place. He was liver complexioned, with narrow, dark eyes, and though his clothes were entirely European and exceedingly good, he wore small gold earrings. He advanced a

(Continued on Page 217)

Can Industry afford an *awkward squad?*

DISCIPLINE molds farm hands, chauffeurs, clerks into finished fighters. And Motor Control disciplines electric motors . . . forms their crude brute force into a truly effective "cost-fighting" army. Lacking this discipline, this direction . . . electric motors remain in an awkward squad—blundering away at their appointed tasks . . . breaking down . . . disorganizing the production lines they were meant to speed.

Modern Motor Control also sets new limits for the true earning capacity of electric motors. It permits motors to pull heavier loads safely . . . converts many common production processes into automatic cycles which require little attention. It saves steps and time in the starting, stopping, or manipulation of most motor-driven machines. These extra earnings of motors, salvaged by Motor Control, are important for yearly profits . . . business leadership.

Realizing the importance of properly designed and applied Motor Control, alert plants exercise vigilance in its choice. An increasing number specify Cutler-Hammer Motor Control because of its quality, performance . . . and its reputation maintained and strengthened through over a quarter century.

You will find Cutler-Hammer the standard Control equipment on successful motor-driven machines for every purpose . . . installed by conscientious builders as your insurance of expected earning capacity—and Cutler-Hammer Control recommended by far-seeing motor manufacturers for directing and protecting the motors they build.

CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.
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Power without Control is worse than wasted

13 *Thirteen Times the Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors*

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working capacity equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected.

CUTLER HAMMER

The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

HERE'S *October* in a jar!

CAN'T you hear the apples falling?
Can't you hear October calling?
—*Here's* October in a jar!

Many a russet, many a pippin,
Many a duchess, too, we slip in-
To this Apple Butter Jar . . .

Remember when your granny tried her
Hand each Fall at making cider?
Well, right here inside this jar

Is golden cider. You'll start sniffin'
And grinnin' too, tonight at tiffin,
When the top comes off the jar.

And the cider's mixed with spices . . .
Not even mince-pie's quite as nice as
What you'll find inside this jar!

Luscious, smooth and tangy-tasting!
Yes, you're right, it's just time-wasting
Not to have that precious jar

Right this minute on your table
So you and Junior'll both be able
To stick your spoons inside the jar!

* * *

That's why big folks and tiny tots
Cheer at the name of Lippincott's
On the Apple Butter Jar.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER will help you to add to every meal a touch of that variety which is the spice of good living. Of course, it's enticing when it threatens to drip over the edges of corn muffins for breakfast or of hot tea-biscuits for supper. It's delicious, too, as a condiment served with cold cuts.

And there are cakes and tarts, pies and puddings, and delicate desserts by the dozen—all made with Lippincott Apple Butter and all indescribably good and *different*. Shall we send you our book of Lippincott Apple Butter recipes? You'll find it surprisingly helpful.

Try these for a change . . .

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER PIE

1½ cups Lippincott Apple Butter
½ cup brown sugar
2 eggs well beaten
2 tablespoons of molasses
1 tablespoon corn-starch
1 tablespoon flour

Line pie-plate with a good puff paste. Pour in the above mixture and bake in a moderate oven. If desired—after pie is baked—cover with meringue made of whites of eggs and powdered sugar. Set back in oven until the meringue is brown.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER BISCUITS

4 tablespoons shortening
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Enough milk to make a soft dough
Lippincott Apple Butter

Work the shortening into the flour which has been sifted with baking-powder, sugar and salt. Add the milk. Knead the dough lightly on a floured board, roll it out until only a quarter of an inch thick, and cut out rounds or squares about two inches across. Fold over each biscuit into half its size, drop in a teaspoon of Lippincott Apple Butter, press edges firmly, and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY · *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1929, The L. Co.

(Continued from Page 214)

step or two, his bowler hat raised in his right hand. Underneath his left arm he carried a brown-paper parcel of considerable size.

"Good evening, mees," he said, speaking in slow but very correct English. "There was a young man who carried that bird," he went on, pointing to the parrot. "He stood upon the quay and he asked for me. I do not find him here. You can tell perhaps."

Sergeant Big Jim seemed suddenly to have relapsed once more into the hulking lout. He looked meaningly at the small intruder. "What do you want with him?" he asked.

The Oriental smiled. "Private beeziness."

"What is your name?" the sergeant inquired.

The little man looked around. "My name is Enoch—Mr. Enoch," he confided. "I have been here before."

"What have you got in that parcel?" Sergeant Big Jim continued.

"It is very much my own beeziness," the Oriental answered. "If the young man with the parrot will come, that is all that is necessary."

The sergeant smiled. "Very well," he conceded, "I will show you the young man with the parrot, and you can proceed with your business."

He leaned back and opened the door. The man lying on the strip of carpet was still in a comatose state. The wounded policeman had not moved. Costigan, with the help of some blunt instrument, was working hard at Frisby's handcuffs.

"Stop that, you two!" the sergeant ordered sharply. "Break away!"

They obeyed sullenly. Sergeant Big Jim had produced his gun, and he had the reputation of being very fond of using it.

"Come here, you," he directed, laying his hand on Hungry John's shoulder. "Come and meet a friend."

He led him quickly through the door. The gaslight glimmered upon the handcuffs as he brought him to the edge of the counter.

"Well, here's your friend that you wanted to do business with," he announced, addressing Mr. Enoch. "Perhaps you'll understand now that the game's up."

But the game was not by any means up with Mr. Enoch. His Oriental mind worked swiftly, and with perhaps unusual directness. Throughout the whole force, Big Jim's leading characteristic was well known, decried by his superiors, rather admired by his equals. He was a reckless and incautious man. He took risks when there should be none. To bring an affair to an end quickly, he ignored danger. He held his gun in his hand, it was true. Costigan behind, he knew was unarmed, Hungry John was handcuffed, the little man in front of him was about five feet high, beautifully dressed in shore-going clothes, and a pacifist in expression and appearance if ever one had existed. The sergeant stretched out his hand for the parcel.

"I'm going to examine this," he said.

Those were his last words on earth. Hungry John declared afterwards that Nick of New York was beaten by an eighth of a second in the draw of that gun. At any rate, one moment the Oriental's small hands were resting upon the counter, the next a gun, jet black, with a very stubby muzzle, had flashed into being. There was a spit of flame, and the sergeant collapsed with a crash, his head against the wall, his leg dragging after it a rickety stool. Then he lay still, and there were several seconds of amazing and awesome silence. The girl began to damp the counter with a duster which she had been holding in her hand, and sob at the same time. The least concerned of anybody was the little Oriental.

"It is a peety," he regretted—"a peety one has to kill, but one must be safe. You tell Mr. Goldmore, young man, this is a very fine consignment. You will find the papers inside. The forty thousand is in the bank, yes?"

"A long time ago," Frisby answered.

"He will read; he will find out. Another eleven thousand pounds is wanted. He will be content, yes? More merchandise. More profit."

Hungry John nodded. Costigan, who had been on his knees by the side of the sergeant, suddenly sprang up with a bunch of keys in his hand. In a moment Frisby was a free man.

"The sergeant had a whistle all ready to blow," Costigan whispered. "I bet there are more of them about."

"I had a word of warning," Mr. Enoch confided, "that some unpleasantness might be about tonight. Therefore, I shall not arrive at London. I have a tug here and am going down the river. I shall board the South American boat of a friend of mine by arrangement. We meet next time, is it not so, young man, for the eleventh voyage? You shall know, and Mr. Goldmore shall be told, how much to pay in. The extra eleven thousand pounds' worth came as a surprise, but why should we seek more than one customer?"

"Why, indeed?" Frisby replied. "You'll get your money all right."

Costigan had stolen out of the place. In a moment they heard the sound of his motor bicycle on the cobbles.

"All pretty clear," he whispered, putting his head inside the door.

Hungry John took the passenger seat and covered his packet with a rug. The bicycle shot away. The man in the back parlor had dragged himself to his feet and had reached the counter. He babbled when he saw the sergeant. The girl was still laughing horribly to herself and drinking brandy out of a full tumbler.

"Who done this, Bessie?" the man gasped.

The girl felt the notes deep down beneath her clothes. She drank again.

"I don't know," she answered. . . .

Mr. Enoch stepped back to the water's edge. A boat was waiting for him. He entered it and boarded a small, swift-looking tug. The first person he saw there was a young man in shabby blue-serge uniform, with a steward's cap, and a very anxious expression. In his hand he carried a parrot in a cage. He was a wonderful tribute to Mason's skill. The Oriental stared at him.

"Why you come here?" he asked.

"I've come for the stuff," the other gasped. "Why have you kept me all this time? What did you land for? I told you I should come on board."

The Oriental walked up to the young man, took him by the shoulders, and looked into his face. Then he turned round, walked to the edge of the tug and jumped overboard.

It was twelve o'clock when Frisby, very carefully dressed in dinner clothes, changed places with his double and descended to the dining table. Grant had one look at him and poured out a brimming glass of wine. Hungry John's face was not an expressive one, but his complexion seemed to have turned to granite. His lips refused to meet, and there was an indrawn look in his eyes as though he could see nothing but what lay behind him.

"Bad time?" Grant asked.

"Rather!" was the brief reply.

"Got the stuff?"

"Every bit of it—fifty thousand pounds' worth. Any news?"

"Not a word. Any trouble?"

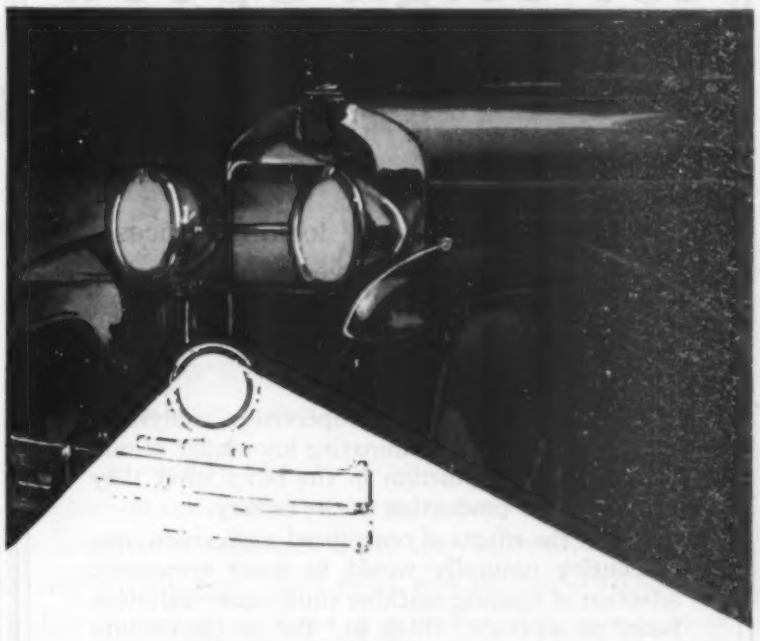
Hungry John moistened his lips and nodded. "Big Jim's gone," he confided. "The little Easterner did that himself."

Grant moved uneasily in his chair. "Good thing we're near the end," he muttered. "Any loose threads?"

Frisby shook his head confidently. "Don't see how there can be," he answered. "I defy anyone to recognize me in Mason's make-up. Big Jim knows me well enough. He was within a foot of me and never had an idea. The old man had had a scrap and was pretty well done in. The girl won't peach. She's got fifty quid that I slipped her. The only chap who's likely to get into

This Magical Lamp

AUTOMATICALLY lights turns *before* you make them. See it today at your dealer's showroom. Or send the coupon.



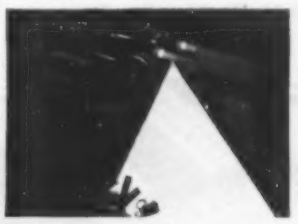
RECORDS show that you are facing the greatest danger of accident when driving at night... The reason is obvious. As you round a curve or corner, your ordinary headlights shoot off into space, leaving you temporarily helpless in the dark.

Turns With Wheels

But now this danger is largely corrected by the new scientific lamp called Pilot-Ray, that all safety engineers are recommending.

Pilot-Ray *turns automatically with the wheels of your car* (actually faster than the wheels do) and thus permits you to see around the blackest corner. You always know *exactly* where you are going . . . you drive with confidence. You and your family are *really protected*.

On the straightaways Pilot-Ray gives you more light directly on the road. This enables you to avoid broken glass, tacks, nails, boulders, etc.



Cuts Fog

In fog, also, Pilot-Ray is helpful. Set lower than your headlights, it casts a beam along the ground where fog is thinnest and there is less reflected glare.

Adds Beauty Too

There is only one Pilot-Ray. No other lamp operates on this safety principle. No other lamp guards your life so faithfully.

If you are buying a new car, you can include the price of Pilot-Ray in your contract. Or you can have your dealer install it on your present car. The brilliant chromium finish of the magical lamp adds beauty to any automobile.

Don't Wait

See your dealer NOW about securing a Pilot-Ray, or send this coupon for booklet giving complete information.

PILOT-RAY

AT ALL AUTOMOTIVE DEALERS

MAIL THIS TODAY!

PILOT-RAY CORPORATION, S.E.P. 10-19-29
Security Title Insurance Bldg., 6th and Grand, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without obligation, your illustrated, explanatory gift booklet on Safe Night Driving.

Name Street

City State Make of car

Organize Your Figure Work for High Speed Production

Progressive, forward looking offices are doing it. They have found it both practicable and profitable

SIMPLY let centralized supervision, analysis of routines and discriminating knowledge of machines do for production in the office what they have done for production in the factory.

One of the effects of centralized supervision over accounting naturally would be more systematic selection of figuring machine equipment—selection based on no one's "think so," but on the definite business-like basis of measured production.

Production gives an accurate line on machine performance, about which there can be no question. It is an infallible test, and is easily made.

There should be no objection to such a test on the part of any machine. *Surely, the Comptometer offers none.*

Not only has the Comptometer speed to spare, but through its chain of training schools it is in position to supply high speed operators, without charge, to users of the machine.

Test before you invest.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.
1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-Key safeguard

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
REG. TRADE MARK
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

trouble for tonight's work is Syd Adams—discharged ship's steward—if he's fool enough to cart his parrot around."

"What about little Enoch?" Grant asked. "Did he fall for you?"

"Never hesitated. Looked at the parrot, gave one glance at me, and handed over the stuff. He's a cool hand, the way he pulled that gun. I fancy he'll say a word or two, though, when Syd Adams goes on board."

"What's that mark on your wrist?" Martha Dring asked, leaning forward.

Even amongst crooks there is one inefaceable disgrace. Hungry John wrapped his handkerchief carefully around the wound.

"Knocked my hand against Jacky's handlebar when I got in," he explained.

How to Sell a House

By RICHARD CONNELL

MR. POTTLE had a house to sell. He didn't know how to go about it. He, personally, was in the barbers' supply game, and stated that he did not know his Adam's apple from his funny bone about the real-estate business. But he had to sell that house.

He lived in Petunia Gardens, a suburb so small that it had only one real-estate man, a pessimistic man who told Mr. Pottle that the local market was distinctly bearish, and said that Mr. Pottle's only hope lay in doing some snappy advertising. Mr. Pottle said that when it came to writing snappy advertising he didn't know his elbow from his ankle, so he guessed he'd have to ask some of his more talented neighbors to help him.

His house was just an ordinary house, early Coolidge, with three rooms downstairs and three rooms and a bath upstairs and a tin garage in the rear. There didn't seem much to be said about it. So he took his problem to Peter Gurley, who lived next door.

Mr. Gurley had retreating hair and an advancing stomach, and if you asked him what his calling was, he would answer with a twinkle and a chuckle:

"Oh, I'm just a scribbler."

By that he meant that he wrote a column called Peter Peeps at People, which was all about himself, and his pipe, and his wife—Madam Lady-Bug—and his two rather repulsive children—Buglet and Huglet—who said and did the drollest things. They called their house The Wee Hoosie, and had a pet name for everything in it. For example, the sink was Washy-Winky, and their four-cylinder sedan was Ye Festive Froggie.

Mr. Gurley wore whiskery tweeds, decorated with breakfast, and smoked a huge meerschaum pipe which held a whole tin of tobacco—baccy-wacky. Also he addressed women's clubs. Mr. Pottle held him in awe.

Mr. Gurley said, sure, he'd write an ad for Neighbor Pottle, and Mr. Pottle went home happy, deeming the house as good as sold.

In the Sunday Express-Eagle, Mr. Pottle read the advertisement Mr. Gurley had written for him. Mr. Pottle wasn't sure, at first, that it was his ad, but decided that it must be, because all the others obviously weren't.

This was how Mr. Gurley's advertisement read:

CASTLE O' DREAMS. Just a comfy nest where an ordinary fellow like you and me, and his lady wife, and their brood of bairns can take their ease of an evening while the logs crackle and the cricket on the hearth goes chirp, chirp, chirp.

Here some happy home-maker will find room to swing a cat, and a few kittens, too, while the Little Woman is out in the cunning kitchen fashioning dumplings for her darlings. There's a cozy room for papa and mamma, a dozy room for Junior, and a roomlet where Baby can go by-by, and guess what? The daintiest, dinkiest little bathroom! You'll adore it. And what do you think is out in the back yard? A cute flivver coop!

No mere house, this, but a HOME, an enchanted cottage where the honeymoon will never fade. East, west, hame's best. Take the bard's advice and settle here with your lares and penates. Verb sap. XC97854.

"H'm," said Mr. Pottle, and waited. But nobody came to buy the house, or even look at it.

When there was not even a nibble, Mr. Pottle took his troubles to another neighbor, Mr. J. Elmore Hunkel, who was a radio announcer.

Mr. Hunkel, always cheerful, said he'd stick an ad in the Sunday paper, you bet your boots he would.

Mr. Pottle had no difficulty in finding Mr. Hunkel's creation the following Sunday. It read:

TUNE IN ON THIS

Oh, boy, what have we here? A house! I'll say it's a house. Some house too. Stand by and get an earful, folks. This is some cabin, I'll tell the world. Ole Man Hunkel speaking, and, buhleeve muh, he knows his bungalows. Step closer, people; it won't bite. Hot diggity, but it's some house, and you'll get a lot for your money, too, as Pat said to Mike. Oodles of bedrooms, and when I say bedrooms, boy, I mean bedrooms. The slickest living room you ever made whoopee in, and if I'm wrong, sue me, as Abie said. A kitchen as is a kitchen—and how! Believe it or not, there's a whale of a big dining room, and it's some eating den, I'm here to tell you. Is there a garage? Don't make me laugh. It's as nifty a shack as you ever parked your ole boiler in, and I don't mean maybe. The neighbors are real folksy folks, with no static in their hearts. Better get this while it's hot, because it won't be long now. Grab the fountain pen and write XC97854.

Mr. Pottle read this advertisement several times.

"It ought to fetch them," he said, "even if he didn't say where the house is."

But it didn't.

As a last resort, Mr. Pottle sought the aid of Guthrie Lomb. Mr. Lomb was a poet. He had founded the Modern School of Plastic Poetry, and he lived on bran and bananas. Mr. Pottle woke him up one afternoon and timidly asked his help. Mr. Lomb said that if an inspiration came to him he'd write an advertisement for Mr. Pottle's house.

Apparently one came, for Mr. Pottle found among the real-estate advertisements the next Sunday something which he divined had issued from the pen of his neighbor, Mr. Lomb:

Snails!
Slithering-slimping-sleek
Snails have shells.
Peanuts, too.
Envision—who can?—who would?—turtles,
Pecans, osprey eggs, scallops, armadillos,
Big and little clams, winkles, sad shrimps,
A myriad of yearning crabs, and us
Shell-less!
Hapless the homeless, hiveless bumble bee.
Bumble.
Shall Man shell-less go?
Here waits your shell, aloof as asphodel,
Girt by grass, roof, floor, chimney, grass-Girt.
Rooms, Rooms, Rooms, Rooms, Rooms,
Rooms.
Your Shell, oh, grain of sand in the desert
Of futility.
Into your shell, then. Wide it waits you!
Into your shell, then, home-hunting
Human. XC97854.

On reading this, Mr. Pottle rubbed his chin and whistled. Nothing came of this advertisement.

Mr. Pottle was troubled. He had to sell that house. So, after much thought and erasing, he composed, all by himself, an advertisement. It read:

HOUSE FOR SALE. Six rooms, bath, garage, $16,500. $5000 cash. Terms. A. POTTLE. 29 Myrtle Ave., Petunia Gardens.

P. S. He sold the house.

"Big Business"

THE AMERICAN FARMER, the independent, the individualist, the largest but least organized unit in industry, is about to take his seat at the board of Big Business. . . . He is organizing, combining, incorporating. The giant is showing his strength!

Such is the picture as the Federal Farm Board gets under way. Compact and powerful organizations are preparing to tackle the merchandising problems of the nation's farmers. Millions of farmer members, billions of dollars in farm sales, tens of billions in farm property, headed up into a few powerful coöperative corporations with unlimited money and all the prestige of government approval and support! The farmer is indeed a capitalist, with new opportunities for profit in America's biggest industry!

Equally impressive is the news that the increase in farm income, resulting from recent price gains of the country's four leading crops, will amount to *more than a billion dollars.*

From the manufacturer's view-point, this means that the farmer will have a billion dollars extra to spend this year. And he is in a buying mood. Good roads have put him within reach of the recognized trading centers, the very stores through which selling organizations are strengthening their national distribution. To the alert manufacturer, these are indeed significant facts.

The Farm Journal is one of the great influences in this vast and aroused market. It is the recognized authority in the large group of *real* farm homes in America. Its circulation of more than 1,500,000 copies is selected, throughout the most prosperous farming sections in the nation.

With an editorial background that includes the leading voices in American agriculture, *The Farm Journal* has become one of the great leaders in the farm field. For years it has advocated the very legislative principles which, today, have become an accomplished reality. It has the confidence of its readers from cover to cover—advertising pages as well as editorial pages. To the responsible advertiser this cumulative good-will is a very real advertising asset.

The farm market is so tremendous that items must be reckoned in millions. In the matter of furniture and house furnishings, for instance, conservative figures show that farm homes spend some 200 million dollars annually. More than 633 million square feet of rugs, carpets and linoleum are *replaced* each year. Other household items have equally impressive totals.

Yet this represents only one phase of the farmer's life. He buys clothes, shoes, paint, automobiles and accessories, seeds, fertilizer in million quantities. His purchasing power must be figured in billions of dollars.

We are in a position to furnish you with a wealth of pertinent facts on the sales-opportunities of your particular product. This information is at your disposal without charge. You are not even obligated to a salesman's call. Write to *The Farm Journal*, Washington Square, Philadelphia.

NATIONAL

THE Farm Journal

Eagerly read in more than
1,500,000 *prosperous homes*

What a handy way of fastening!

TALONS are the newest fasteners! They slide open and shut without the tussle of old-time fastening methods! Rust-proof, light as a feather, flexible as a reed, so easy to operate, and with nothing to get out of order . . . what a happy time-saver for busy people!

The newest of the new things—rubber footwear, luggage, sporting clothes, hunting and camping equipment, children's garments, household items—are fitted with Talon Slide Fasteners. Look for the name Talon or Hookless on the pull-tab when you buy. Manufacturers place Talon Slide Fasteners only on merchandise that is smartly styled and superbly made. A final smart modern touch!

BYE BYE, BUTTONHOOK! Why struggle with buttonholes? Youngsters' new leggings are doubly snug when closed with Talons! Laundering actually makes them work all the easier!

THE FINEST RUBBER FOOTWEAR is Talon fastened. See how tailored and trim these look. Ask for Talons on your next ones. Because it's Talons, remember, that cannot rust, jam or get out of order—always seem to work like new!

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THE FLASH

(Continued from Page 130)

capper for con games. He had dropped dead in the street a while back, and Daisy hadn't waited long to follow him. Donlin could just remember her as she used to look across the footlights before she began to crack—a vivid little thing, sweetly turned, with big brown eyes and a mop of rusty hair, same as Teddy's, and no voice to brag about, but a way of putting her songs across that somehow got you; even if you were a case-hardened service dick with a low slant on life that you'd come by honestly, still she got you. You could hear in Teddy's voice at times some echo of Daisy O'Day, but only when she was fussed about something; never when she was working. Pity.

At that, there was nothing against the girl but the convict taint, and you'd think there ought to be enough of her mother's blood in her to cancel that out. But what chance had she? They all went the same way. How could they help it? They had to get theirs while they were good, were only good as long as their looks lasted, and didn't last long, once the night clubs got them. This Teddy had taken time out last spring. Donlin remembered hearing somebody mention that she was on a jaunt abroad. The coin she dragged down at the Dump didn't run to such junketing. Now, after a month or so, she was back. It looked like the old story.

Donlin's mild eyes blinked in the glow of gratitude which was enveloping him. He didn't just get that. This Kendal bird looked like cash money. Maybe he did like his liquor, maybe he was a good deal older; a husband still sound in wind and limb, with a bank roll equally robust, was a chance that girls in her fix didn't get every day.

Donlin supposed what it really meant was a john in the background—not of the heavy-sugar class; Teddy didn't precisely put you in mind of Dreicer's show window.

"That's my theme song this season." Teddy hummed a bar of the current band number. "I've simply got to dance it." She pushed her chair back, but pinned Kendal's nearer arm with a firm hand. "No, old dear, you've got too many dogs flying around loose tonight. Stace here will give me a turn and come back and tell you about life in a great city while I'm changing for the show."

"'S quite all right with me, nice thing," Kendal genially assured her. "I'll be perfl'ly happy sittin' here and watchin' you."

"Well, don't forget: Another little drink won't do you anything but harm."

Kendal punctiliously stood up, bowing and beaming, but exercised considerable care when it came to easing back into his chair.

"That's one big-hearted bozo," Donlin confided to the tawny head on his shoulder. "Don't know, though; maybe it only shows how much of a John Gilbert I look to him. Wouldn't take him for that kind either. Looks like he packed too much horse power to keel over with all fours in the air and concede hooch the decision."

"He does," the girl impatiently asserted. "He's just like most men when they get an idea they're in love, that's all—you know, kid-minded."

"Thanks for the compliment."

"You do know what I mean—childish. Thinks the way to touch a woman's heart is to lap hard stuff up till he's pitiful."

"Maybe so—maybe he really likes it. I've met guys that did."

"I guess I ought to know. I saw enough of him in Cannes; he never was like this there. It's only since he turned up here. . . . I was sap enough over there to tell him how I made my living, only I didn't say where. You know, trying to talk him out of this case he thinks he's got on me. I guess he tried every other joint in town before he made me here; that's how he got this started."

"I suppose," Donlin hazarded, "there must be some rule only women know about that says it ain't sporting to put a dumb animal out of its misery—providing it wears pants."

"Mr. Kendal knows he hasn't got a chance," the girl a little sulkily insisted.

"That's right. I forgot. He must've known, seeing you playing around Europe with another john."

"You're just guessing. I was all by myself in Cannes."

"Oh, yeah?"

"You're all wet. I haven't got a sweetie."

"How come?"

"That's my affair. I made that trip alone, Mr. Donlin, on business."

"Check!" What manner of "business" could have taken Teddy Claire, show girl in a New York night club, on a flying trip to Cannes? "I'm through. Ain't the music won'erful?"

"Listen, Stace." Teddy laughed. "You're a good sport. Stick around tonight, will you, and help me make my break away? My boy friend means all right, but I'd just as soon not have him ride me home alone in a taxi."

"Pop goes another bubble," Donlin lamented. "And me kidding myself all along it was my nice eyes!"

The girl giggled, and Donlin swung her into a reverse spin that ended only on the last discordant crash, then gravely nodded.

"Sure, kid. Everything's K-O with me. Sure, I'll stick."

II

THE owner of Les Trois Amis came up for air the first time toward noon, and found precious little stirring. The yacht rode to the tug of the tide with nose upstream and scarcely any motion. There wasn't enough wind to flaw the glass of the Hudson, the cloudless sky was a bleached dusty blue above the storied cliffs of Riverside Drive, but Midtown gave off fumes like drab steam to soil it, and farther to the south it was as if the heat materialized in the form of a dirty saffron fog.

Donlin, from his deck chair, in some compassion watched the owner arrive at the head of the companionway, pause sailorwise to weigh the weather, and wince from its pitiless omen. He had but recently chilled his flesh with a shower bath and clad it all in cool, fresh white; yet the first withering breath of the deck broke out a powdery dew upon his features, and mopping served only to deepen their sullen glow.

"Good mornin'," he somewhat sheepishly said.

"Good afternoon," said Donlin, not to be outdone, "but purely, of course, in the way of politeness."

"Ah, quite." A wry smile honored American humor. "I trust you had a comfortable night," the owner pursued in a dialect rather more true than it had seemed on first acquaintance, "and that my people did—ah—everything in their power ——"

"They didn't forget a single little thing," Donlin hastened to assure him. "I've never been looked after more ably, outside of jail. I don't blame them, either, if it's any habit of yours to shine up to fly-by-night strangers and bring 'em aboard at all hours and give them the freedom of the ship. The name, by the way, is Donlin, Mr. Kendal—Stacey Donlin."

"Thank you, Mr. Donlin." The owner, with a chastened grin, let himself down into a chair. "I'm sure, though, I should have recalled it in another minute. Very decent of you to look after me as you did. I hope it hasn't inconvenienced you to—ah—lose so much of the day."

"Not a bit," Donlin blandly declared. "I had a great sleep and a grand breakfast. I like your little hotel a lot."

"So do I," Kendal confessed. "Nothing strange in that, of course, seein' she's been my home year in and out for more than ten." A steward came to attention at his

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elbow. "I'm just about to order breakfast; I mean to say my second. Wasn't too frightfully keen about the mornin' eggs and bacon. Shall I tell the steward to make it two Tom Collinses?"

"I never in my life heard of anything more reasonable."

"Splendid! I say, old chap," Kendal stammered as the steward made off, "about last night, you know—I hope I wasn't too—ah ——"

"As man to man," Donlin reported, "I don't mind admitting I've seldom seen a more elegant brannigan. But I will say this for you: I never knew anybody with a high sea running to handle easier."

"Jolly glad. I take it, then, I didn't do anything to make Miss Claire nervous?"

"Who? Teddy? Listen, sport; if that little lady had any nerves to be racked by the spectacle of a plastered gentleman, she'd be doing time in a sanitarium instead of that bucket of blood they call the Double Eagle."

Kendal mulled this over until the return of the steward, then—having lifted his glass to Donlin, chirped "Cheerio!" and taken one nourishing, deep pull—spoke his mind with pointed deliberation:

"That is precisely why, Mr. Donlin, I'm rather hopin' you may care to help me get Miss Claire out of that atmosphere."

"Says which?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I've knocked about a good bit, you know—don't carry much excess luggage in the way of illusions. And Miss Claire has been most astonishingly frank with me. I imagine it's no news to you she's had a rotten time of it, rather, thus far. And though I don't say a husband twice her age would completely dress the balance, even if it shouldn't succeed, the experiment would leave her comfortably provided for."

Stacey Donlin was by no means unaware that it was one of his pet failings to adopt what is termed a cynical attitude toward all human relations; and it was acceptable to his vanity that he had to repent this attitude on very rare occasions. But he now began to surmise that this might be one of them.

"Count me in, if that's the plot," Donlin heard himself saying. "I'll play along and won't squawk if all the cut I get is one of frosted fruit cake to put under my little white pillow."

"Thanks very much." Kendal had a pensive moment, his gaze ranging away across the oily waters to the contours of Manhattan. As though involuntarily, one hand strayed toward a binocular that lay on the table beside his glass, but was withdrawn. "It's going to make me feel a good bit easier, I don't mind admittin', to have somebody I can turn to who knows all the ropes this side. You've no idea what a weird feelin' it is to be in a country where everybody pretends to speak English and find one doesn't know half the time what they're talkin' about."

"Oh, well! I always thought you Aussies shook a right mean slang."

"Found that out, did you?" Kendal gave a nervous laugh. "You have a good ear, Mr. Donlin."

"Thanks for the second thought," Donlin replied good-humoredly. "I haven't been putting the pump on your crew. Teddy didn't wise me last night, either, more than to say you two met at Cannes. To be perfectly fair, I wasn't just sure you hailed from Australia; once or twice I've had a notion that if anybody mentioned South Africa you'd say 'Jo'burg' with your next breath."

Kendal, at this, slewed on Donlin an odd, long, hard look.

"I say, you are sharp, you know. Because—well, of course, England's home, but I've knocked about for years in both Australia and South Africa."

"I was in the Intelligence Service during the war," Donlin confessed, to ease the man's mind; "mixed a good deal with the Anzacs and South Africans, among others. Funny how old service tricks stick—I mean, how a fellow goes on using them more or less unconsciously. I just can't help reading voices and signs in general, and putting two and two together."

"I believe you. Perhaps"—Kendal absently reached for the binocular again—"some day I may ask you to look into one or two questions I can't seem to make sense of, no matter how I try."

"Anything serious?"

"One might be murder. Might be anything." Kendal was fiddling nervously with the glass. "Mysterious disappearance of my secretary in Cannes last spring. I was frightfully cut up about it. Splendid chap, Galbreath—had been with me more than ten years—Colonial stock—picked him up in Jo'burg in '19. Never knew him to go off the rails; no bad habits—mean to say, human and all that, but a gentleman. He'd gone ashore, night he vanished, to see Teddy back to her hotel. She'd been dinin' on board. Galbreath was pretty hard hit, and there isn't much doubt that Teddy was sweet on him too. They hadn't known each other too long, but they were about of an age and—well, it seemed so perfectly natural, I was all for it; hence the dinner."

"Decent of you."

"I don't know. Fact is, I wasn't thinkin' of myself as in the runnin' at the time; never did until Jim Galbreath was definitely out of it. . . . As I was sayin', Jim left the launch to wait at the landin' stage, took Teddy on to her hotel in a taxi, said good night after remarkin' he guessed he'd stroll back by way of the Promenade de la Croisette—and was never seen again. The police at Cannes were an absolute washout. All they did was preen their mustaches and ask annoyin' questions."

"You mean about Teddy?" Kendal, with the binocular at his eyes, turned a stare on Donlin instead. "Didn't anybody ever tell you the motto of the French police? *'Cherchez la femme!'* They're the smartest in the world, 'specially on the detective side, but if those birds can't locate a woman in the show they just lose heart. It ain't regular and they won't play."

"You've spotted it." Kendal had a reminiscent chuckle, half vexed, half sad. "I know it was standin' by, helpless, and watchin' them bear down so hard on Teddy that made me realize how much her happiness meant to me. And when they couldn't prove she knew more than she was tellin', they as good as informed me there wasn't any case—Galbreath had simply gone stale on his job and cut his stick without troublin' to give notice." He wagged his head. "Well, there you are—Mystery Number One."

"Any connection between it and Number Two?"

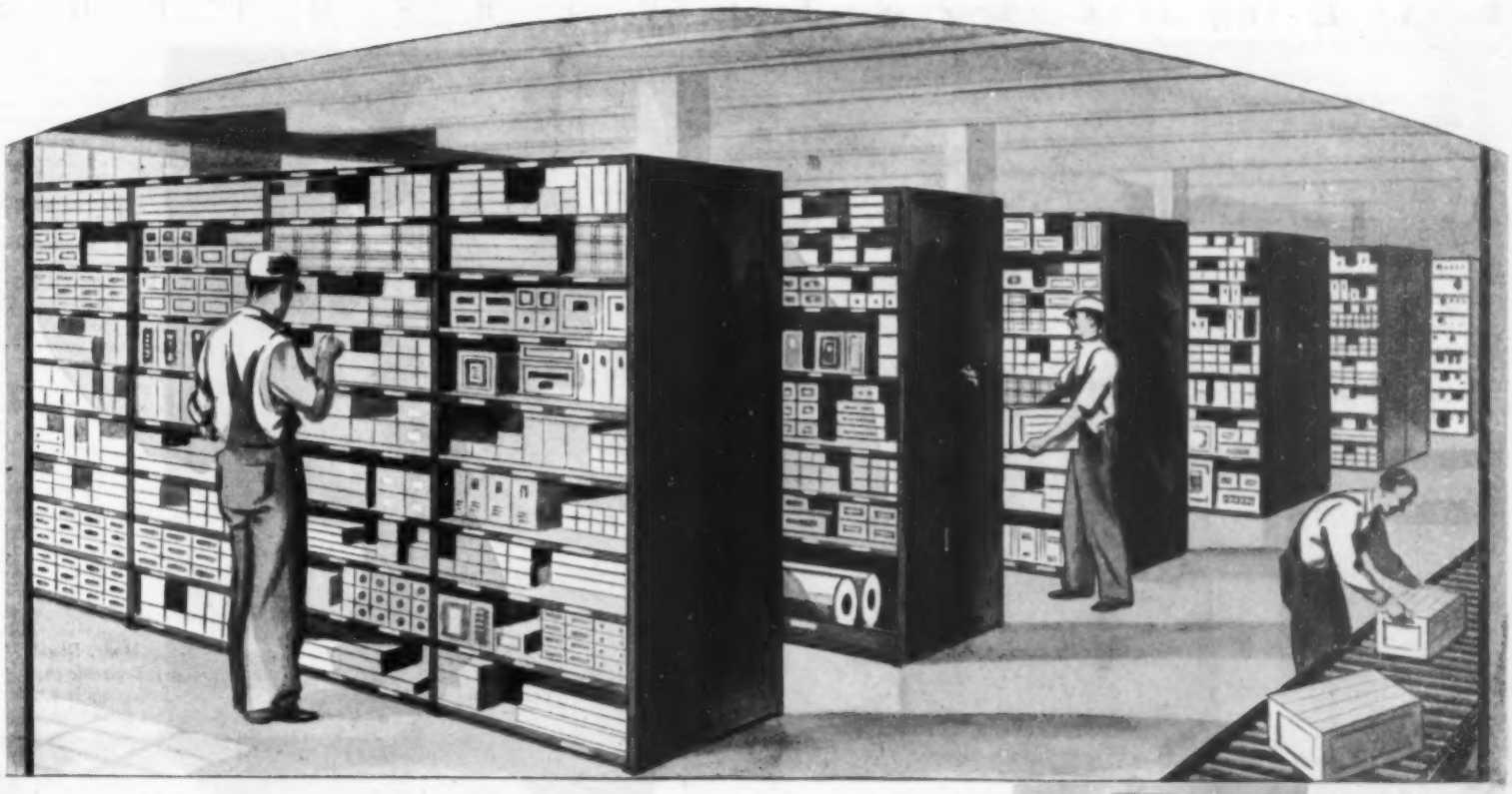
"Not the remotest, old chap. That was Cannes, months ago. Two's right under our noses. Half a mo'." Kendal trained the binocular on the New York shore. "Only stumbled on it yesterday by the merest fluke, usin' this gadget for no purpose but to pass the time away. And now, after sleepin' on it, I don't mind ownin' I half believe it was all in my eye, or perhaps in the muggy old bean."

His voice trailed off as the glass, raking the apartment houses that overlook the Drive, at length came to a point. But the next instant, "Holy mackerel!" the Briton violently expostulated, and showed a face that unmistakably had lost a shade or two of its composure. "It was bad enough yesterday," he stammered, "but today—either I'm plumb loco or that ornery coot's back on the job in the same crazy get-up, but wearin' goggles! Here"—shaky hands pressed the glass on Donlin—"take this, will you, like a good chap, and see if you see what I saw? Take off from the capstone of that monument over there, three mill. points to the right, a tallish block of flats, red brick with graystone facin'. Now the top row of windows, fourth from the corner ——"

"Got it."

Donlin's disengaged hand made a sign for silence.

(Continued on Page 225)



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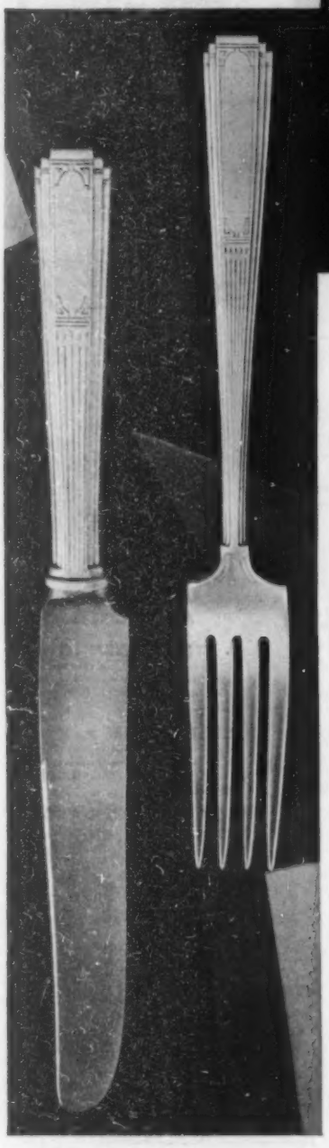

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(Continued from Page 222)

The field of the glass now centered on a window the more readily to be singled out because, unlike any of its neighbors, it braved the pour of sunlight with awning, shade and lower sash up as far as they would go. Immediately back of its sill that preposterous figure posed which Kendal had pictured to Teddy—a weedy little man, so lean his ribs could have been counted and his arms looked like pipestems, his skin so unaccustomed to the sun it shone an almost ghastly white, naked but for brief baby-blue drawers, a crimson four-in-hand tie, leather gloves, a derby, and a pair of those large dark sun glasses that motorists affect, describing with rapidity and precision a variety of small gestures; now with one hand, now with the other, touching points of his anatomy and its strange accouterment, his nose and ears, his shoulders and stomach, his tie, occasionally his hat.

"Got a piece of paper of any sort about you, Mr. Kendal. No? Then here"—Donlin hastily fished a pencil and a dead envelope from his own pockets and, passing them over, again sighted the distant window—"just take down the numbers I call, please. Ready? 1, 12, 12—break—19, 5, 20—break ——"

His reading briskly rattled on through two or three minutes. Then Donlin snapped "That's all!" and, springing up, darted to the rail, to peer intently forward, both down the side and along the deck.

In the upshot he turned back crestfallen. "Too slow, I guess. Anyway, I didn't spot the sign-off. My friend," he announced to the staring yachtsman, "you've tapped a private wireless, so to speak. Our friends up there—maybe you didn't notice the other sportsman, standing back of the human semaphore and feeding him the stuff to send—are communicating with somebody on board one of the boats hereabouts by the Flash Code."

"'The Flash Code?'"

"And we've every right to figure they're up to something sinful, because they're afraid to trust the air, radio operators being notoriously the worst gossips ever; while it stands to reason they're signaling someone on the river and not over on the Jersey shore, seeing that for land messages the telephone would be almost as cheap and even more secret. The Flash," Donlin pursued, taking over the envelope to study the numbers Kendal had jotted down, "is the system the race-track mob first cooked up to beat the pool rooms when public betting was made illegal and the telegraph companies quit furnishing direct pool-room service. They'd plant a man at the track side to flash the results as the horses came under the wire, using the same signals we've been catching, and another a couple of miles away, maybe, with a telescope on the track bird. They had arranged in advance to delay the results getting through to the pool rooms on the leased wires of the information service—say, fixed the operators on the sending end to hold the dispatches up awhile—and were holding a leased telephone line open to the city. That way they would phone the winning numbers in, slap down their last-minute bets before the pool rooms knew the race was even started, and clean up. Killings that ran into six figures were made before the pool rooms tumbled and their information services adopted the Flash and used it—as they do today—to beat the track releases."

"Extrawd'n'ry! And do you mean to tell me the practice is a matter of general knowledge?"

"Never said it was general. Thousands know about it, but I don't suppose twenty men, all told, can send the Flash or read it."

"I mean to say, the authorities take no steps to put a stop to it?"

"They do what they can. Every time they get an excuse the stewards rule a flasher off the tracks, but they've got to have something more on him than merely making goofy passes with his hands. If racing doesn't bore you ——"

"My dear man! I'm mad about it—always have been."

"Then it might amuse you to run up the river some day and take in Saratoga. I'll tag along and show you Dancing Wallie flashing from the track lawn any afternoon and nobody lifting a finger to forbid it. The elements of the code are perfectly simple: Right hand to right shoulder is one; to the stomach, two; to left shoulder, three; to mouth, four; to right ear, five; to necktie, ten. Left hand to right shoulder, six; to stomach, seven; to left shoulder, eight; to mouth, nine; to tie, twenty. Either hand on brim of hat, zero; tapping the brim, 'Attention,' or 'Please repeat'; taking it off means, 'O. K., I've got you.'"

"Most amazin'! Still, I can't quite get it through my head why the—ah—operator, as one might say, up in that window, had to dress up—or undress, rather—in that mad fashion."

"Oh, that's easy. He has to keep the awning up to be seen, and the sunlight makes the room so hot he finds it more comfortable to work stripped; but he has to wear a hat and necktie, because they're essential to the code. Against ordinary dark clothing his hands would show up well enough, but against his bare flesh they'd be practically invisible; hence the gloves, to make them stand out. As for the goggles. . . . You say he didn't wear any yesterday? Well, he found the sun hard on his eyes, so he took measures to protect them today. And that's that. But this"—Donlin tapped the intercepted message—"is different. I picked up the rudiments of the deciphering game in the Intelligence, but if this is any way involved—well, I'm no Hartikoffer; maybe I'll have to have a bit of help. That's if the business interests you sufficiently, Mr. Kendal."

"Oh, it's no end interestin' and all that, but after all," Kendal naïvely argued, "it doesn't seem likely it concerns me any way, does it?"

"You lost a valued secretary some time ago under still unexplained circumstances; now if this Flash stuff is meant for any member of your crew—there's no telling, there may be a link between the two mysteries."

"I should call that highly improbable." Kendal betrayed symptoms of a disposition to become stuffy. "All but three of my crew have been with me ever since this ship was put into commission; every man of the original lot from master down was an ex-R. N., holdin' a citation for gallantry in action and selected for me by a friend in the Admiralty."

"Weren't taking any chances, were you?"

"My dear man! I meant Les Trois Amis to be the home for me it has been. I haven't slept ashore a night in nine years. When one is plannin' to live like that one wants to know about the people one is to live with."

"But how much do you know about the three who came later? And were any of them signed on about the time of Galbreath's disappearance?"

"Why, now you remind me, all of them since ——"

"If I were you, then, I'd program myself for a fat think."

"I don't just see the occasion."

"Neither do I, if you don't. Still, we both know this much: You're a rich man, and all rich men have their private worries."

"Oh, I say!" Kendal's mouth was grim now, his eyes frosty. "Are you takin' it upon yourself to suggest I'm open to blackmail?"

"What put that into your head?" Donlin made his own eyes infantile. "But you'd give something, wouldn't you, to see Galbreath again or be assured he was alive and well? You'd pass a better night if you didn't have to fret, now I've put it into your head, about the three strangers?"

"See here, sir!" All innocently, it seemed, Donlin had set his fingers on a secret spring; the shock caused Kendal to rear up as though in a fighting temper, but his sanguine cheeks at the same time showed gray, his glare flickered like a flame in the wind, a distinct quaver sounded in

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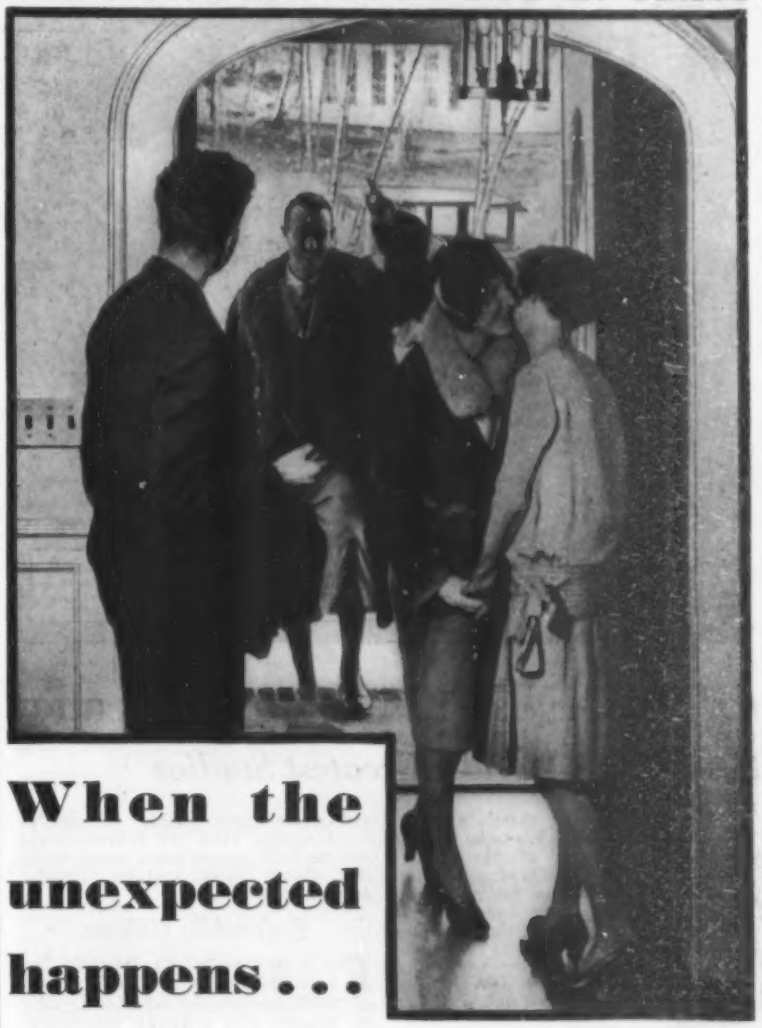

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Ten minutes later, she reappears, wheeling a tea wagon, deliciously burdened. Fat, pink shrimp curled up in a bed of lettuce . . . crunchy, sweet pickles . . . hot rolls with strawberry jam . . . peaches, amber and round . . .

Jane won't take any credit at all. It's glass-packed foods, she says. Packed this modern way, they are so tempting and easy to prepare. Jane always keeps a shelf full. She can see how perfect the contents are through their shining walls of glass!

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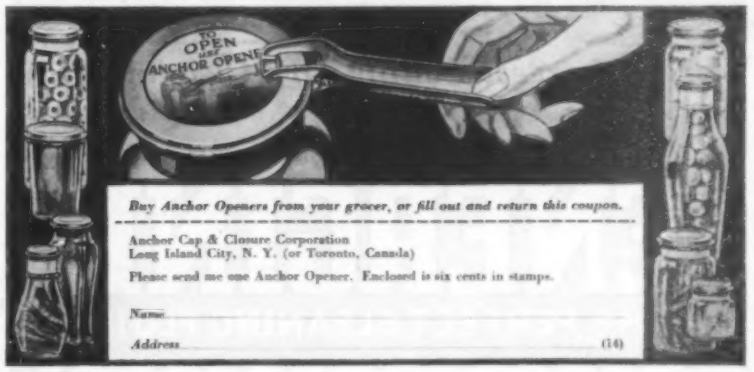

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When a garment is generally soiled, send it to the "Energine Dry Cleaner" in your community. Look him up in the telephone book. There's nothing in Energine to take the life out of your clothes. Therefore, they hold their press and crease as well as when new. When an Energine-cleaned garment is returned to you it is thoroughly cleaned and absolutely odorless.

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his bluster. "What the devil are you gettin' at?"

"Damned if I know—more than the three recent additions to your crew. What else are we talking about?"

"Sorry." Kendal, shame-faced, took himself in hand. "Thought I heard you say something you didn't. I apologize."

"It's all right by me." Donlin busied himself once more with the binocular. "That show's over for a while, I guess. They've dropped the awning. Wish I'd known where to look for the sign-off."

"What's that?"

"A display of something white at the receiving end, like waving a handkerchief or towel, or a light flashed on and off in a window—'yours received and contents duly noted.'"

"Once you've sunk your teeth in a theory you do stick to it, don't you? Nothing will content you but to place the receivin' end on board this yacht."

"Oh, of course," Donlin allowed in a lazy stretch, "I'm only guessing. Even if I have retired, the old instinct's still kicking. I hate to meet up with any puzzle and let it lick me."

"Well, I hope you won't let this one lick you. If you really think there's a chance in a thousand of its leading us to Jim Galbreath, expense is no consideration."

"Let's go, then." Donlin sat up. "Suppose we take the inquest up where we broke it off. What about these three—ah—newcomers?"

"The first is the secretary I engaged when I finally gave up hope of ever gettin' Jim back; the second, an emergency radio operator; the other a middle-aged Irishman we signed on in Boston last week as temporary substitute for a stoker who is in sick bay with a broken leg."

"Why an emergency Sparks?"

"Our old radio man had to leave us at Halifax to return to England because of his father's death. The port authorities recommended this lad Axton for his place. He's a Canadian, about thirty, an excellent operator, with certificates and references all proper. The secretary's a youngish American named Niles whom I met in Cannes; likable chap, well-bred and educated; claims to have literary inclinations. I had only known him six weeks or so, but took a fancy to him because he was a friend of Galbreath's."

"Of Teddy's, too, I take it."

"Don't think so. Niles was rather popular with the American colony at Cannes, I gathered; we didn't see much of him—never, as I remember, when Teddy was in our party. Teddy gave me to understand she had saved up to realize a life ambition—a trip to Europe. When her money was gone she would go back to her dancin'—as she did. She hadn't any silly social ambitions and didn't try to make up to anybody at Cannes; she's level-headed and, I imagine, knew she wouldn't make much headway if it got about she had been a dancer in a New York cabaret."

"Galbreath ever tell you how he came to know Teddy?"

"I don't remember."

"Niles was in Cannes, of course, at the time of this disappearance?"

"As it happened, he wasn't. He came out to the yacht a day or so later to ask if he could be of any service. Said that he'd been spendin' some time in Marseilles and had only just learned of the unhappy business."

"Is he on board at present?"

"He is. Would you like to see him?"

"No hurry. Just now I'm more interested in this." Donlin's pencil tapped the scribbled envelope. "It might save the nervous system a heap of wear and tear to see what the human intelligence, if any, can make of it. I could do with another scrap of paper, if it isn't too much trouble, though I'd just as soon you fetched it yourself, instead of ringing."

But by the time Kendal returned from below with a sample of the yacht's stationery, Donlin was ready to hold out brighter hopes.

"I'm plumb dumb, and don't let nobody tell you different. Here I've been sitting and staring this document right in the face for anyway a quarter of an hour, and I never noticed till this minute there ain't a number in the string bigger than 23. So it begins to look like this Flash mob didn't bother to gum the works with cipher, but just assigned each letter a numeral between 1 and 26; and with 5 showing oftenest here, and E, the fifth letter of the alphabet and the most used, as every kindergarten cryptographer knows, I'm betting they didn't scramble the numerals any; simply let 1 stand for A, 2 for B, and so on. If that's the case, anybody in the know ought to be able to read the stuff as fast as it's flashed—without taking it down on paper, I mean, for subsequent decoding."

The pencil got off to a faltering start, but was fairly racing at the finish.

"Heed 'em and weep," Donlin grunted, and sat back: "'All set to take rumdumb tonight. Stop. White Mike lights this P.M. Will pull the badge on him when he leaves the Dump. Stop. Fish-eye says be sure to plant duds in his rod in case he travels heeled. Stop. Look for flash confirming this and last-minute dope 5:30.'"

Donlin sought Kendal's eyes and, finding them both confused and dogged, with a hesitation almost apologetic, handed the transcription over.

"What more proof do you want that I didn't smell a rat without good reason—and his nest isn't aboard any other vessel?"

"Afraid I don't follow. This is all Greek to me."

"Promise to keep your hair on and I'll interpret. The accent is on the first syllable of 'rumdumb,' mostly. You've been working your elbow overtime since you started combing the night clubs for the only skirt in the world. Maybe you had your reasons, but no guy can make himself a torchlight parade every night in New York without getting a reputation."

"Whether you're right or not, I dare say I deserve it," Kendal said in a strangled voice. "But don't mind me, please. Continue."

"White Mike Brewer is the daddy of all the shakedown artists. When he puts on the war paint as a copper and bulges into a speak-easy the patrons just know the pie wagon's backed up at the door to take them riding. He's been out of town, but gets back today on the Wolverine Express; and Fish-eye wouldn't hear of any attempt to take you without White Mike's expert assistance."

"Fish-eye?"

"Schwartzstein, fall-dough provider for the big-time rackets."

"My mistake, no doubt; but I thought you offered to interpret."

"The fall-dough provider is the backer of the racket; finds the money for running expenses and the mob to fall back on in case of any slip up. Schwartzstein is fall-dough man for the Dump, for instance—the Double Eagle—where this mob hangs out that's aiming to take 'rumdumb.' I noticed him lamping you last night when he didn't think I'd be looking—I was doing a tail-spin on the floor with Teddy. He can see you're a husky and he's yellow like every con man, so he tells this rat they've planted on you to change the slugs for duds in your rod—extract the live cartridges from your pistol and replace them with blanks. The layout is for White Mike to jump you as you're leaving the Dump tonight, flash a tin—phony police badge—and shake you down for whatever the mob thinks you ought to be glad to pay to duck an introduction downtown—that's Police Headquarters in Centre Street."

There was a pause. Then—"Most ingenious, I'm sure," the very voice of an idly amused Englishman observed. "But, my dear chap, don't you think you're by way of wastin' a rare romantic talent?"

Donlin gave a small snort, roused up to help himself to a cigarette and settled down to pursue the conversation as though addressing an interested third party.

(Continued on Page 229)

"George, you lose!"

At a little Oriental hotel—so the story goes—two dusty young American visitors dismounted irritably from their 'rickshaw—and went in still arguing about their lost baggage . . .

To the smiling servitor who showed them their room, they made known their wants: soap . . . matches . . . two toothbrushes . . .

"And," *ordered the girl, fingering her dusty tresses, "a large bottle of . . ." (naming a well-known French preparation for the hair).*

As the door closed, her husband smiled. "Not a chance of that last—though I'd like some myself. Think you're still in Paris?"

She—a much travelled young woman—said: "It wouldn't matter if I were in Timbuktu. You can get it anywhere. Bet you a dollar?" "Sure."

The messenger came back presently. He had brought everything . . . including the Pinaud's Eau de Quinine.

. . . Of course, the moral of this story isn't just the fact that the Far East evidently knows and appreciates Eau de Quinine.

It is interesting chiefly as one more tribute to the genius that is Pinaud —a genius that long ago impressed not only Europe, but Asia too. There was a Queen who ordered Pinaud to invent for her a new perfume. There was an Empress who asked Pinaud to set aside certain soaps, certain powders, certain fragrances—for her alone. There was a Prince who travelled a thousand miles to Paris— and spent a whole day viewing for himself the great laboratories of which he had heard for years.

Why? Not simply because of Pinaud's age—a century and a half of glorious history. Not simply because of Pinaud's success—creator of rare and helpful beauty preparations for the Courts of Europe and half of Asia. But because, years and years ago, the house of Pinaud decided that masculine Smartness, feminine Beauty were two of the most important things in Civilization—

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SINCE 1876, Pinaud's Eau de Portugal—the hair tonic prepared especially to protect all the glinting lights of precious blonde loveliness. Famous in Sweden, England, all Northern Europe.

SINCE 1923, Pinaud's Shampoo —a rich, luxurious shampoo used by the most famous hairdressers in Paris today. Note how completely it rinses away—how soft and brilliant it leaves the hair.

SINCE 1927, Pinaud's Cream — the famous face Cream that washes away in water—has been displacing whole shelves-full of treatments . . . a complete scientific "facial" in 30 seconds!

SINCE 1929, Pinaud's Powder — specially blended for the user's individual skin! Two Types: Type 1 for the skin inclined to oiliness, Type 2 for the skin inclined to dryness. Six flattering shades.

FREE: Pinaud will send you a free trial package of any three of these famous preparations. Simply check on this coupon the product (or products) you wish and mail with your name and address to Pinaud, Dept. S. 10, 220 E. 21st St., New York, or in Canada to 560 King St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me, free, a trial of the Pinaud products checked herewith:
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☐ Pinaud's Powder (Please indicate whether your skin is ☐ oily ☐ normal ☐ dry; also underline the shade of powder you desire: WHITE · FLESH · FLESH-RACHEL · RACHEL · INDIAN TAN (light) · MOORISH TAN (dark).

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de Forest AUDIONS

(Continued from Page 226)

"Here's a bird who admits he's got so much kale he can afford to marry just to set the lady up for life with alimony if the marriage shouldn't take, and proves it by running a steam yacht Vincent Astor wouldn't sniff at. This bird admits he manned the yacht exclusively with hand-picked heroes so he could never be got at by unwelcome landlubbers, and hasn't slept a single night ashore since 1920. She's ocean-going, but he keeps her in commission nine-ten years without once taking a notion to pay America a call, and when finally he does get his spunk up to it the adventure gets him so jumpy he goes on a binge that lasts a week—and if he's a natural souse I'm the Anti-Saloon League! What's more, he packs a gun when he goes ashore—I know because I'm the little guy that fell in astern and heaved him up last night, when he had to be helped up the ladder. He sports all the earmarks of a John Bull gone Colonial, but when he gets an unexpected jolt lets out a 'Holy mackerel!' that nobody ever picked up east of Cape Cod, and talks about an 'ornery coot' and being 'plumb loco' in the only twang that's natural. I happen entirely by accident to say something about 'the three strangers,' and he r'ars back on his haunches and paws the air and shows the whites of his eyes like somebody had smacked his muzzle with a rattlesnake. And then he has the crust to let on he hasn't got any skeleton in his cupboard and accuses me of having the imagination of a fool author because I try to wise him to the way a con mob is fixing to frame him!"

And it was as if Donlin actually had succeeded in conjuring up a third party, for the voice that answered was American to the last inflection:

"All right, I give up. My home port is Baltimore. I'll admit anything but one thing, if you'll just tell how you came to connect me with The Three Strangers."

"I didn't," Donlin replied, dissembling some mean satisfaction—"anyway, not until you made me. I used that term quite casually; it was the way you promptly blew several fuses that put me in mind of something I might otherwise never have remembered. They bumped off a guy in a speak-easy brawl, fortnight or so ago, over on Thirty-ninth near Eighth Avenue. When the smoke cleared away and the police boiled in, some old-timer recognized the remains; and the Sun man wrote quite a piece about Slim Getrick, the said deceased. Seems he was one of three partners that worked the Western race tracks to a fare-ye-well in the first years of this century, and were known as The Three Strangers because they were always rowing among themselves and almost never on speaking terms. Then one night they plugged the wheelman in a crooked roulette layout in Oakland, and the partnership dissolved. Getrick and one of his sidekicks, Halloran, drew terms in San Quentin for manslaughter, but the third partner—Kildare was his name—made a clean get-away and never was heard of again. Halloran came out a stir bug ——"

"A what?"

"Convict that cracks under the strain of imprisonment—goes buggy in stir and never gets over it. He drifted East, but only to bum around till he died, a year or so ago. Getrick had tougher stuff in him—took to house prowling, did another stretch in Joliet, came on to New York when his time was up, just after the war, tried to click with the swell mob, but couldn't, and dropped out of sight till he made the mistake of getting caught between two rival gangs of gunmen that night."

"Why are you tellin' me this?" the owner of Les Trois Amis querulously demanded. "It's all bilge, and you know it. Slim Getrick was shot dead holdin' up a jewelry store in Massillon, Ohio, June twenty-first last. I read the account myself in a copy of a Massillon paper I came across in Cannes."

"How come a copy of a Massillon paper in Cannes?"

"Why, Niles brought it aboard one day and left it kicking round the saloon. Massillon's his home town."

"Funny, isn't it, the yen a guy has for home-town news when he's traveling? I suppose Niles had this paper sent him regularly."

"Now you ask me, I don't recall ever seein' more than that one copy."

"Give a think."

"Are you tryin' to make me believe that paper was queer?"

"Either it was printed on purpose to be left where you'd see it, or the Sun let itself be played for a sucker. Seeing that story was what made Kildare guess the climate of New York would maybe be healthier than he'd been figuring, wasn't it?"

"I suppose it was, largely."

"It would be interesting to hear Kildare's side of the story."

"I don't mind tellin' you." Vocally, if in no other wise, the British Colonial was himself again. "Back in '99 I found myself an orphan with less than two hundred dollars—all that was left of my old man's estate when the lawyers finished with it. He had ruined himself runnin' a racin' stable, and racin' was in my blood; I couldn't keep away from the tracks and didn't try. In the next three years I ran my original roll into fifty thousand, playin' the ponies by my own handicappin'. It got so that the bookies wouldn't give me a fair price, so I put Halloran and Getrick on the pay roll at twenty-five a day to act as my bettin' commissioners on the q.t. They were never in any sense, you understand, my partners. The scheme worked well because we never so much as nodded to one another in public—they would wait for me at a prearranged time in the paddock and I would slip them their bettin' orders as I passed—till Getrick got drunk one night in San Francisco and blabbed the tale, and Dressy Dan dubbed us The Three Strangers."

"Definitely crabbing the act."

"Naturally. So I decided to chuck it, go East again and get me a new brace of secret commissioners. I met Getrick and Halloran at a hotel in Oakland that night and gave them dinner and a thousand each as a partin' bonus. They felt pretty happy about it, because they knew a gamblin' house near by where they could get a private game and—you know the type—they were goin' to wake up worth a million each next morning. So after dinner we went along and tried our luck. I dropped a few hundred before it was time to pull out and catch my train, but Getrick and Halloran were doin' so well they could hardly spare the breath to say good night. I hadn't told them anything about my immediate plans, nor anybody else, for that matter, because I didn't want the news to get about and let me in for a hundred farewell touches. Somebody they knew, but I didn't from Adam, strolled into the private room as I was leavin', but I met nobody else on my way out; and twenty minutes or so later shots were heard, three men were seen leavin' on the run, and the wheelman was found lyin' dead across the layout. As luck would have it, when I dropped off the train to stretch my legs at Albuquerque the next day, I bought a local paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was a news dispatch from Oakland sayin' Getrick, Halloran and I were wanted for murder."

Donlin remarked that it had been a mean break.

"It looked that way to me. I walked right on through the station and never stopped till I was across the Mexican border. I had closed out my bankin' account in San Francisco and had practically all my fortune with me in thousand-dollar yellowbacks. That made things simpler. Three months later I turned up in Sydney as Timothy Kendal, doubled my roll at the tracks and went in heavily for sheep raisin'. In ten years I was a millionaire and fed to the teeth with Australia. Some ghastly ass I met told me South Africa reminded him of the States, so I had to go and see for myself. I liked the country better and had

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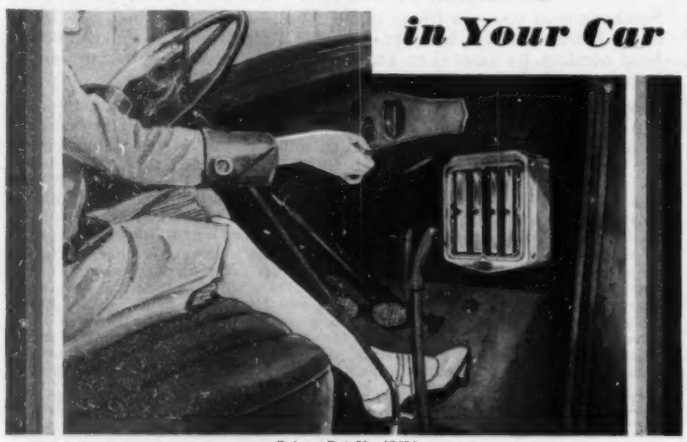

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ARVIN
CAR HEATERS

some profitable flutters in diamonds, but it wasn't any more like home than this anchorage is like the Rade de Cannes; so I pulled up stakes again and went to England as soon as the war was over. I was lonesome as a lost pup in London, and made the mistake of hangin' round the Savoy and other spots where Americans swarm, just for the pleasure of hearin' home folks talk. Somebody who remembered me from the old days must have seen me and carried the word back, because it wasn't long before I received a letter from Getrick demandin' money for himself and Halloran under threat of exposure."

"And you knew what that meant."

"Both of them on my back for the rest of my days—I assuredly did! Even so, they could have had anything they wanted in reason if Getrick hadn't thought it necessary to open negotiations in such nasty terms. Helpin' a fellow for old times' sake was one thing, but submittin' to blackmail twenty years after for a crime I hadn't committed was a horse of another color. I heard Les Trois Amis was for sale, bought it. And here I am."

The man heaved a deep sigh.

"Why so woebegone? You can't complain you haven't had a life."

"I'm gettin' along; the best of my time's behind me. I want to come home."

"Quit kidding yourself. Remember, Getrick's gone the way Halloran went years ago, and all con men are yellow. . . . Hey!" Donlin remonstrated as Kendal jumped up with a smothered exclamation. "What's biting you now?"

"I've just remembered it's my duty to boot Niles over the side."

"Take it easy. Maybe we're wrong."

"But that doctored newspaper?"

"We can't tell; it may have been planted on him. Con men are rats, but rats are cunning. This mob's got brains enough to have found out your new secretary hailed from Massillon and sent him a cooked edition of his home-town paper anonymously."

"How are we goin' to tell, then?"

"There's another Flash due this evening. It won't come through, though, unless those stiffs up in that window get the code O. K. to their opening signal. Any flashing light or something white from this boat, to be visible to them up there, must be visible to anybody watching for it from the level of the Drive as well. We've only got to plant a lookout—I know just the man—and have him spot the porthole where the O. K. shows, and we'll have the rat dead to rights. And it's only that way you stand any show of scaring the truth about Galbreath out of him. As long as he knows you're acting on mere suspicion he'll swear you're misjudging him; you can give him the boot as hard as you please, but that's one secret he'll take with him."

"You're right, of course," Kendal reluctantly agreed, "but ——"

"Then sit down, please, and ring for the steward or somebody. . . . No, no more for me—it's too hot to get any fun out of two-fisted drinking—and none for you, because you've got your word to Teddy to honor. Maybe you don't remember begging her to come aboard today for tea and dinner, and promising if she would she'd find you unusually sober; but you did, and I was a witness. I only want you to order the launch manned to run me ashore."

III

TEDDY CLAIRE was beforehand with Donlin for tea aboard Les Trois Amis, but Donlin had put in a number of uncommonly active hours when, at a quarter after five, he found himself once more mounting the accommodation ladder. The sun still rode high in a sky like a shield of tarnished brass; there was neither an evening breeze nor any earnest of one; and while the little group that awaited Donlin on the afterdeck was bearing up, Teddy alone, in the sheer and scanty garments of the modern modesty, looked halfway comfortable—and that didn't go, Donlin surmised, for her mind. Her countenance was fair enough, her self-possession adequate, but the impression persisted that worry haunted the depths of her eyes.

The others of the group were the owner and his secretary, a mannerly young man with a dark face and dark eyes that went well with creamy flannels. He had ingratiating little ways which he practiced without stint on his employer and the pretty guest, but on the unpretending Mr. Donlin thriftily. And shortly after this last had put in appearance, Mr. Niles was observed to consult a neat strap watch with a moderately concerned air.

"This is so very pleasant," he said, "I simply hate to tear myself away; I mean I actually do. But I'm booked for dinner ashore with some friends, so I really must buzz along and dress. If you will excuse me ——"

He shook hands all round most prettily and took himself below.

As his sleek head dropped down the companionway Donlin saw that the hands of his own timepiece were on 5:25, and Kendal bethought himself of something that wanted his attention below, rose without haste, but with a murmur of apology, and followed his secretary.

Donlin gave a dim smile to Teddy's eyes that took no account of their troubled color.

"Fine old boy," he said in a confidential voice.

"Old?" the girl impatiently echoed. "Why, he's just in the prime of life! He's got all his best years before him."

Donlin idly picked up the binocular. "Think so?" he asked, examining the instrument with a dubious frown. "Had any chance to talk to him alone this afternoon?"

"No."

"Then he doesn't know it yet."

"Know what?"

"That he's got all his best years before him."

"I haven't got anything to do with it."

"He won't believe it unless you promise to make it come true."

"I'm not dreaming of it."

"All right."

Donlin put the glass to his eyes and fingered its focusing devices. The girl, with a glance toward the companionway, bent over to touch his arm.

"Listen, Stace: you've got a lot of influence with him ——"

"Who?" Donlin wondered without lowering the binocular. "Me?"

"I don't know how you did it, but he was perfectly straight when I came on board, and he hasn't touched a drop of anything but iced tea since. He's almost as steady as he used to be in Cannes and ——"

"It wasn't me he promised to lay off the stuff today."

"No, but listen, please! I want you to do something, Stace. He'll listen to you maybe. I want you to find some way to talk him out of coming to the Dump tonight."

"Hot chance."

"No, you can do it. You're clever."

"All right, then; you listen to me. There's only one way to keep that bird from showing up at the Dump tonight, and you know what that is."

"What?"

"Promise him you won't go back there yourself."

"But, Stace, I've got to."

"The future Mrs. Kendal doesn't have to dance in any dump for her ham and eggs."

"You're crazy! I could never marry that man."

"Why not? He's dippy about you, and he's a prince."

"I know he is. That's why ——"

A glance dropped under the eyepieces saw Teddy's hands twisting. "Why what?"

"There are reasons you don't know about."

"Neither do you know anything, only what Slim Getrick and Fish-eye fed you. But you know Kendal too well not to know he never handed anybody a dirty deal in all his born days."

To that there was no answer. Donlin, still poising the binocular, looked round to

(Continued on Page 233)

Pure "corozoned" air

increases business

Erie railroad dining cars are now equipped with Corozone to destroy unpleasant food and cooking odors formerly tolerated because of necessity.

For modern trains, dining cars, club cars, staterooms of modern yachts and steamers, electric street cars, busses, also stores, offices, public buildings and private homes

Fresh, pure air, like de luxe transportation service and good merchandise, brings you business. Foul air offends and costs you heavily in patronage and prestige. You've heard the term "in bad odor" applied to people. You know what it implies. It has the same insidious meaning in business.

For years unpleasant odors characteristic of certain businesses had to be tolerated. There was no way out. Many ventilating systems often only *stirred* the air. Didn't *destroy* bad odors. They couldn't. And costly "perfumes" only changed unpleasant smells to something worse.

But since the invention of Corozone the bad odor problem is a dead issue. Where bad odors once held sway, fresh, pure, inviting air can circulate freely at negligible expense and bring you more goodwill than you ever thought possible.

Places of business as well as homes everywhere are adopting this new electrical way to *wholesome, odorless* indoor air.

Clears the air like an electrical storm

You've often noticed how clear the air is after a lightning storm on a hot summer night. Corozone does the same job in the same way from any A. C. electric socket. Adaptable to D. C. current at a slight advance in cost. Generates a mild form of pure ozone, Nature's own purifier. And this *active* ozone destroys all kinds of odors in the same way as lightning, and almost as fast.

Are merchandise odors costing you money?

Is the air in your establishment laden with the hitherto unavoidable and unpleasant odors of leather goods, rubber, fresh paint, upholstery fabrics, rugs, packing materials, etc.? If so, end them and the expensive losses they bring your business, with Corozone. Simply screw the plug into any A. C. light socket and turn the switch. These offensive odors vanish surprisingly fast. The air becomes fresh, pure, *odorless* and *inviting*.

Corozone is inexpensive

Costs less than an electric fan to operate and actually does more than hundreds of dollars' worth of mechanical equipment could do. Corozone is small in size, 8 x 5 x 4 inches, easily portable, requires no attention and lasts practically forever.

In the home, too!

Thousands of homes now use Corozone to freshen, revitalize, purify bad indoor air and destroy all obnoxious odors. Let Corozone help you fight the menace of *bad indoor air* this winter.

Recommended by authorities

Scientific men, doctors, hospitals, health and ventilating authorities of highest standing indorse the Corozone method of indoor air purification. This device approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Hundreds of prominent banks, brokers' offices, theaters, clubs, retail establishments as well as homes, where offensive odors have been a problem.

No matter what your "indoor air" problem is, nor what your ventilating costs are, SEE THIS AMAZING COROZONE.

WRITE OR WIRE US!—for literature, testimonials of experts and users, and name of a Corozone representative near you.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a Corozone Unit upon receipt of $40.

THE COROZONE COMPANY · CLEVELAND, OHIO

COROZONE

makes bad air **FRESH** *by Electricity*

Distributors' Opportunity!

Corozone will break all records this winter season. A positive aid to winter health in every home, store, office, public building. Makes air fresh—pure—odorless, by electricity. Already going like a winner in many sections. Act at once if you want this *newest electrical specialty.*

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The Corozone Company
Cleveland, Ohio.

I am enclosing {my check / money order} for forty dollars for one Corozone device. Please send it to:

Name.....

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If I am not perfectly satisfied at the end of a 30-day trial I will return the device to you, and you agree to refund the full purchase price.

They absorb water 73 times as quickly--

BAY WEST

MOSINEE DUBLTOWLS

The paper towels that absolutely dry the hands without a second towel being necessary.

The paper towels that are soft and free from lint.

The paper towels that do not tear easily when wet — they are 4½ times average strength.

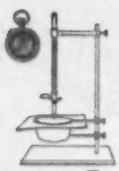
Proof Tests (comparing Dubltowls with ordinary towels) carried out in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294.

Qualities that ordinary paper towels lack are features that sell Bay West Mosinee Dubltowls — and *keep them sold.*

The strongest, most absorbent wood fibre known to paper science — pure sulphate kraft — is used in Dubltowls. The natural quick absorbency of kraft is multiplied enormously by the *compound capillary attraction* between the two sheets of each Dubltowl — an exclusive Bay West Mosinee feature.

Dubltowls cost more to buy than ordinary paper towels but they last longer because fewer are used. *One* Dubltowl dries two wet hands *quickly* — a second towel is unnecessary. Dubltowls have no waste oversize; their entire surface is used. And these pure kraft towels are entirely free from harsh, water-resistant chemicals. They are soft and pliable and thoroughly agreeable to the skin.

These *qualities* have made Bay West Mosinee towels the *choice* of representative factories, offices, office buildings, stores, hotels, clubs, theaters, railroads, schools, and hospitals. If you *test* a Dubltowl, it will be *your* choice — please use the coupon.



Absorption Tests made in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294, proved that Bay West Mosinee Dubltowls are 73 times as absorbent as ordinary paper towels.

Compound Capillary Attraction between the two sheets of each Dubltowl vastly multiplies speed of absorption, so that *one* Dubltowl dries hands or face quickly and agreeably.

No Water Resistants Ordinary paper towels use rosin sizing to build strength—alum is added to precipitate the sizing to the fibres. Both rosin and alum are *water resistants.* Bay West Mosinee towels contain nothing but the pure, soft sulphate fibres.

Mullen Tester proved by tests made in conformity with U. S. Bureau of Standards Circular No. 294, that Bay West Mosinee Dubltowls are 4½ times as strong as ordinary paper towels.

BAY WEST PAPER COMPANY

Green Bay, Wisconsin

—A DIVISION OF MOSINEE PAPER MILLS CO.

Bay West Paper Co., *Green Bay, Wis.*

Kindly send Government facts, and several *free* Bay West Mosinee Dubltowls.

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Business.....

City..... State.....

A few Typical Users

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McCall Publishing Co., *New York*
N. Y. Life Bldg., *Minneapolis*
Inland Steel Co., *Chicago*
Commonwealth-Edison Co., *Chicago*
The Emporium, *San Francisco*
Vanderbilt Memorial Hospital, *Nashville*
Armour & Co., *Chicago*
Medical Arts Bldg., *Kansas City*
San Diego Trust & Savings Bank Bldg., *San Diego*
Security Bldg., *Kansas City*
Medinah Athletic Club, *Chicago*
Central States Life Insurance Co., *St. Louis*
State Capitol, *St. Paul*
Famous-Lasky, *Hollywood*
H. J. Heinz Co., *Pittsburgh*
University of Nebraska, *Lincoln*
Eastman Enterprises, *Rochester*
Texas Co. Bldg., *Houston*
Addressograph Co., *Chicago*
La Salle Extension University, *Chicago*

• • •

Test A Dubltowl! That's proof! Fair to the towels and to you. Absolutely no obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

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(Continued from Page 230)

see Kendal leaving the companionway, the slate-gray eyes dour, and judged he had found something interesting in his stateroom.

"Shake a leg," Donlin hailed none the less gayly, and glued his eyes to the glass. "You don't want to miss a word of this. They've just raised the awning and signed on; our little friend, the plucked sparrow, is about to pull his comedy act all over. Only he doesn't seem to have his heart in it tonight, the way he had at noon; and he's got all his clothes on—maybe that's the reason. And he ain't wearing his cheaters. Dog-gone if it ain't Firecracker Rosey! Got that paper handy, Mr. Kendal, and the pencil? Take this down then. I won't give you the code numbers; I'll just spell it right off the bat. As soon as he gets the O. K. from this end. . . . Let's go! B-U-L-L-S ——"

Kendal took the message down as the letters fell from Donlin's lips:

"Bulls boarded express 125th Street yanked White Mike off found tin on him trampled him in back room. Stop. All bets off. Stop. Do nose dive into river, you poor crumb, and don't come up within rifle range. Rumdumb wise."

By way of signature Donlin added a cheery "Socko!" and, as he dropped the binocular, laughed aloud.

"That's just how it all ended," he explained. "Somebody snuck up behind Firecracker and beaned him with what looked like an end of garden hose. Wonder could it have been some rude policeman?"

Nobody answered. But a patter of rubber-shod feet on the companionway was followed by a flash of creamy flannels along the port deck as Mr. Niles sped forward to be met by a boatswain at the head of the accommodation ladder. Upon his brawn the secretary flung himself in blind fury, and from it he rebounded to bring up against the deck house with a thump that must have shaken every bone in his body. While he crouched against it, panting, rat-eyed, Kendal came between him and the rail, in his hand a pistol.

"Stick them up, Niles!" The British Colonial voice cracked like a stock whip. "And don't make any mistake. The slugs are back in the clip, the duds in my pocket. Stick 'em up and be quick!"

The hands of the terrified animal lifted, trembling, to his ears.

"For gossake!" he sobbed. "Y'ain't got any call to shoot me, Mr. Kendal! For gossake turn that rod away!"

"If I get the truth out of you—not otherwise. Meantime bear in mind that a rumdumb's nerves are not to be trusted; my finger might tighten unintentionally on this trigger any instant. What did you do—you and your foul mob—with Jim Galbreath?"

"He's all right! I swear we didn't harm him! We had to snatch him, but we didn't hurt him. Just had him shanghaied on the brigantine Clarissa, out of Marseilles for Hong-Kong. Turn that rod the other way!"

Donlin plucked Kendal by the sleeve. "Can't you see the boy's telling the truth?" he pleaded in clear but throbbing accents. "No point in his lying to you, is there, the way things are?"

Kendal gave him a blank glare, then shrugged, nodded to the boatswain, "Take him!" and turned aft, pocketing the pistol.

"That's how I figured it," Donlin explained. "It was their only way to get rid of Galbreath short of murder; and murder's out of a con mob's line. They haven't got the guts for it, even on this side, and wouldn't dream of attempting it in France, where they couldn't possibly square the rap."

There was a noise like a sharp smack from over the side, followed by a scream and a splash. The two men turned to hang over the rail.

Below, on the lower grating of the accommodation ladder, the boatswain stood with his right foot in the air, in the attitude of one who had just delivered a mighty kick. The launch was standing out a dozen feet or so, a sailor with a boat hook poised in its bows. Between it and the grating the water was wildly convulsed.

"Oddly enough," Kendal thoughtfully observed as they watched a shape in creamy flannels thrash to the surface and the launch nose toward it, "Niles was unpopular from the first with the crew."

The young woman whom they found waiting on the after deck had brown eyes that looked abnormally big in a face blanched by dismay.

"Wh-what," she wretchedly faltered—"what happened?"

"I've got news for you, Teddy. But you mustn't thank me; thank Mr. Donlin." Kendal took the hands that had been locked at her bosom and gently unclosed them. "There's every reason to believe Jim's alive, safe and sound, on a windjammer bound for Hong-Kong."

"I'm—glad."

"I'm sure you are." Kendal spoke more slowly, as if the words cost him something. "We'll get busy on the cables and find out when he's due. Perhaps —— I'm sure we can arrange it for you to go out."

She said, uncomprehending, "Go out?"

"To Hong-Kong. I'll see about your transportation first thing."

"But why—why must I go to Hong-Kong?"

"To meet Jim—to bring him back. Don't you want to?"

After a moment she slowly shook her head. "No," she said. "I'm glad, of course, about Jim, but I just want to be here with you."

Donlin withdrew without advertising his intention. In the absence of audible objection, he took it that the maneuver was unnoticed. He went forward and stopped by the rail beneath the bridge. A light draft was making down the river. It grew stronger and deliciously cool, and stirred the waters till they chuckled. From somewhere, probably from some excursion boat at a distance, came strains of music. Donlin reflected that chance every so often was guilty of a charming gesture. That wasn't jazz; that was the Blue Danube Waltz they were playing.

It is the POLICY behind the POLICY that COUNTS

THERE is practically no difference in the terms of insurance policies and all the better companies meet their obligations.

But for 112 years the Fire Association has had the reputation of conducting its business on an exceptionally broad-minded and generous basis. No quibbling, no hair-splitting, no standing on technicalities. The spirit as well as the letter of its agreements is rigidly lived up to.

Traditions in business have more than a sentimental value; they have practical importance. Just as an individual is proud of a fine old name, so is this company proud of its nation-wide renown for satisfactory adjustment of claims, and determined to maintain it.

Agents of the Fire Association Fleet are the type of men you would expect to find as representatives of a company of such high standards. They are not "high-pressure" men but trained and experienced business counsellors whose advice it will pay you to secure on your business problems. It will be given freely and cheerfully.

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Almost every kind **INSURANCE** excepting Life

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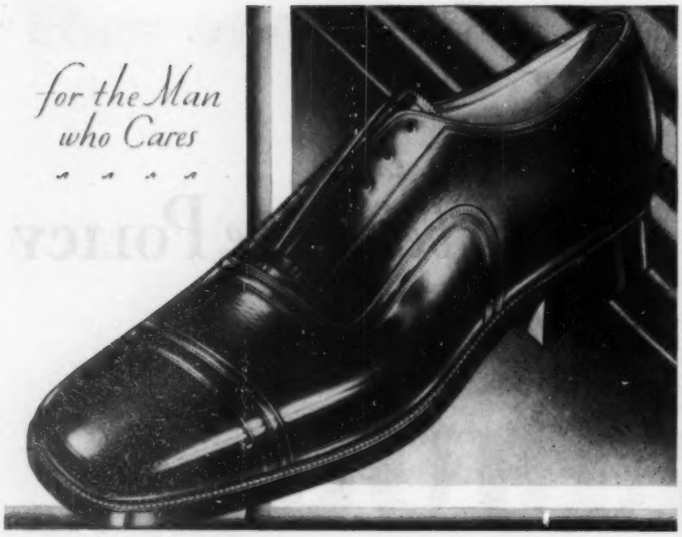
Constitution Indemnity Co.
The Reliance Insurance Co.

EVERY JUST CLAIM PAID IN FULL SINCE 1817



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Everybody has it... Astring-o-sol corrects it

FOR MOUTH AND THROAT

No matter where you wake up—

Morning Mouth is with you just the same

Pullman wheels can whisk you away from care, but they cannot put you beyond the reach of that fuzzy, dark brown taste that everybody wakes up with *everywhere*—Morning Mouth. Astring-o-sol is the sure, delightful remedy. Tomorrow morning shake a few dashes of Astring-o-sol into a quarter glass of water. Gargle, and swish through your teeth. That's the end of Morning Mouth. Breath tastes sweet—and *is* sweet. Throat and mouth tissues tingle pleasantly. Astring-o-sol's unusual effectiveness results from its *concentration*—which makes it (1) Do More, (2) Taste Better (you can dilute it to suit your taste) and (3) Cost Less to Use. Dentists use and recommend it. Try a bottle today. All drug stores have it in 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 sizes.

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ASTRING-O-SOL

* CONCENTRATED FOR THREE REASONS

WHY I COLLECT EMPTY BOTTLES

(Continued from Page 35)

"It was grandmother's camphor bottle," she repeated. "We've always used it for that. It wouldn't seem natural to keep camphor in any other bottle."

"You would never know the difference," I assured her, and I handed her a ten-dollar bill.

She shook her head, sighed—and kept the ten dollars. But there was in her eyes what made me say to her as gently as I could: "I shall value it very highly, and I shall never sell it. I may give it to the library in my town for the historical room; and if I do, there will be a card to tell where it came from and to whom it belonged."

I went on my way and stopped for luncheon at an inn ten miles north of the old lady's house. I carried the bottle in my hand as I walked in. A tall gray-haired man in a sporty gray suit jumped up from a porch rocker and dashed madly toward me.

"Where in blazes did you find that Stoddard bottle?" he yelled, reaching for it. I looked up and saw it was my friend C. R. Clifford, whose Snupper articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST all antiquers remember with pleasure.

"I have been trying to get one for years," he told me in the accusing tone of voice that a real collector always uses toward a lucky moron.

"Why don't you get one, then?" I said.

"I won't pay New York dealers' prices. Do you want to sell that one?"

"What will you give me for it?"

"Twenty dollars," he said. Being incurably honest and, besides, seeing no sign of acceptance on my part, Clifford went on: "Of course, dealers ask more. But I won't pay it. Do you collect bottles?"

I didn't know at that time that anyone collected bottles, but twenty years of Vermont spoke through me. "Do you?" I asked him.

"Yes, indeed," he answered proudly. "Have you Van Rensselaer's book?"

"Have you?" I countered. But instead of answering yes or no like a gentleman, he asked: "Will you sell that bottle?"

"No!" I said.

Beginner's Luck

I would not accuse a friend of a crime, but it was only when he found out that he could not coax that Stoddard bottle from me that Clifford went to his automobile and came back with the Van Rensselaer's Check Lists. He not only showed it to me but more, he lent it to me; and I would have you know that he had checked off his own specimens on it and marked the prices he had paid for them, and what rare ones had brought at auction sales. He let me keep it a week, and my gratitude was boundless. Of course, before the week was over I realized that I must collect bottles. After that I looked for them in antique shops as well as in houses, barns and cellars. I did not know enough to specialize and confine myself to half pints or Washingtons or Pitkins. I was sure they would not fill up the house as furniture did.

I was mistaken!

But if I had not just happened to run across a Stoddard bottle, C. R. Clifford and Stephen Van Rensselaer's bottle book all on the same day I would know less of American history and I would have missed thrills galore.

The first flask I ever bought from a private person I found in Pawlet, Vermont. I knew nothing about market values and neither did the owner. In my masculine innocence I offered what I thought was fair. In her feminine wisdom she said she might possibly be induced to accept double my price. I bought it. On one side it had a bust of a man in uniform and the inscription Major Ringgold. On the reverse, another bust and Rough and Ready.

I knew that Rough and Ready was Zachary Taylor, and I assumed Ringgold must be a contemporary. But when I looked in a history of the Mexican War all I learned was that "the lamented Major Ringgold" lost his life in the Battle of Palo Alto. It did not tell what else he did to deserve the immortality of flaskdom.

Who Was Major Ringgold?

My favorite club is to New York what the Athenæum is to London. Its members represent the last word in culture, knowledge and antiquity. Among them are found great writers and near-great editors, prosperous painters as well as geniuses, and generally the élite of the learned professions. It is the highest-brow club in America. It was there I asked a distinguished lawyer:

"What do you know about Major Ringgold?"

"Is he up for membership?" side-stepped the distinguished one.

"I might have known it!" I said, and turned to a fine-looking architect, whose works you cannot help seeing from the deck of your liner as it comes up the bay. Of him I asked: "Old man, do you know anything about Major Ringgold?"

He put on the straining look of a man trying to remember. "The name," he said encouragingly, "is familiar."

"Of course!" And I moved away. At the door I bumped into an international banker of parts. I looked him straight in the eye and asked: "Did you ever hear of Major Ringgold?"

"Ah—er—um ——" He belongs to a profession that never says "No," except when the collateral is inadequate.

"You never did!" I confessed for him.

"No!"—peevishly. "I never did!" And he passed on, frowning, into the lounging room where the other famous men were.

I asked nine more men, all of them college graduates and, to be just, well-informed

(Continued on Page 237)

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

Masonic Flasks, 1820 to 1830, From New Hampshire, New York and Connecticut

RAY-O-VAC RADIO TUBES MAKE A GOOD PROGRAM BETTER

"...there before his eyes is the unmistakable story of the individual tube."

Each RAY-O-VAC TUBE is tested *for every physical characteristic* any radio tube can possess

Basically, there are ten significant characteristics... no more... for any radio tube —Ray-O-Vac or any other. Let us explain. A cube has three dimensions: length, breadth, thickness. A radio tube likewise has ten characteristics: filament voltage, filament current, emission current, plate voltage, plate current, plate resistance, grid voltage, grid current, mutual conductance, amplification factor. Call them by what name you will, that's all there are. Consequently there can be no more than ten significant *tests.*

There may be—and frequently are—dozens, yes scores, of routine mechanical inspections in the course of manufacturing a tube. There are, for example, more than a hundred rigid inspections in the manufacturing processes of a Ray-O-Vac Tube, besides life tests and inter-element capacity tests . . . *in addition to the ten basic tests for characteristics.*

These characteristic tests are a different matter. We developed and built our own test panels . . . designed their every feature, invented them as we worked.

A long row of testers sit at these panels, checking each Ray-O-Vac Tube as it comes through. Look over this one's shoulder at the array of dials—nine of them in bewildering array. He sets the tube into its socket, flips over switches, and there before his eyes is the unmistakable story of the individual tube. And any tube that doesn't measure up to proper requirements is instantly relegated to the waste basket. There are no Ray-O-Vac "seconds".

So when you buy a Ray-O-Vac Tube you're not guessing. Neither are we. The tube you buy has told its story, in plain sight, to a sharp-eyed tester. It's been *tested* . . . tested for *every* physical characteristic—and you can be sure that it will do precisely what is claimed for it.

Whatever kind of tube you want you'll find in a Ray-O-Vac carton. Ask your dealer for the famous Ray-O-Vac Ten-Test Radio Tubes; and be sure you get them.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.

RAY-O-VAC

Radio Tubes

Guaranteed!

The "NIPPLE"① Tells at a Glance

THAT THE SPOKE IS SWAGED②

TWO ENGINEERING TRIUMPHS WHICH MAKE POSSIBLE WIRE WHEEL PERFECTION

TODAY you see wire wheels on the smartest models . . . cars in which are centered the pride and confidence of their makers.

Wire wheels properly express the Spirit of Now . . . buoyancy . . . effortless speed . . . airy lightness . . . and complement the sleek lines and joyous colors of the modern body.

The *perfection* of the wire wheel is an engineering triumph. Adjustable Nipples and Swaged Spokes now make wire wheels as practical as they are eye-arresting.

The finest wire wheels use Tension Nipples and Swaged Spokes. They are found on cars whose makers have in mind your comfort, your peace of mind and your cost of upkeep.

Fix in your mind the unmistakable appearance of the Nipple. Note the cars equipped with this mark of wire wheel perfection. And when you buy *your* car with wire wheels, remember to "Look for the Nipple".

Look for the Nipple

If it hasn't a Nipple, it isn't a "Torrington" Swaged Spoke.

Eight Non-Technical Features of Nipple Spoke Wire Wheels

BEAUTY—an undisputed attribute of wire wheels, but more marked in those using Nipples and Swaged Spokes because of the number used; because those used are shaped or tapered in the swaging; easily cleaned and kept clean.

STRENGTH—Nipple permits the use of spoke steel having tensile strength of 140,000 pounds to the square inch; and still further strengthened by swaging.

ADJUSTABILITY—Any or all spokes can be adjusted to the same correct uniform tension.

UNIFORM TENSION—Nipple permits uniform tension throughout periphery of wheel; many motorists claim marked savings in tires and gas; fewer motor repairs and body adjustments, because each spoke cushions its exact share of the load.

COMFORT—Road shocks are distributed through a number of flexible steel spokes and absorbed before they reach the rider.

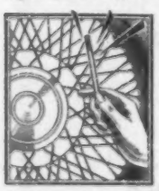
DURABILITY—High grade steel of great tensile strength withstands road shocks without bending, stretching or breaking.

LIGHTNESS—Due to the quality of steel, maximum strength is secured with minimum weight.

ECONOMY—When necessary, damaged spokes can be replaced quickly at slight cost; not necessary to buy complete new wheel; saves time. Every city has a wire wheel service station.

Make This Simple Test Yourself

Tap the spokes of a wire wheel sharply with a pencil. If each spoke of the same length in the wheel gives the same tone response, the tension on all is uniform. But if some spokes "ring" and others "zong", there is varied tension and the wheel may not run true. Wheels built with the Nipple can be adjusted quickly so that ALL spokes have the exact same tension.



What Swaging Does for Spokes

1—Increases the tensile strength of steel.
2—Refines the grain of the steel.
3—Makes the steel uniformly hard.
4—Gives them their design or shape—tapered, for instance.
5—Increases flexibility.
6—Creates a smooth, hard, even surface to take any finish perfectly.

Favored By Racing Drivers

The speedway always has been the proving ground for the automobile industry. The gruelling strain of terrific speed has served to establish adjustable Nipple-Swaged Spoke wire wheels as favorites of racing drivers. With such wheels, it is possible to get utmost speed with maximum safety, especially on the turns where life depends on strength and resiliency.

Then, too, adjustable Nipple-Swaged Spoke wire wheels are credited with being responsible for low gas consumption and high tire mileage . . . two essentials, where even split seconds count.

* * *

Many cars, in all price classes, are equipped with adjustable Nipple-Swaged Spoke wire wheels. You can easily identify them. Just . . . "Look for the Nipple".

The Torrington Company
ESTABLISHED 1866
Torrington, Conn., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of precision products such as Swaged Spokes and Nipples, Ball Bearings, etc.

①—*Nipple: a specially designed adjustable threaded nut which locks, or "anchors", the spoke securely to the rim of the wire wheel.*

②—*Swaging: machine driven hammer blows, approximately 8000 to the minute, transmitted through dies upon unheated steel. Improves the quality of the steel, and shapes it.*

TORRINGTON TENSION NIPPLE SPOKES

(Continued from Page 234)

men. Not a word from any of them about Major Ringgold!

I was not especially thrilled to discover that so many of my fellow citizens knew as little about American history as I did. Just then a fine-looking man, white-haired and white-bearded, walked in. I rose to greet him, for he was a lecturer on American history at a famous university, and I thought my troubles were over at last. We shook hands and I said:

"I was just asking Blank about Major Ringgold. What did he do to make him famous?"

"He was one of the heroes of the Mexican War!"

"And of what did his heroism consist?" I asked.

"Er—as I remember, he was killed at either Palo Alto or Buena Vista. What do you wish to know about him?"

"I found his bust on an old whisky flask and wondered why it was there. A man has to do something big to achieve such distinction," I said.

"Oh, doubtless a contemporary tribute. It's an old bottle, I take it." Think of it!

"Thank you, professor," I said politely. Then and there I made up my mind to find out who Ringgold was if it took all summer. As the result of many hours of research, this is what I learned:

Samuel Ringgold was born in Washington County, Maryland, in 1800. He died at Point Isabel, Texas, May 11, 1846. His mother was the daughter of Gen. John Cadwalader, of Philadelphia. Ringgold was graduated from West Point with high honors in 1818 and entered the artillery as lieutenant. He was a fine-looking chap, witty, keen-minded, magnetic, and Gen. Winfield Scott selected him as one of his aides. Ringgold served for several years in that capacity. In 1836 he was actively engaged in the Florida campaign and for his valuable services he was brevetted major.

He knew his trade thoroughly. He invented a saddle for the use of our cavalry that was later known as the McClellan army saddle. He introduced flying artillery into this country and did much to improve that arm of the service as well as its equipment. He invented a rebounding hammer, made of brass, for exploding the fulminating primers in a way to prevent the blowing away of the hammer. An ingenious, competent and popular officer.

On the Job to the End

At the opening of the Mexican War he commanded the corps of flying artillery which he had organized—the first body of that kind in this country. Powell, in his Life of Zachary Taylor, says:

> Upon reaching the field of Palo Alto about three o'clock in the afternoon of May 8, 1846, action commenced by the Mexicans opening their batteries on their right. Major Ringgold now took positions on the right and front of the eighteen-pounders and at a distance of seven hundred yards from the enemy, subsequently advanced one hundred yards on his own initiative. He opened with his battery with tremendous effect, as was shown the next day by the large number of the enemy's dead found on the field along this line.
>
> Major Ringgold pointed the guns with his own hands with unerring precision, directing the shot not only to groups and masses but to particular men in the Mexican lines. He saw them fall in numbers and their places were reoccupied by others, who in their turn were next shot down. As he pointed his guns he would tell his men: "I am as sure of hitting my mark as if I were using a rifle."
>
> At length a regiment of the enemy's lancers was sent to make a demonstration toward our right, apparently to gain possession of our wagon train. Lieutenant Ridgely was detached with two pieces to check the movement. This left Major Ringgold short of men or, rather, with a less number than he desired and considered actually necessary to execute his movements with celerity and to supply the places of those who fell or became disabled. This was a source of regret to him, even in his last moments, but he gallantly and nobly did his duty. Not a shade of incapacity, want of diligence or lack of bravery on the battlefield can rest on his memory or on the sunshine of his military character.

For three long hours Ringgold continued with his two remaining pieces to do great execution until he was shot through the thigh.

A cannon ball, passing from right to left, carried with it a large mass of muscle and integuments, and tore off the front of the saddle and the withers of the noble steed he rode. Ringgold fell slowly from his horse and had scarcely reached the ground when Lieutenant Slaven came to his assistance. While he supported Major Ringgold up in his arms, he called for a caisson to carry his commander to the rear.

"Never mind me, sir," said Ringgold. "You have work to do. Go ahead with your men. You are all needed at the front."

Finally he was prevailed upon to consent to their carrying him from the field. As he was leaving he turned to his lieutenant and calmly remarked: "Be sure this is an empty caisson. You will require all your ammunition!"

On the job to the end!

This was on May 8, 1846. On May eleventh the hero died at Point Isabel, Texas. His body later was taken to Baltimore and there buried "with grand civic and military honors," on December 22, 1846.

A Bottled Hero

In 1846 many Americans could remember with shame the surrender of Hull at Detroit, the disgraceful refusal of the cowardly militia to fight at Queenston, the conviction of Smyth of cowardice, the daily reports of mutiny, desertion and riot during the War of 1812. But now, in far-away Mexico, 2300 heroes under old Rough and Ready licked 6800 desperate Mexicans. Only nine Americans were killed. Unfortunately, one of them was the hero without fear and without reproach, Major Ringgold—that is, the first American officer killed in the first battle in the first foreign war waged by the United States. The circumstances of that death, the brilliancy of his maneuvers, which did so much to win the victory for the American army, his behavior when wounded, inflamed the imagination of his countrymen. Wrong the war might be, but Ringgold was 100 per cent right, for he was an American who did his duty efficiently and died gloriously. From the date of his death, I am justified in assuming that the Ringgold flasks were manufactured early in 1847 before the presidential campaign, because by 1848 the successful war was an old story and the interest of the American people was political and not military.

I do not know whether a grateful country has reared a monument to the memory of the soldier whose name was on every tongue in 1846, but I can testify that he was unknown to 99 per cent of his countrymen in 1926.

It is the privilege of collectors of historic flasks to keep green the memory of an American hero. From my shelves Major Samuel Ringgold looks down on men who ask why I collect empty bottles. He answers them for me.

There is less known about early American historical bottles and flasks than about almost anything else that scholarly men collect. Many people think that flasks are an American invention, but it is a mistake. In this country, the popularity of flasks came from our needs. I used to wonder just when our forefathers, who were chiefly of English origin and as such were ale drinkers, first took to hard-liquor drinking, so that in time we became a flask-toting nation.

My own theory is that our first settlers were too busy clearing the wilderness and keeping from starving to death to bother with ale. Making malt in small quantities for individual needs was too much bother. But even after we had towns enough for maltsters to prosper in, our country roads were wretched and it was silly for our forefathers to lug back to the farm a winter's supply of ale or of malt, when it was so much easier and cheaper to carry the same amount of alcohol in two demijohns of West Indian rum. By the time we had both better roads and malting facilities, the original ale drinkers had passed away and American-born hard-liquor drinkers had

To improve your Game *wear a* PAL

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Instinctively you feel fear when delicate cords are unprotected. Involuntarily your body winces away from movement that may injure.

That's why an athletic supporter really can improve your game. It gives peace of mind. Makes free movement *safe*. Leaves you unconstrained, easy . . . trim and comfortable.

• • •

Every trained athlete wears a supporter . . . even for mild exercise. He knows how easily strained delicate cords and tendons are. Knows he can't be at his best, unless they are protected.

PAL never chafes—doesn't get stiff with perspiration. Doesn't get hard and uncomfortable after washing. *Stays* soft and efficient. And PAL outwears two or three of the ordinary, all-elastic, chafing supporters! At all drug stores . . . one dollar. (*Price slightly higher in Canada.*)

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UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Mail this handy coupon *today* for full details.

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Mr. John E. Griffiths of Pennsylvania is busy with other duties all day, every working day, yet we have paid him more than $80.00 extra in a single month.

Long ago, Mr. Griffiths expressed a *willingness to try*. And he has been making good ever since.

$100 Extra in One Month

Many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

Supplies—Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

grown up. After the War of 1812, especially in the 20's, our glass industry perked up and manufacturing methods improved. It became easier to travel and roadhouses grew in number. Every inn sold hard liquor. An English traveler in 1820 wrote home that a man in America could get drunk twice on sixpence. Flasks for the travelers to fill and take along became a necessity. As the glass houses multiplied, competition became keener, and the containers were made more attractive in order to sell well. It was not until the 50's that paper labels with the liquor dealer's name and address came into general use.

Campaign Buttons

Among the first of the artistic flasks to be made on a commercial scale were the so-called Sunburst varieties, some of which antedate 1820. Of course, long before that we had the beautiful Stiegel and Pitkin flasks, but these were not made to be thrown away when emptied. Another early variety of historic flasks was the Masonic. I suspect that the American people first became the great joiners they have continued to be because social distractions, pastimes and amusements, theatrical and otherwise, were either commercially unprofitable in those early days of the nineteenth century, or else were frowned upon as not proper for a God-fearing people. Hence lodges in lieu of clubs. After the Masonic flasks came others with designs emblematic of America or Americanism, like the Eagles. Lafayette's visit in 1825 made him a best-seller, and the opening of the Erie Canal the same year put De Witt Clinton on a flask with the great Frenchman. Washington, of course, was first, last and all the time popular, though he was not used on flasks until long after his death. John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison were living when we began to manufacture historical flasks, but ex-Presidents out of active politics did not make good sellers. John Quincy Adams was the first to have a flask made in his lifetime and, of course, Jackson followed him; but I have never seen any of Van Buren, who followed Jackson. William Henry Harrison is flasked, but not his successor, Tyler. Polk is flaskless, but we have a great many Taylor flasks. After Taylor, there are no Presidents on flasks until we come to Lincoln. At least, it is believed to be Lincoln. We have Grant, naturally; but—also naturally—no Hayes, who served mineral water at White House banquets. No Garfield or Arthur, but Cleveland, yes. There is no Benjamin Harrison, but there is McKinley. And there the collector stops. But not one of these was really a presidential flask. We have never used our Chief Magistrates on whisky flasks. All the flasks that I have mentioned—Washington excepted, of course—were made during presidential campaigns. No President, at any period of our history, ever meant as much to the flask toters—that is, to the majority of our voters—as the candidates did during the two or three months before election day. The flask was in the nature of a campaign button, a party badge. To be sure, a container with a picture of the successful candidate might continue to sell during the flaskee's incumbency; but I insist that our historical flasks carry the likeness of candidates and not of Presidents. Flasks were made to sell. The very rare John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson flasks marked J. T. & Co. were, in my opinion, made by the same house, at the same time. The two men ran for President in 1824, when Adams was elected, and again in 1828, when Jackson won. But I am convinced that the flasks were made to sell in 1824, because when Adams ran for re-election in 1828, his defeat was anticipated and Old Hickory was more popular than he was four years before. For that reason I can understand Jackson flasks being made in 1828, and even later; but not the Adams. He was too unpopular with all parties. The W. H. Harrison, as well as the Hard Cider, and Eagle and Snake flasks were certainly made to sell during the 1840 campaign. Old Tippecanoe died exactly one month after his inauguration as President. Moreover, with one exception, the 1840 flasks showed party emblems and not the candidate's likeness. If it had ever been a custom with us to flask Presidents, there would be Tyler, Polk, Van Buren and Fillmore flasks, but none such have ever been found. Taylor was very popular, if we may judge by the number of flasks of Old Rough and Ready that we have. But don't forget that by 1848 we had grown in population, glass-making skill and consumption of whisky, and more flasks were used. The fact that we have Taylor flasks with campaign slogans as well as one with Ringgold's bust confirms my belief that it was not the President but the candidate—the hero of the Mexican War—who was utilized by the bottle makers. The flask with "I have Endeavourd to do My Duty" on it is the rarest of that series, the reason being that since those were Taylor's dying words the flask was made after he passed away. Evidently a dead Whig President was not as good a seller as a live political hero in 1850, and the makers stopped before they had made many. In our own days we have had flasks of Cleveland and Stevenson, McKinley and Hobart, and Bryan and Sewall—candidates all.

These considerations compel me to believe that somewhere in this great country there is a flask of Henry Clay, clamoring to join my collection. Time and again I have been told of a Henry Clay flask owned by somebody or other, but it was not so. Once I traveled six hundred and sixty miles to buy one, only to find that the lady who had telegraphed me that she had one had made a mistake.

It does not seem possible that the popular Henry Clay should remain unflasked, while the unpopular John Quincy Adams made the grade. The Kentuckian was the idol of his partisans. Like Blaine in our time, he had the power to blind men to his faults. He was a sort of super-handshaker, overflowing with that emotional fervor without which no political leader gains blind followers. Men remained Clay's adherents when he shifted his position politically on public questions. He was more than the party to his partisans. He figured in the forefront of our political activities for more than forty years. He was a presidential candidate in 1824, in 1832 and again in 1844. Remember that he came from Kentucky, famous then, as now, for its women, its horses and its whisky. He was beloved of the masses and, being the apostle of a high protective tariff, he was extremely popular with the business interests. It is recorded that the glass makers of Pittsburgh presented him with a wonderful service. We know they made Henry Clay cup plates, as they did of Washington and Harrison and Ringgold. If these cup-plate men were flasked why was Clay left out? To believe that between 1824 and 1850 some bottle maker did not turn out a Henry Clay flask is beyond me. The hope that I may find one will make me keep on collecting to the end of my days.

The Glorious Fourth

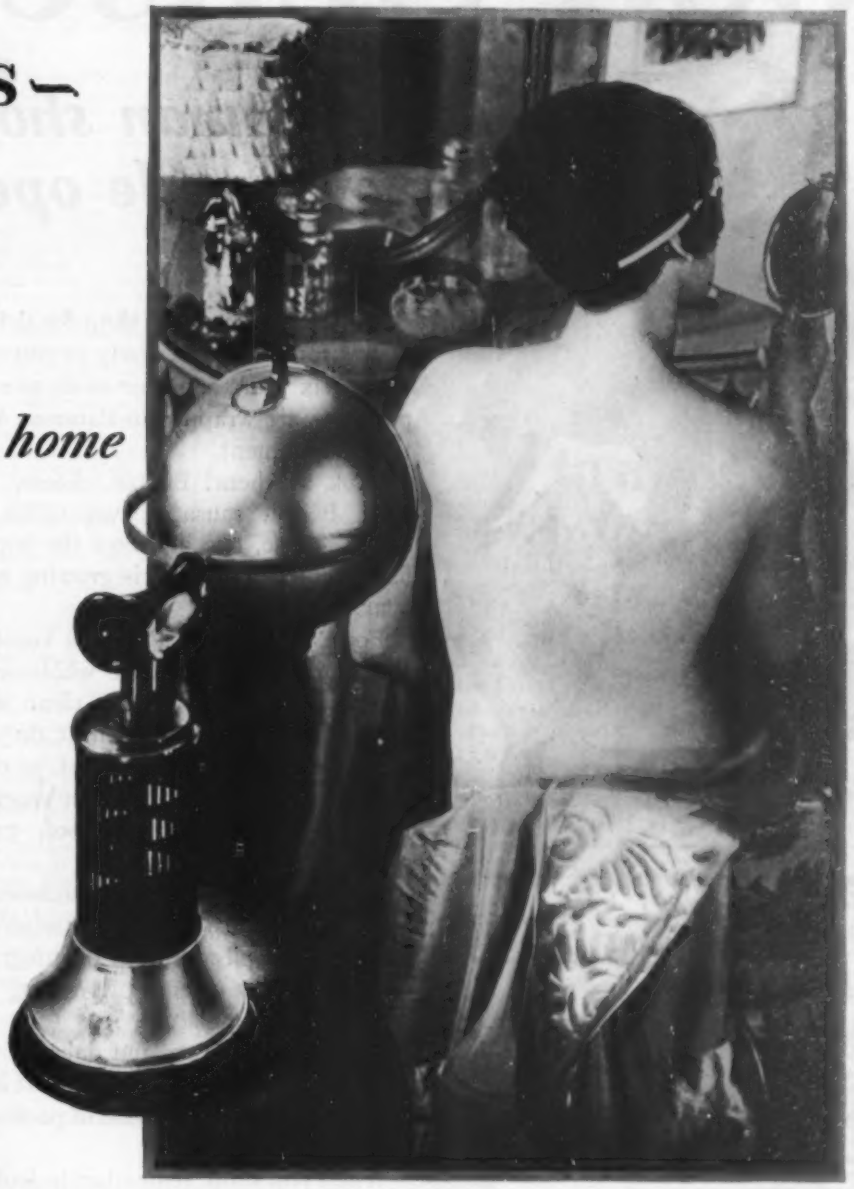
We have early flasks of Franklin, but we must not forget that next to Washington, Franklin was the most popular, the most picturesque, the best press-agented and, indeed, the greatest American of the early days of the republic.

George Washington was succeeded as President by John Adams, a most unpopular man. Then came Jefferson, who was reëlected. There is a flask which has General Washington on one side, and on the reverse a spread eagle perched on a beaded oval initialed T. W. D. On the sides are: Adams and Jefferson, July 4, A. D. 1776, and Kensington Glass Works, Phila. A few years ago, the accepted belief was that all the Kensington flasks with T. W. D. in the oval were made after 1833, when Doctor Dyott bought the Kensington works. I was sure this Adams and Jefferson flask

(Continued on Page 241)

"Chosen by the world's Best medical advisors—

This Safe, Beneficial Tonic Sun Lamp—now available for every home

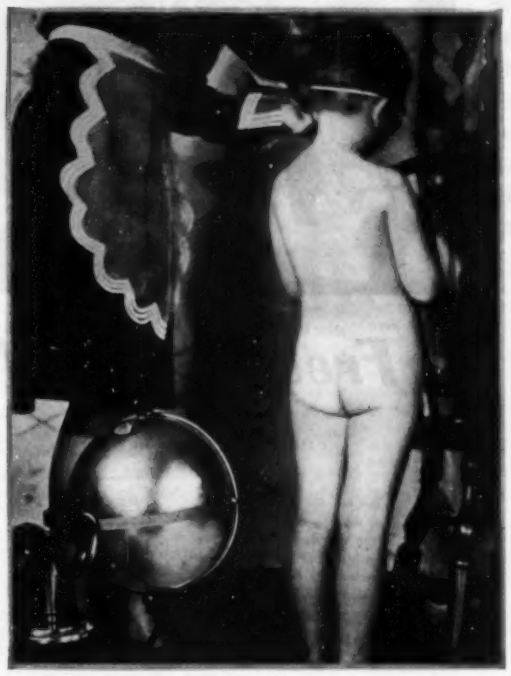


ONCE the ultra-violet light-bath was the luxury of the favored few. Today it is easily available to every one who realizes the tremendous benefits of this vital health force.

And no longer need the purchase of an ultra-violet lamp be based on hearsay or doubtful opinion. For the world's best medical advisors have already done all the experimenting. It was they who first endorsed the Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp, and the names of its professional users literally form a blue-book of the world's famous medical men.

They sought a lamp that produced a scientifically correct concentration of ultra-violet rays without sputtering or fuming. And in the Hanovia these experts found an ultra-violet ray lamp that more than 163,000 physicians, hospitals and sanitaria now use. What finer and more universal endorsement could any equipment receive?

Only a year ago, the Alpine Sun Lamp was offered for safe home use in a simple, equally effective model that is as easy to use as an electric fan. And thus thousands of people who were formerly denied the benefits of genuine ultra-violet rays, are now enjoying them at reasonable cost.



Laboratory tests prove that the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp produces the most beneficial type of ultra-violet rays for tonic use. Yet disturbing elements such as excessive heat and light rays are entirely excluded. Anyone who follows directions can operate the Home Model with absolute safety and efficiency. It never sputters or throws off dangerous fumes and sparks.

Nor is there need for frequent adjustments and replacement of parts. The new safety cut-off switch controlling the length of exposure is an optional convenience and safeguard.

These outstanding Hanovia features of efficiency, safety and convenience are worth much more than any initial saving made on inferior equipment. Particularly so, when you consider that a mere few minutes' exposure to Hanovia indoor sunlight gives ultra-violet benefits equivalent to those gained from a longer exposure to outdoor sunlight.

Ask your family doctor about the Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamp. He will tell you of the tonic benefits it brings. But he will tell you, also, that regardless of the claims made for any health equipment, self-diagnosis and self-treatment of sickness should be avoided. When you are sick, let the doctor prescribe.

But if you are seeking to maintain and enhance your enjoyment of life through new energy and increased health—and if you are anxious to have your money buy the full benefits of true ultra-violet rays—then sign and mail the coupon TODAY. Promptly you will receive the free, authentic booklet giving the whole story of ultra-violet rays, and full details of the Home Model Alpine Sun Lamp. (Special payment plan offered.)

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Food Sense!

The modern woman shops with her eyes wide open

Little ways to lighten housework with Patapar

Saves scouring. Improves flavor

Here's the new idea in cooking. Fold prepared food in Patapar and cook as usual. Food cooks in its own juices, revealing marvelous flavors. When done, empty boiling water, rinse and hang up pot. No scouring.

Keeps left-overs fresh in ice box

Don't throw away left-overs. Wrap them in a sheet of Patapar and put them in the ice box. Quick, handy, clean. After every meal.

Especially good for wrapping fish. Patapar prevents odors from reaching other foods.

Fine for washing dishes

Patapar makes an excellent dish cloth, as it absorbs no grease or oils. Just rinse it lightly after dishwashing. It can be used again and again.

Patapar is so inexpensive that anyone can afford it. Ask for it today at your favorite grocery, delicatessen, meat, drug, housefurnishing or department store.

If your favorite shop does not yet stock Patapar, you may remit direct for your supply.

Patapar comes ten large sheets to the package. Each sheet can be used over and over again. Priced at 35c per package (40c Denver to Pacific Coast and in Canada).

In each package you will find a helpful 24-page booklet telling all about it, with tested recipes.

TODAY you can shop for delicate foods twice as wisely as you could six years ago. For twice as many packages are wrapped in Paterson Vegetable Parchment.

Look at them! Butter, cheese, lard, ham, bacon, sausages, vegetables, ice cream, coffee, tea, and now the popular fish fillets . . . the list is growing every year.

Foods wrapped in Paterson Vegetable Parchment are the most wholesome—the most *delicious*. In the clean white folds of this remarkable sheet they are safely protected. No dirt, dust, or odors can reach them. For Paterson Vegetable Parchment is moisture proof, grease proof, dust proof.

The secret of vegetable parchment is purely scientific . . . it is *insoluble*. It never goes to pieces, never disintegrates, no matter how often or how long it is drenched with moisture.

Up-to-date packers and dairymen are fully alive to this wonderful fact. It is the basis of the modern method of packaging delicate foods.

When you shop, remember to look for parchment-wrapped foods. This will give you full assurance that the packer is delivering his product to you in the best possible condition.

MAKE THIS WATER TEST YOURSELF

Here's the way to test whether a wrapper is *Genuine* Vegetable Parchment. Douse it in water, hot or cold. Squeeze it. Now repeat this. Then stretch it out tight. If it's any ordinary wrapper, it will go to pieces. If it's Paterson Parchment, it will come out firm, strong, unaffected by the dousing.

Note to Domestic Science Teachers: Tell us how many students you teach and we'll gladly send enough sample food wrappers to go all around. It will make an interesting feature in your classes.

Paterson Parchment Paper Company
30 Eighth St., Passaic, N. J.

Fresh! Clean!

FOR YOUR PROTECTION

You will find this little keymark on the wrapper of many of your favorite foods. Packers are adopting it to show you the *extra* precaution they take to keep your foods *fresh*.

PATERSON-*Genuine*-VEGETABLE-PARCHMENT

THE MOST WIDELY USED WRAPPER FOR DELICATE FOOD PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 238)

was made in 1826. Later Mr. George S. McKearin found a newspaper with an advertisement dated September, 1825, in which Doctor Dyott offered for sale 3000 Washington and Eagle pint flasks—the same as this, only minus the inscription—3000 Lafayette and Eagle pint flasks, and others.

In the absence of documents, flasks may be used by the historian to determine certain dates. Adams and Jefferson died on July 4, 1826; Adams at ninety and Jefferson at eighty-three. The old political animosities had disappeared. No American, whatever his politics, could forget that Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence and that Adams did more than any other man to persuade a hesitating Congress to approve it. The date, July 4, 1776, was indissolubly associated with their names. Each had led a political party, and each had been President of the republic they did so much to launch. But when they were at the zenith of their political preëminence, we were not flasking our great men.

Now imagine the sensation created by the death of these two men, of all men, on that one day, of all days. The entire nation talked of nothing else for weeks. Next to Franklin and Washington, none of the men of '76 had such a hold on the imagination and respect of the American people as these two. An advertising genius like Doctor Dyott instantly perceived the golden opportunity and seized it—that is, he commemorated it in a flask. What was called at the time the "most remarkable coincidence that has ever taken place in the history of nations" would have been an old story, of no merchandising value, even one year after it happened. Therefore, the flask must have been made to sell while our people actually thought that Providence had a hand in it—picking such a wonderful day for them to die in! Daniel Webster made the inevitable speech. He told his hearers that "on the great national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, they took their flight together to the world of spirits. Washington is in the clear upper sky. These other stars have joined the American constellation. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life!"

"Independence Forever!"

The newspapers reported how John Adams, who, by reason of ill health, had excused himself from participating in the celebration of the golden fiftieth anniversary, complied with the request of his fellow townsmen for a toast to be drunk at the gathering, and he gave: "Independence Forever!" He was asked if anything should be added to it. "Not a word!" instantly replied the ninety-year-old patriot. Less than an hour after the toast was drunk he was dead. Early that morning, when he was awakened by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon, he said: "Oh, yes! It is the glorious Fourth of July, God bless it! God bless you all!" He was silent a long time, thinking. Then he said: "It is a great and glorious day!" He knew he was going and his last words, intended to tranquilize his countrymen, were: "Jefferson survives!" But he was mistaken. The sage of Monticello had known for some days that his end was near. All he asked was that he might live to see the fiftieth anniversary of American Independence—another Fourth of July. On the evening of the third, being in great pain, he observed to his physician with a smile, "Well, doctor, a few hours more and the struggle will be over!"

When his desired day dawned he awoke early. The physician was at his bedside. "Doctor," he smiled, "you see I am here yet!" Later, one of his family expressed the hope that he might recover, and Jefferson said: "Why do you say that? Do you think I fear to die?" His last words were: "I resign my soul to my God and my daughter to my country." The epitaph which he himself wrote, that he wished placed on his tombstone, was: "Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Statute for Religious Liberty in Virginia, and Founder of the University of Virginia."

The two men had corresponded for years and many of the letters were made public. One, dated at Monticello, June 1, 1822, which Jefferson, then in his eightieth year, wrote to Adams, I give in full because all Americans should read it:

It is very long, my dear sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff, that I write slowly, and with pain, and therefore write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship, to ask one in a while how we do? The papers tell us that General Starke is off, at the age of ninety-three! X still lives, at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household. An intimate friend called on him, not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and sitting one hour, he told him the same story four times over. Is this life? It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left or are leaving us one by one, when the friends of our youth are all gone and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil? I have ever dreaded a doting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Starke could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily; but reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have, of publishing one's letters without leave.

To return to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eat one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; whichever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature; one of the obstacles to too great multiplication, provided in the mechanism of the universe. The cocks of the hen yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same, and the horse in his wild state kills all the young males, until, worn down with age and war, some vigorous youth kills him. I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter. And it is some consolation that the desolation of these maniacs of one part of the earth is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office; and let us milk the cow while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail. God bless you, and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Adams' reply was:

QUINCY, June 11, 1822.

Dear Sir: Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an octogenarian, dated June 1st. . . . I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are so overstrained that I cannot write a line. Poor Starke remembered nothing, and could talk of nothing but the battle of Bennington! X is not quite so reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but I can walk three miles over a rugged, rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel, when sitting in my chair, as if I could not rise out of it; and when risen, as if I could not walk across the room. My sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough.

I answer your question—Is death an evil? It is not an evil. It is a blessing to the individual and to the world; yet we ought not to wish for it till life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the "Great Teacher." Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the life of a bear or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

This globe is a theater of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little eels in vinegar, and the animalcules in pepperwater, I believe, are quarrelsome. The bees are as warlike as the Romans, Russians, Britons or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars and cankerworms are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and heaven itself, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil doers; but safely trust the "Ruler with

In any event wear an

ALLIGATOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

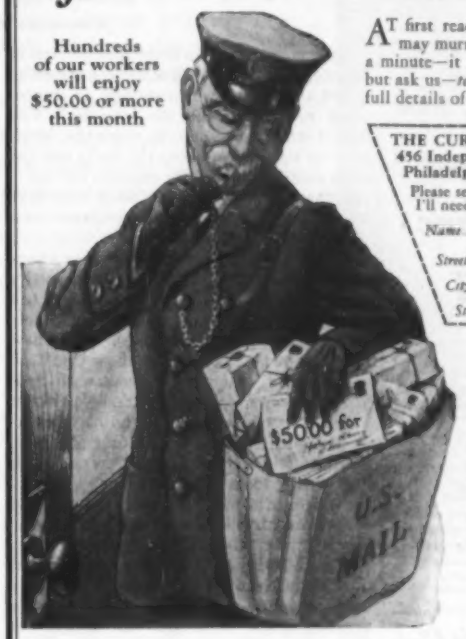
LET chill October rain or wind sweep the field—you're warm and dry. Smartly dressed, too! Expertly styled in a wide range of distinctive colors. For men, women, boys and girls, $5 to $25.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, St. Louis

New! ALLIGATOR STEPPERS (Pat. App. for) protect trouser legs—keep boys' stockings dry. $2.00 and $3.50 a pair. *Ask to see them.*

KEEP DRY FROM HEAD TO FOOT

Will He Bring $50.00 *for* YOUR Christmas?



Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more this month

AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profits.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
456 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

Name .....
Please print name and address
Street .....
City .....
State ..... Age .....

Here are the three sure ways to profits:

(1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* (2) securing new subscriptions and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more for Christmas. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon above. It will bring you, without charge, all the information and equipment you'll need to get started right away.

Your Home May be Happier this Christmas if You Act at Once!

University men have adopted

ENGLISH BRACES

To assure faultless draping of the new high-waisted trousers, college men are affecting English braces. This colorful new suspender for the younger man is styled by President in college stripes, novelty designs and fancy patterns; elastic and non-elastic webs.

President creates smart, comfortable suspenders for men of all ages. To thousands, the famous President Sliding Cord affords supreme comfort.

Whatever your preference — English, Sliding Cord, Crossback, or Police — the President label and guarantee are your assurance of quality.

President Suspenders

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

World's best makes — Underwood, Remington, Royal — also new portables — prices smashed to below half. (Easy terms.) SEND NO MONEY! All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Guaranteed for ten years. Send no money — big Free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10 day free trial offer. Amazing values — send at once.

Free Trial

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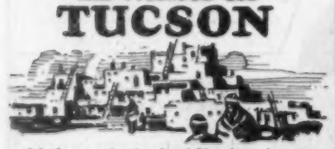
Warm, dry *Sunshine* -all Winter in TUCSON



It's always springtime here! Blue sky and warm, dry sunshine from October to May. ♥ Come to Tucson for the sunniest winter in America — a real Western vacation. ♥ Ride the range with the cowboys, visit Indian villages, explore Old Missions, enjoy gay Mexico. ♥ Golf (guest cards to visitors), tennis, aviation, hunting — all convenient to shops, theaters and good hotels.

Write Sunshine Club for booklet, advice, reservations, etc. Use the coupon. Winter rates and stopovers on Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines.

This advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Committee

Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club

ARIZONA

908 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona

Please send me the free "SUNSHINE BOOKLET"

Name_____

Address_____

his skies." Nor need we dread the approach of dotage; let it come if it must. X, it seems, still delights in his four stories; and Starke remembered to the last his Bennington, and exulted in his glory; the worst of the evil is, that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves. . . .

In wishing for your health and happiness, I am very selfish; for I hope for more letters. This is worth more than five hundred dollars to me; for it has already given me, and will continue to give me, more pleasure than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told, experiences more decay than you do.

I am your old friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

For the benefit of apologetic Americans, I will state that Englishmen at the time were greatly impressed by the correspondence of these two men. It makes me suspect that the British dislike for everything American does not go back to those days. Of course, the Tories hated us as rebels, in 1776, though Charles Fox and other great Englishmen thought we acted like true Englishmen. But in 1826 we were the best customers of British manufacturers, not their competitors. They were selling us everything, even dishes actually commemorating American victories over British forces. They made whatever they could sell. The dislike began when we became rivals. It increased as we grew in wealth. Today the undisputed superiority of the United States is the unforgivable offense. But let me show you what the London Morning Chronicle printed about the Adams-Jefferson letters:

What a contrast this correspondence of the two rival Presidents of the greatest republic of the world, reflecting an old age dedicated to virtue, temperance, and philosophy, presents to the heart-sickening details, occasionally disclosed to us, of the miserable beings who fill the thrones of the continent. There is not, perhaps, one sovereign of the continent, who in any sense of the word can be said to honor our nature, while many make us almost ashamed of it. The curtain is seldom drawn aside without exhibiting to us beings worn out with vicious indulgence, diseased in mind, if not in body, the creatures of caprice and insensibility. On the other hand, since the foundation of the American Republic, the chair has never been filled by a man, for whose life — to say the least — any American need once to blush. It must, therefore, be some compensation to the Americans for the absence of pure monarchy, that when they look upwards their eyes are not always met by vice, and meanness, and often idiocy.

I am justified in insisting that what collectors of antiques really collect are stories of people and periods and customs — that is, the comedy and the tragedy of life. Mr. Hergesheimer rightly thinks that a historic flask is an ultimate antique. "The reasons for this are clear: A historic flask is, in the first place, actually historic, not only in what it may commemorate but in itself. A flask bearing the profile of Andrew Jackson is not alone a portrait in relief, it is a whisky flask of Jackson's era. It was a commonplace of its time, an object of familiar usage. In addition, flasks were made in Kentucky, they were made in Ohio, they were made in New Jersey and Connecticut and in Baltimore, Philadelphia and Albany, Pittsburgh and Boston; their legends and decorations are both local and national."

The especial superiority of flasks over other collectible antiques of course is that while you never dream of finding a fine Chippendale armchair or a marvelous Duncan Phyfe sofa in a little wayside "shoppe," a good bottle may be waiting for you anywhere, in a barn or a cellar, in an attic or on a dealer's shelves. Therefore whatever may be the errand that takes you from home there is always a delightful contingent errand: Flask-hunting.

And then, don't forget that even the rarest of historic flasks began its career of ultimate antique quite humbly. It was merely a discarded bottle, an emptied container. It has no cash value until a collector establishes it, first by finding it and next by coveting it. And because you are likely to find rare specimens in unlikely places, the spirit of adventure and a rational optimism accompany you on your travels.

Also beginner's luck does wonders, as any veteran will admit between groans. More than once it has fallen to a tyro's lot to abate the pride of a millionaire collector by finding an unlisted item. Surely, it is something to serve as the instrument of Providence! Moreover, the more flasks you own, the more good stories you have to tell to your really intelligent friends.

It is not possible for a born mute to collect historic flasks and be happy.

THROUGH UNCLE SAM'S BACK DOOR

(Continued from Page 57)

Among such rackets is the common one of locating some vessel left without a watch on board at night; then installing an improvised crew and loading the "melons." You collect what cash you can, order the "melons" to stay below decks till far at sea — so as to avoid discovery by customs officers — and then leave them to be dealt with next morning by the surprised, legitimate crew of the vessel, and by the police.

The old hull of a tug, long since abandoned, was recently staged for a coup worthy of Machiavelli himself. This hulk was full of stagnant water and was resting peacefully on the bottom, near shore. Some new planks were fitted to replace the rotten floor of the cabin, and were covered with linoleum. Walls and ceiling were freshly painted. Several low-voltage electric bulbs were installed, with a second-hand storage battery. Then, with a fully uniformed crew on board, it was easy to ship thirty aliens. They all came aboard at night with high hopes; paid their money to the captain and made themselves comfortable for the trip to Miami.

Just about then, captain and crew jumped over the rail into a couple of fast motorboats and vanished. A bit later, the crew of a revenue-patrol boat saw the mysterious lights aboard the hulk, came to investigate, and wrote Finis at the end of another fox-and-geese story.

"Dirty tricks like that," says my friend, "played with increasing frequency, have created distrust among the aliens, making it hard to deal with them as in the good old times. Many of us real, honest smugglers have gone off the game. We fear the golden days of our business are forever past. How many faces are now missing from our ranks!"

"Missing," too, is often written against the names of alien-smuggling boats. "Missing, with all hands." Who cares? Only a sigh of relief escapes the world.

The last trip my friend took landed him behind steel bars.

He had a staunch little craft of the type known in Cuba as a *falucho*, with a reliable two-cycle engine, and contracted to transport forty aliens at two hundred dollars apiece — a matter of eight thousand dollars. Says he:

"We loaded them at night, as usual, and stowed them in the cargo hold, where they laid on old sails and mattresses. Just as we were getting under way, a big rowboat came alongside with fourteen Italians not of our party. I covered them with my gun and signaled the shore with my flash light for help. Their case was hard, indeed. Some conscienceless buzzard had collected passage money from them and sent them to us, telling them our vessel would transport them! We almost had a war, to stand them off. But worse was coming. A gunboat bore down on us, probably sent by the same hell bird that had tricked the poor Italians.

"Well, sir, delay breeds danger, as Don Quixote says. Action was necessary, *pronto*, because we had no time to unload our cargo or to cross the river mouth with loosely buoyed old ropes and rotten wire rigging to

(Continued on Page 246)

She Earned $58.00 and Such Prizes

A FEW months ago, Mary Carolyn Hurst, the fun-loving schoolgirl above, dreamed of earning her own money, *sometime*.

Then one day she read in *The Saturday Evening Post* about how other schoolgirls were earning plenty of money and prizes. She sat down then and there and wrote for details.

Now — though using only her spare-time hours —

She has earned $58.00 for clothes and spending money through our pleasant subscription plan.

Her friends all admire her blue-and-gold Club pin. And just read over this list of gorgeous prizes she has won:

A Camera to record Good Times.
A Smart Desk Set for her Room.
A Sports Watch for Hikes.
A White Gold Watch for "Best."
A Wee Clock for her Room.
Glowing Pearls for "Dress-up" Times.

Doesn't the thought of your own money and those prizes make *you* anxious to start earning?

Start Today!

You *can* earn as easily as Mary Carolyn did. Just fill in the handy coupon below and the details will be rushed to you. How surprised you'll be . . . How thrilled! Not a cent of expense to you and no obligations.

The Curtis Publishing Company
458 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

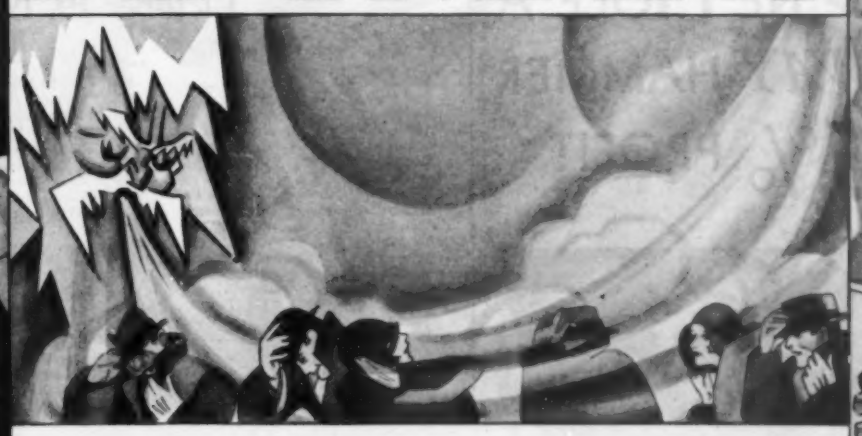
I want to earn Money and Prizes, too. Please tell me how.

*Name*_____ *Age*_____
(Please Print Name and Address)

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

BE SMART



Health *or* Fashion?

Be DOUBLY smart-
Enjoy BOTH this winter

EVERYONE has to make a choice between Health Protection and Fashion — except the man who wears Duofold. He can enjoy *both*. Duofold is the *only* winter underwear that *combines*—

the *comfort* of a soft, light garment next the skin . . .

the *protection* needed in winter underwear . . .

the *style* of the fashionable garment.

Any underwear may offer you *one* of these advantages. Duofold alone offers them *all*. Because it is the only underwear made of

Two Thin Layer Fabric

Two *very thin* layers. The *outside* layer contains wool combined with silk, rayon or cotton, for warmth, protection and service. The thin *inside* layer is made of soft cotton only, for constant comfort. No wool can touch or irritate the skin. The air space between the layers acts as an insulator. Only with this fabric is it possible to secure *warmth, without weight*, and to design fashionable, light-weight garments that offer *comfortable* protection against the rigors of winter.

Duofold is made in a complete range of models, from shirts and shorts to three-quarter and full length union suits. Shorts and sox-top length drawers are also made with elastic webbing insert in the waist-band—which eliminates tapes.

Send for samples of Duofold's exclusive two-layer fabric, and more complete description.

Be smart—send the handy coupon.

Duofold Health Underwear Co.
Mohawk, N. Y.

Other Duofold Co. products—Duocraft SweaterCoats; Featherknit Shirts and Duocraft Woven Shorts; DuoRib Knit Underwear.

Mothers! Duofold is *ideal* for the little ones. All the warmth and protection of fine wool, which *cannot* touch, *cannot* irritate the tender skin! Send coupon for fabric samples.

Mail coupon for free samples of Duofold's unique, two-layer fabric

Duofold Health Underwear Co.,
Dept. A-1, Mohawk, N. Y.

Please send, free, samples of Duofold fabric, and descriptions of

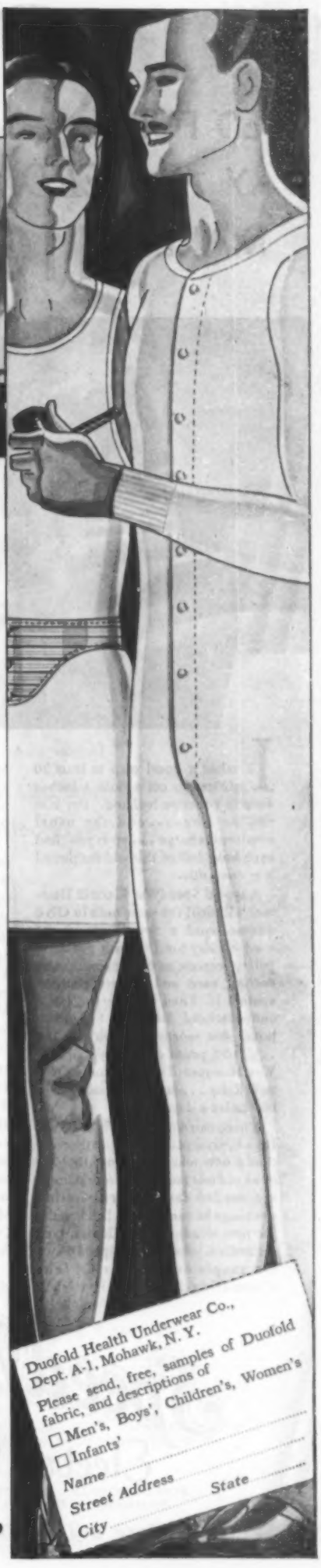
☐ Men's, Boys', Children's, Women's

☐ Infants'

Name .....

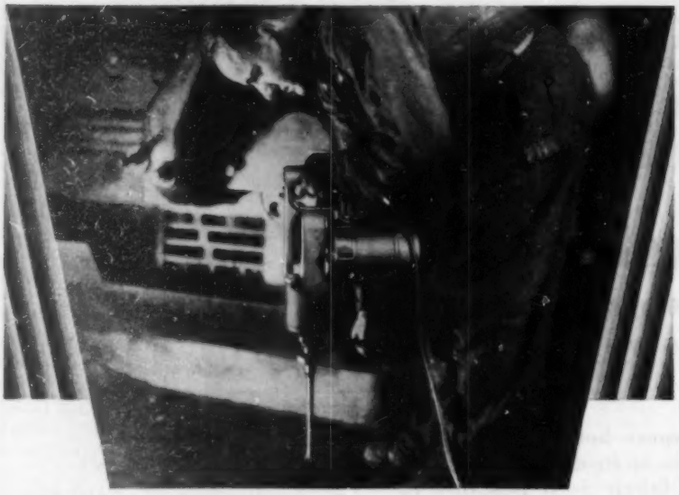
Street Address ..... State .....

City .....



Duofold
Health Underwear

USED FOR ONE HOLE A DAY A *SPEEDWAY* HAMMER MAKES 110% PROFIT



It takes a good man at least 20 minutes to cut a hole 3 inches deep in concrete by hand. Pay him 60c an hour . . . add the usual overhead charge . . . and you find each hole drilled this old-fashioned way costs 40c.

A type 6 SpeedWay Electric Hammer will drill the same hole in ONE minute. And a SpeedWay can be used *all day* for 17c with purchase price, interest at 6%, maintenance, current used and repairs charged against it. Then add 2c for labor and overhead for ONE SpeedWay hole. 40c worth of work for 19c . . . 110% profit earned by a SpeedWay Hammer if used for only ONE hole a day . . . and it will *easily* drill 800 holes a day.

Where can YOU use a SpeedWay? In industrial plants, practically every time a new machine is installed . . . or an old one moved . . . several holes are needed for anchors. Cutting openings in concrete or brick walls for new windows, ventilators, etc., are endless jobs without SpeedWays. On supplementary wiring jobs channeling for conduit with a SpeedWay is 7 times faster . . . and a SpeedWay is equally fast for cleaning cracks in walls preparatory to patching.

These are only a few of the thousands of *occasional* jobs that SpeedWay Hammers are doing . . . jobs that many *other* men still do the slow, costly way because *they* think they "have not *enough* use for a SpeedWay to make it pay". And yet a SpeedWay Hammer with a life of many, many years *can* drill 800 holes a day . . . and usually more than pays for itself in the first three weeks.

So, if you have men pounding away at chisels, if for only a few holes a day, be sure you investigate SpeedWay savings. If you cut *many* holes, as do the installers of carpets, awnings, elevators, fixtures, etc., you will be amazed at SpeedWay earnings. SPEEDWAY MANUFACTURING CO., 52nd Ave. and 19th Street, Cicero, Ill.

Sales and Service in *All Principal Cities.*

Write for this interesting book, "How to Save With SpeedWay Tools".

SpeedWay

Electric Tools

ELECTRIC DRILLS SCREW DRIVERS SAWS
HAMMERS WRENCHES GRINDERS

Used Once a Day They Pay a Profit

(9801)

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(Continued from Page 242)

foul the gunboat propellers, as we had done more than once before. We signaled some friends in a fishing boat near by, and they came nobly to our help by hoisting sail and fleeing. The government vessel pursued that boat. When blank shots halted it, search revealed nothing. Before the gunboat could get back, we had slipped out of the river and safely away.

"After almost going under in a terrible storm I finally landed on the Florida Coast, and arranged to have our passengers carried that night by boat to a point where they would find several autos to take them to Tampa. This done, we were that same night taking a little rest and a bite of supper—crackers and coffee—when a powerful motorboat came alongside and several men boarded us.

"The leader announced:

"'Well, boys, you are arrested. So be good and heave your anchor up. Your boat is seized and we are going to take her under tow.'

"On pretense of helping stow the anchor chain, I went down into the bow hold and started to tear off some provisional work we had done over a big leak so we could sink a hard evidence against us. As we learned a few days later, she sunk while under tow, about twenty miles farther to the north.

"We were sunk too. Six months in prison we got, and then deported back to Cuba. When we left, the immigration chief at Tampa gave us a good advice:

"'Cut it out, boys. We are getting a lot of new, fast gas boats and our land forces are increasing. All this, and severe punishments we are going to apply from now on, with our new laws, will crimp you fellows. Better lay off the trade, before you get worse and more of it!'

"We were happy to get back to Cuba and try some other racket. The smuggling trade isn't what it used to be. No, sir!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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